

SEPTEMBER

NO. 35

10¢

SMASH COMICS

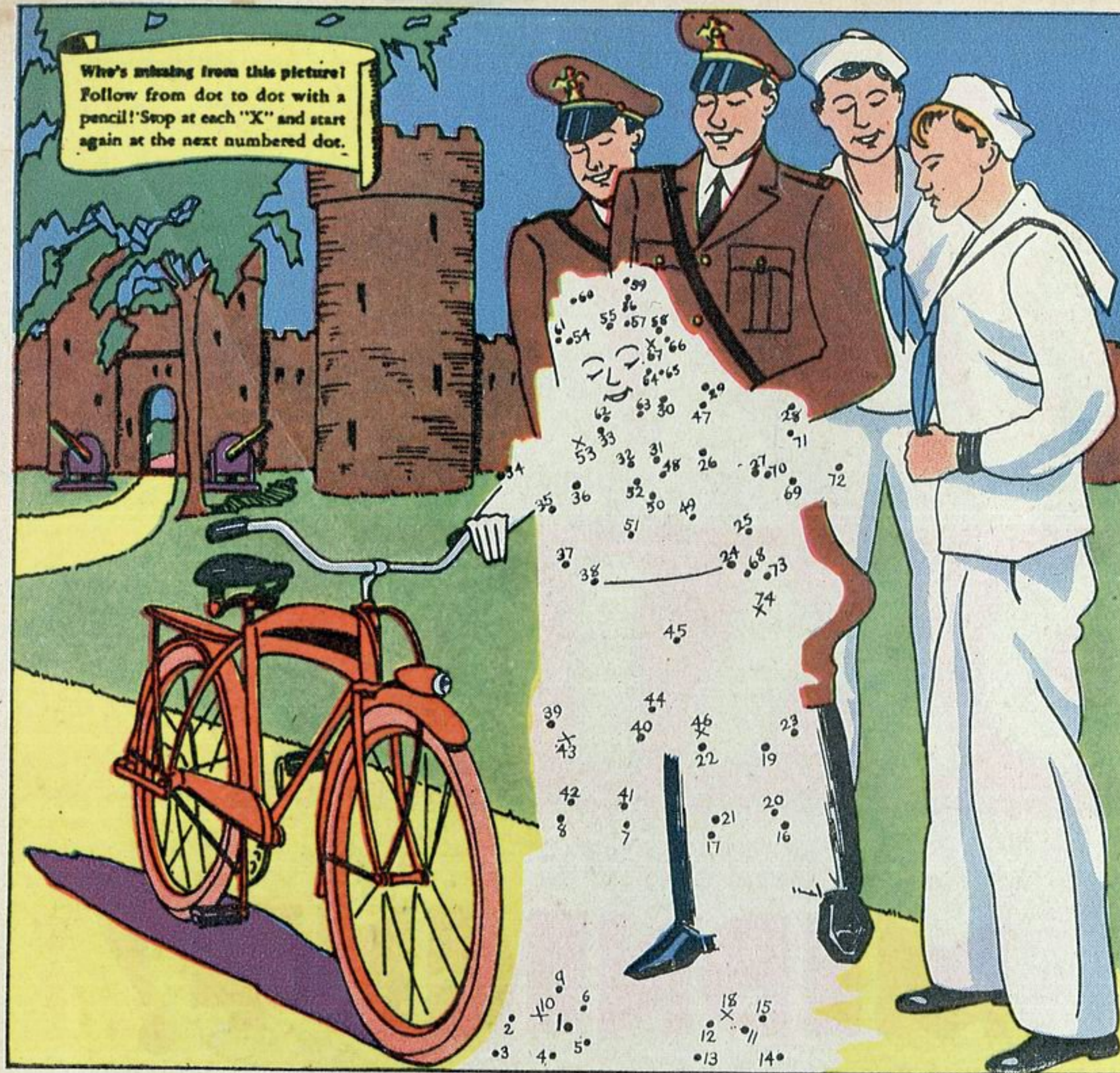
WE GIVE YOU

MIDNIGHT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

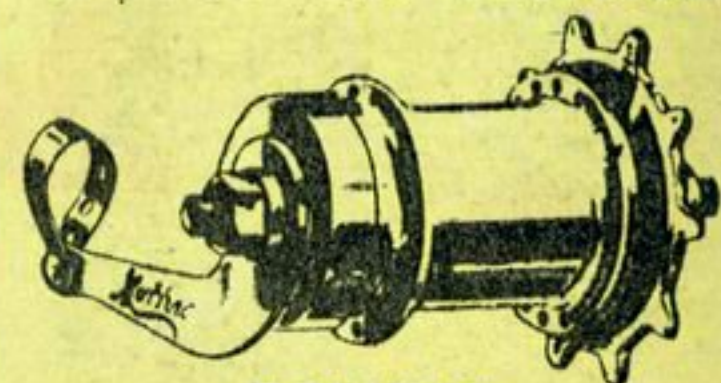


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**LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER**

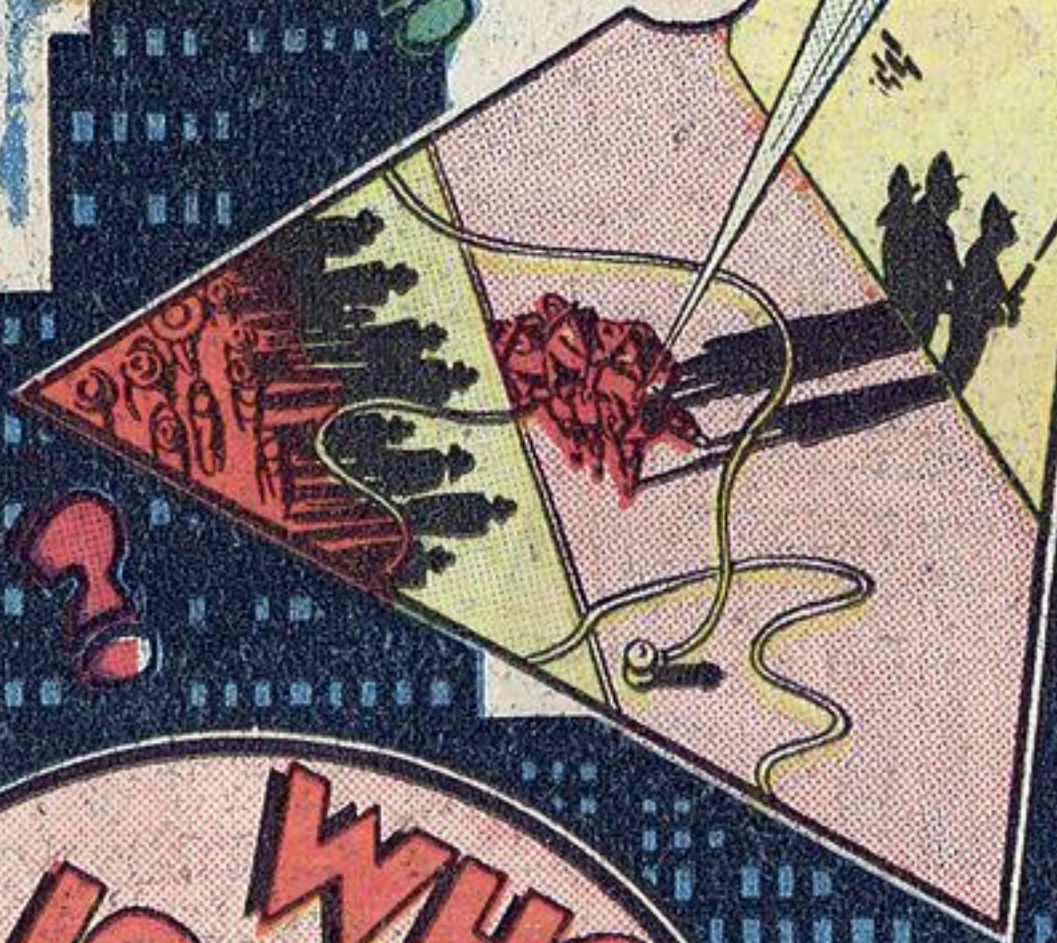


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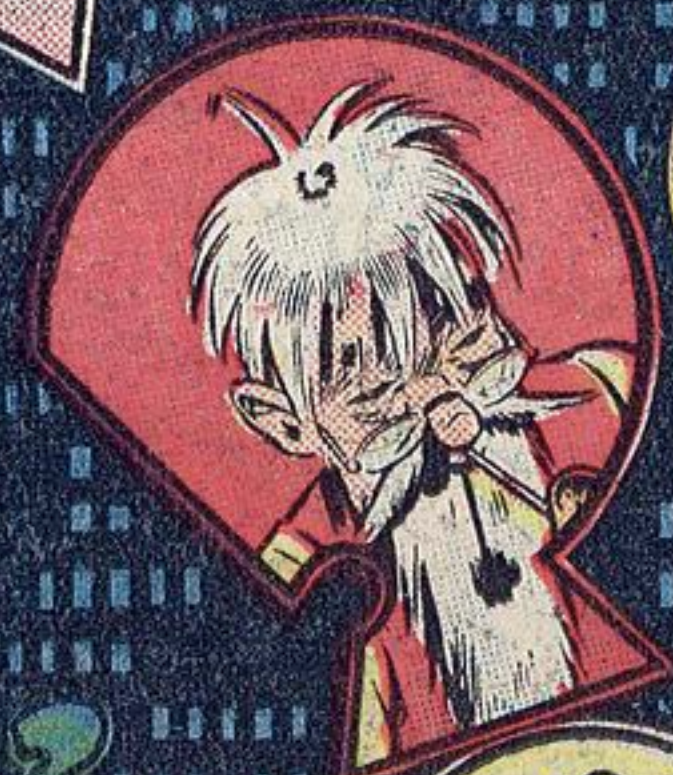
WHO



WHO
IS THIS
MASKED
ROBIN HOOD
OF THE
TWENTIETH
CENTURY?



WHO
HAS AS HIS
AIDE, GABBY
THE WORLD'S
ONLY
TALKING
MONKEY?



WHO
IS AIDED
BY THE
WONDEROUS
INVENTIONS
OF DOC
WACKEY?

WHO
IS HE?
THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
GARBED IN BLACK RACES
THROUGH THE NIGHT TO DO
BATTLE WITH THE
DREGS OF MAN THE
HIS UNDERWORLD FOES
TREMBLE WITH FEAR
AT THE VERY
MENTION OF
HIS NAME
!!!!

HE'S MIDNIGHT

HE GREATEST CRUSADER OF THEM ALL!!
WHAT MAKES HIM TICK?... READ FOR YOURSELF!!

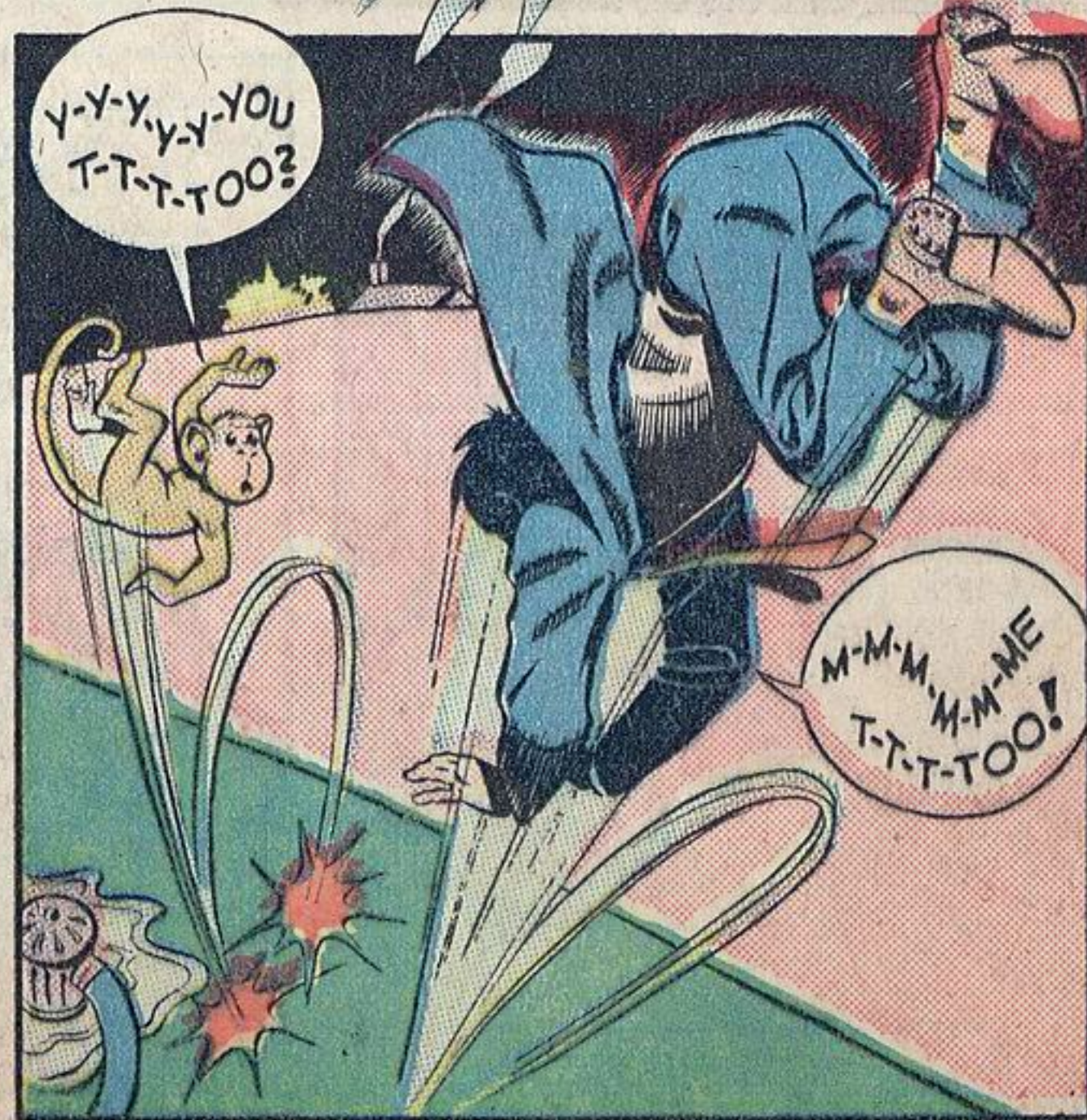
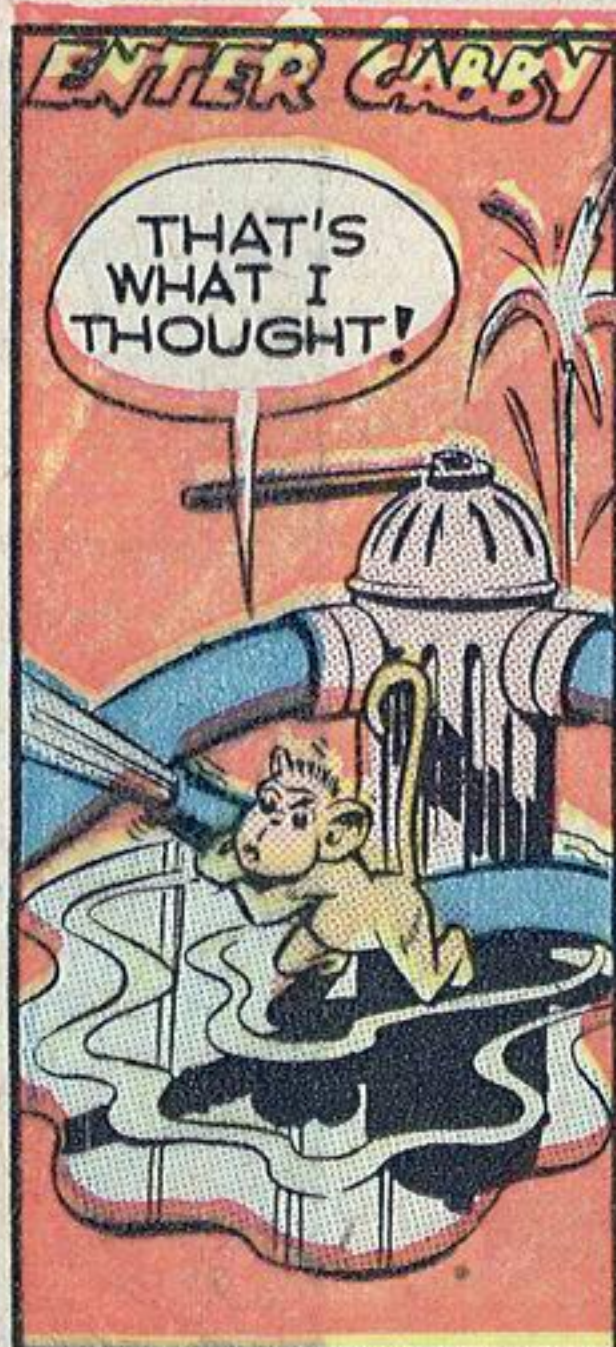
by JACK COLE

EVENING IN
BIG CITY..
THE HUGE
MANSION OF
RETIRED
MILLIONAIRE
AND EX-
CIRCUS
PERFORMER,
WALDO RIPLEY
IS ABLAZE

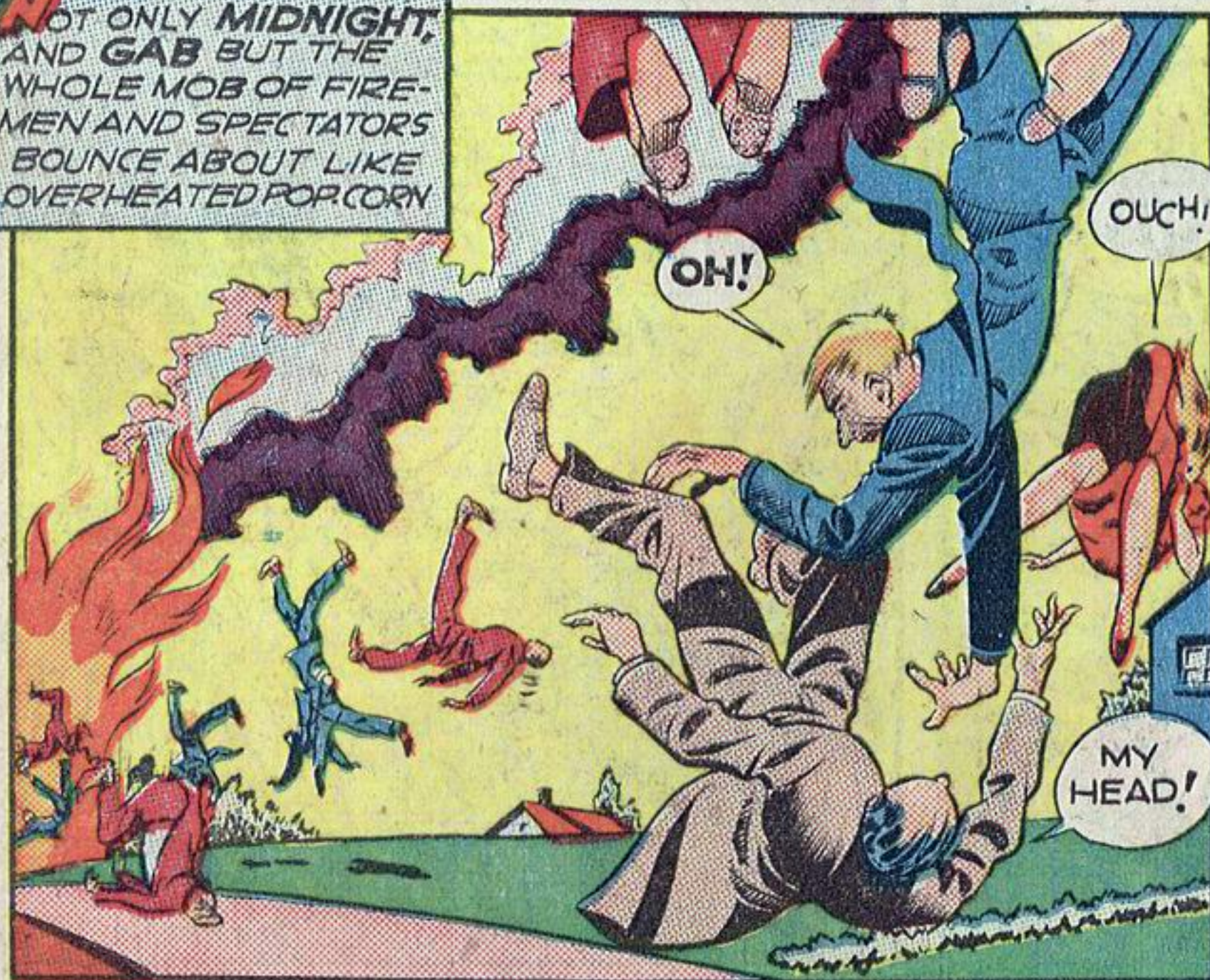


TWO AMBULANCE AIDES RUSH IN.





NOT ONLY MIDNIGHT, AND GAB BUT THE WHOLE MOB OF FIREMEN AND SPECTATORS BOUNCE ABOUT LIKE OVERHEATED POPCORN



FINALLY ALL ARE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.. ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT ONE !!!

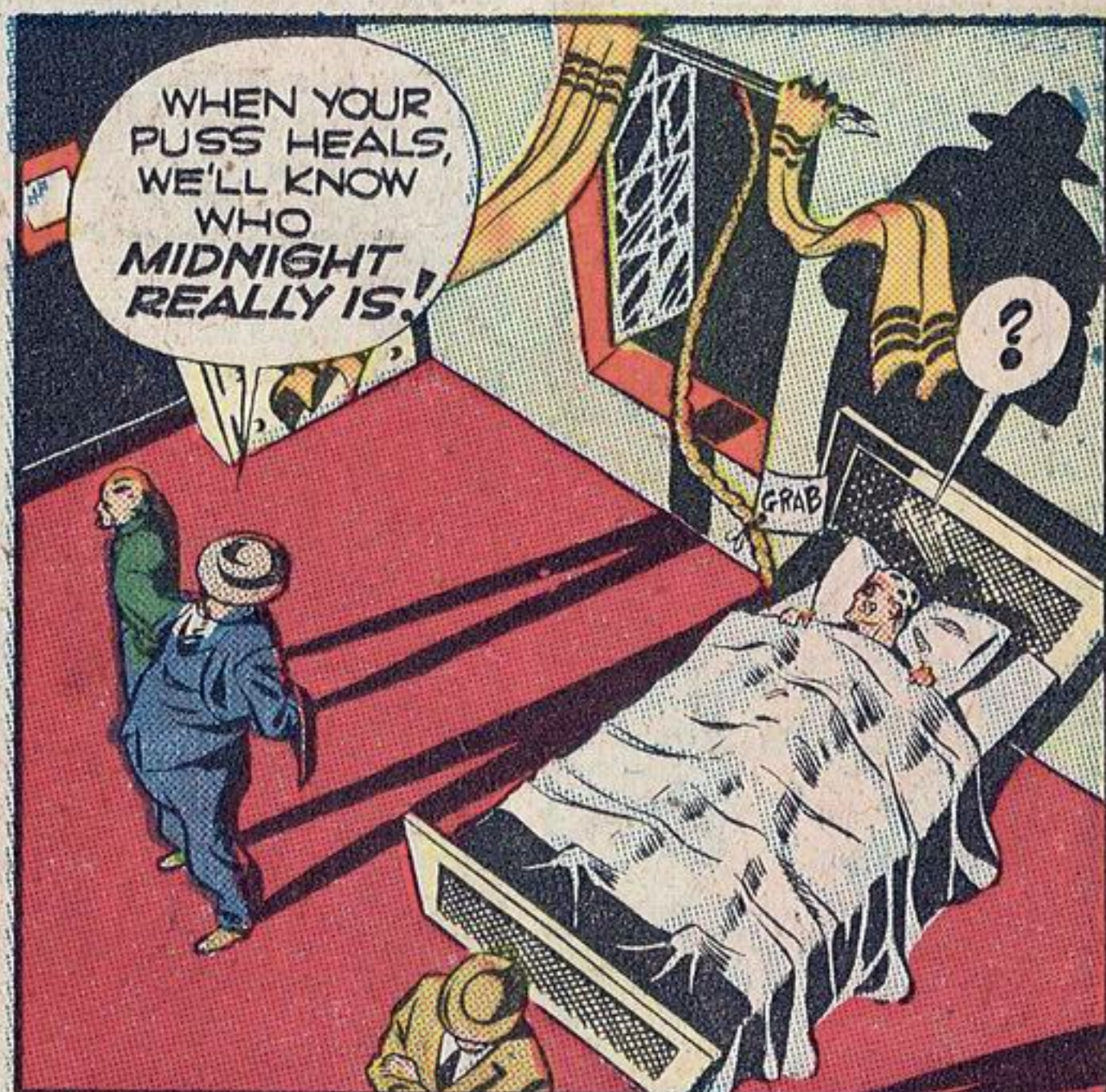


ONE-BY-ONE THE FIREMEN, INTERNES AND WALDO ARE LOADED INTO THE CAR! THEN IT SPEEDS AWAY...



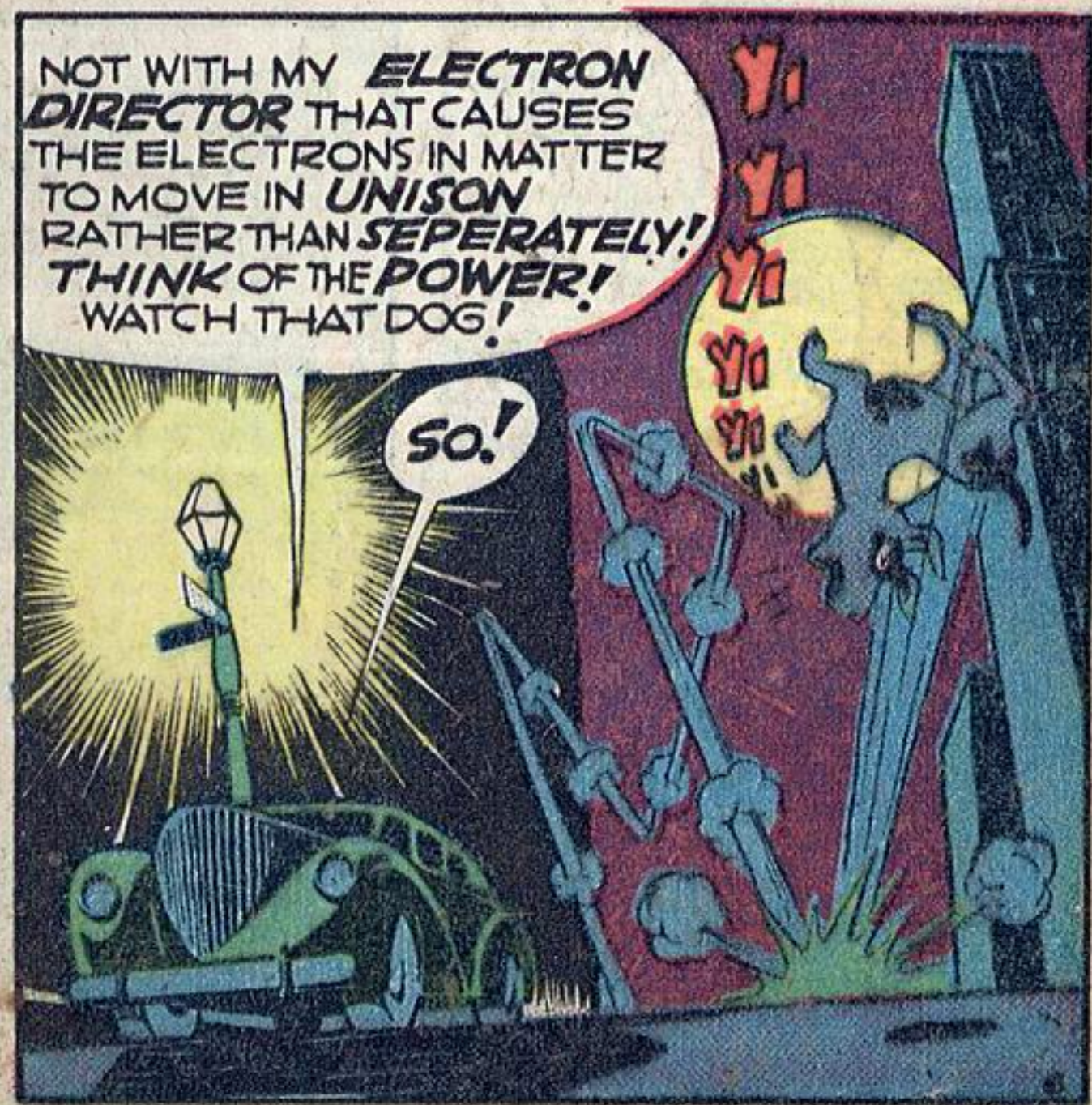
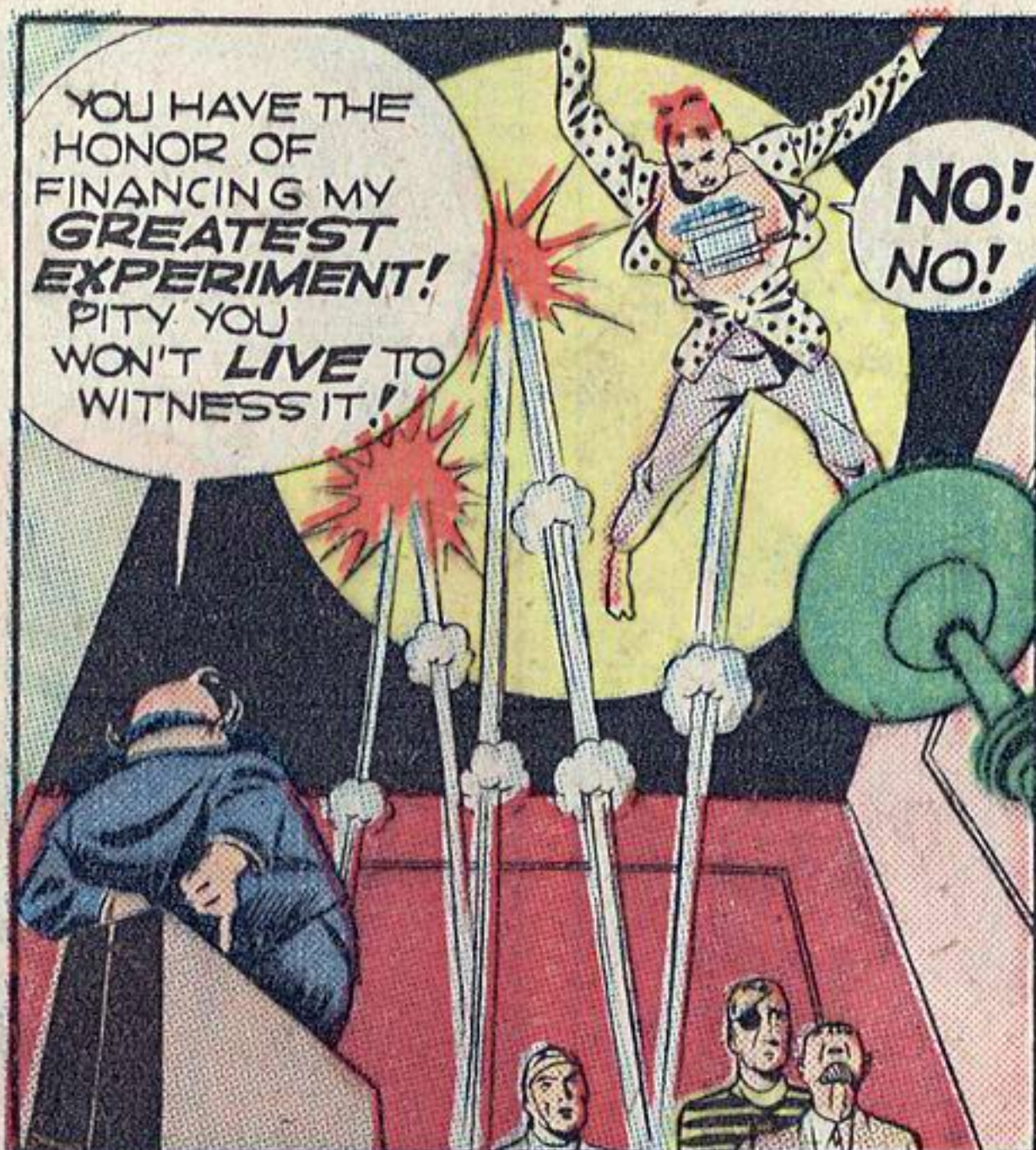
HOURS LATER TWO EYES SLOWLY OPEN...





MEANWHILE...



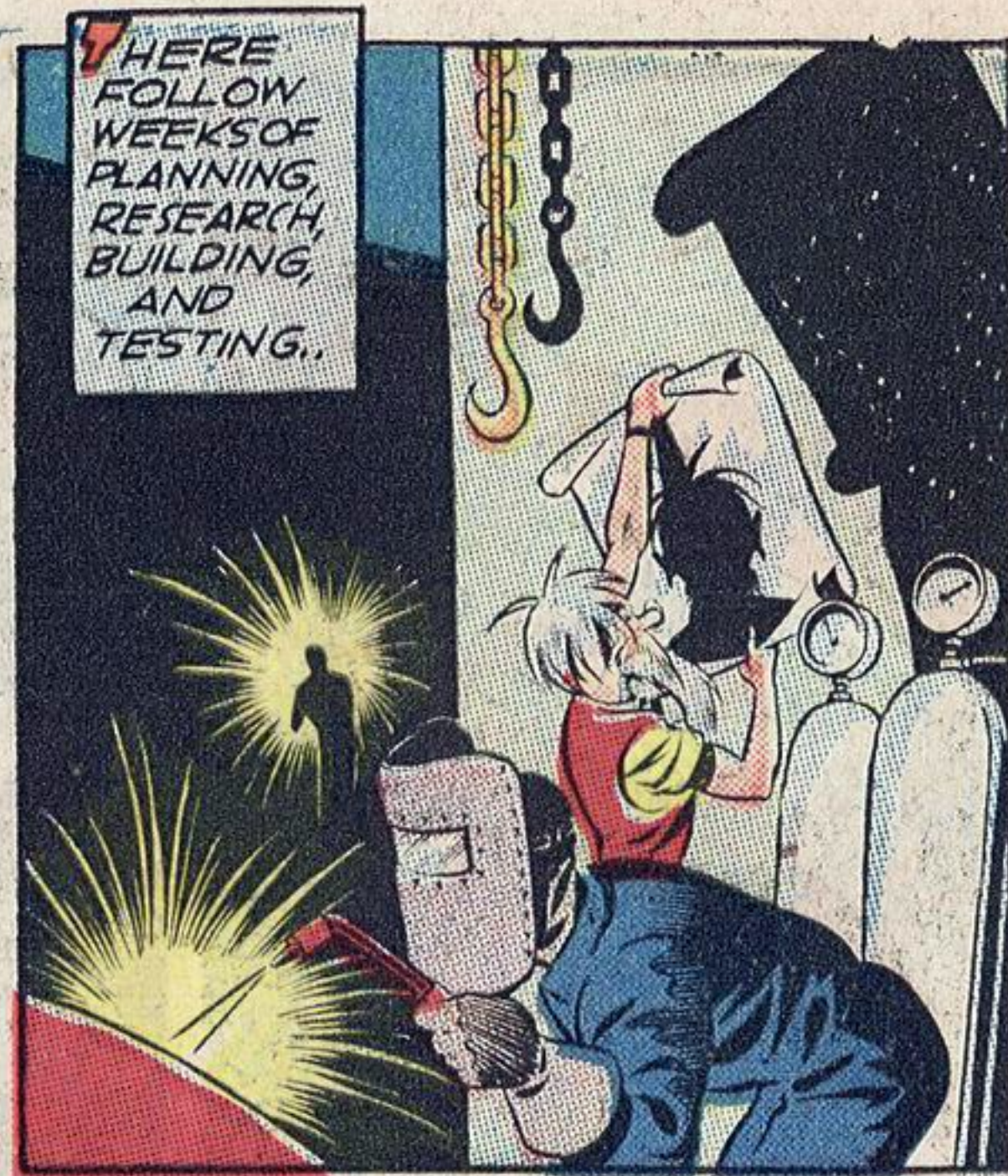




BUT
DOC'S
PUNCH
ISN'T
WHAT IT
USED
TO BE
AND
PORGY
SOON
COMES
TO...



A POWERFUL FLUID IS
INJECTED INTO DOC... AT
ONCE HE IS A CHANGED MAN!





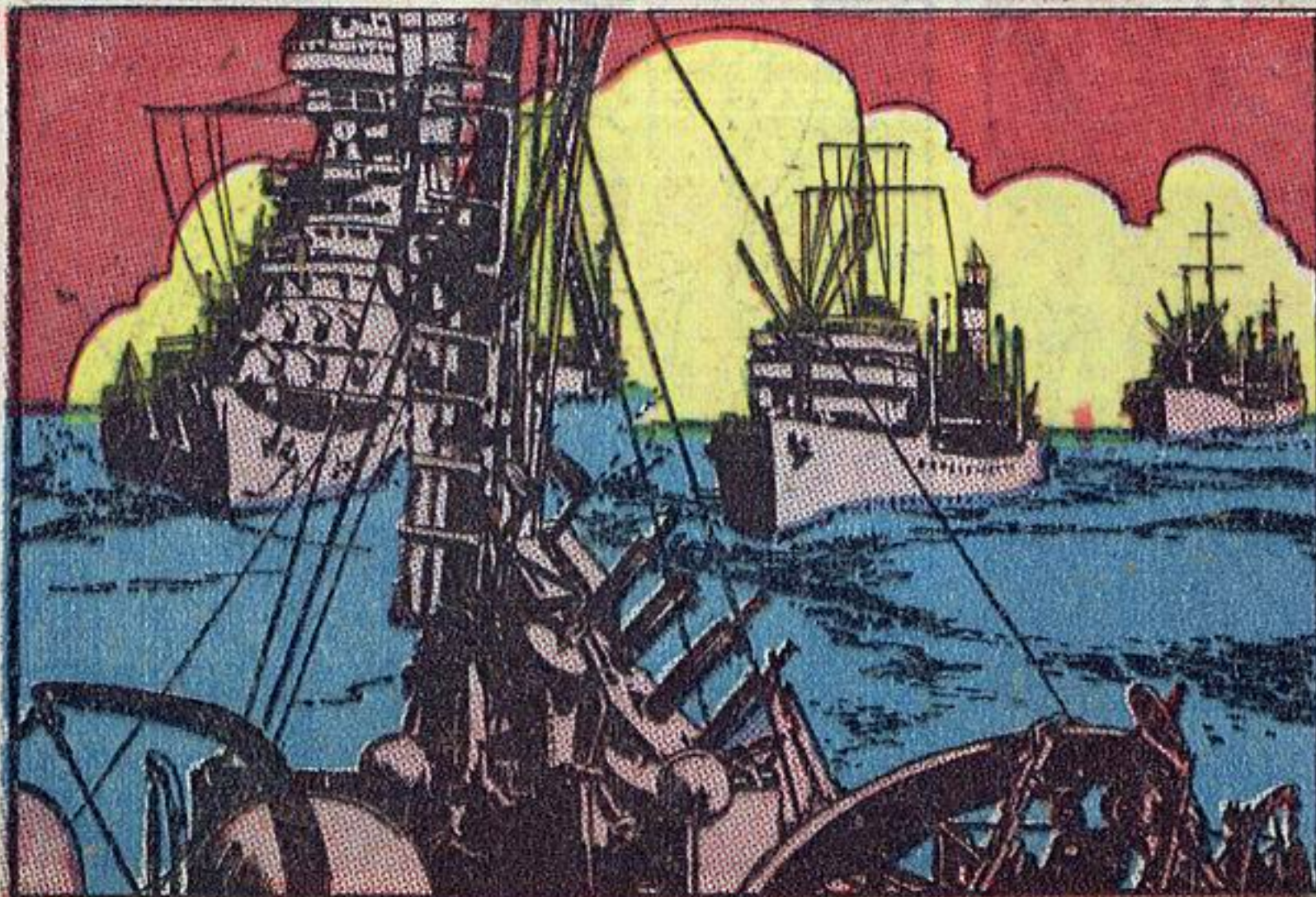
ESPIONAGE

Black X, FAMOUS AGENT
OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE
WITH HIS FAITHFUL HINDU
SERVANT, **BATU**, DARES
THE IMPOSSIBLE AND
OUTWITS THE MASTER-
MINDS OF TOKIO

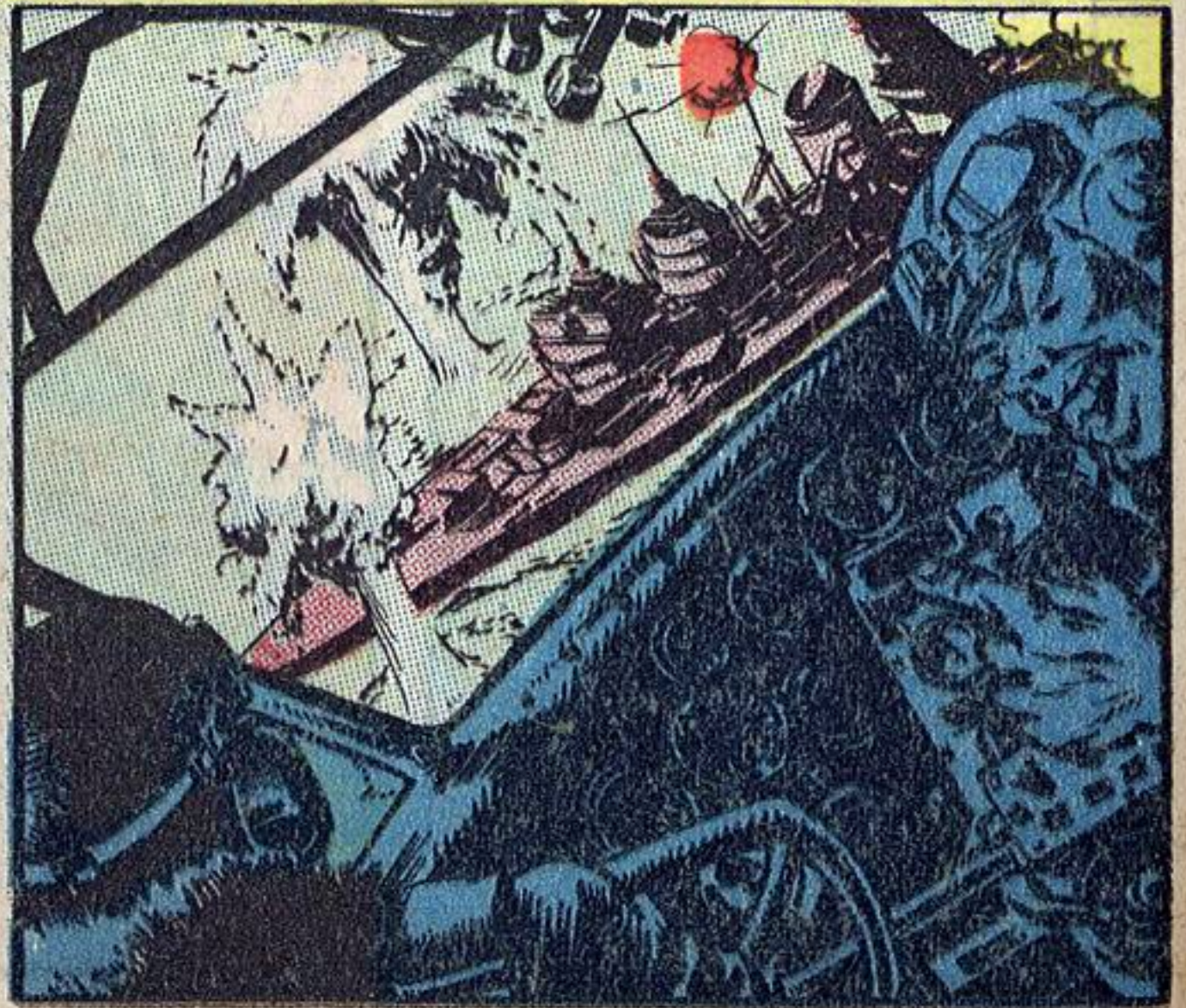
BY
ALEX KOTZKY



CONVOY TO AUSTRALIA! WHEN THEY SAIL
AND WHERE THEY PUT TO PORT ARE
GOVERNMENT SECRETS... BUT WE KNOW
THAT VAST STORES OF SUPPLIES ARE
BEING SENT TO THE ALLIED FORCES "DOWN UNDER"



Always A THREAT TO THE CONVOYS
ARE PATROLLING JAPANESE BOMBERS...
...BUT UNCLE SAM IS ON THE ALERT...



A SECRET CONFERENCE, WASHINGTON D.C.

THE SAFETY OF OUR CONVOY WILL DEPEND ON HOW WELL YOU DO THE JOB, **BLACK X**!

I'LL DO MY **BEST**, SIR!



LATER...

I'VE BEEN COMMISSIONED BY THE ARMY TO MAKE LOVE TO A JAPANESE ACTRESS!

A MOST DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT, SIR!



AND I'LL NEED THE HELP OF YOUR SPECIAL POWERS!

GULP! MY HELP, SIR?



SURE, YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THEM, HAVE YOU?

NO, SIR! YOU MEAN THIS, SIR?

...BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THIS ACTRESS, SIR?

IN TOKIO! SO PACK OUR DUDS!

TOKIO! Y-YES, SIR!



JAPANESE INTELLIGENCE...

WE EXPECT **BLACK X** TO ARRIVE AT ANY MOMENT. OUR AGENTS HAVE OBSERVED HIM IN A NEARBY ENEMY POST!



Later THAT SAME DAY... THE WORLD IS OVERJOYED TO HEAR THAT TOKIO IS BOMBED BY AMERICAN PLANES! IT IS DURING THIS RAID THAT **BLACK X** AND BATU CRASH THEIR PLANE IN TOKIO HARBOR AND UNSEEN BY THE ENEMY SWIM TO SHORE!







I AM FLATTERED, TASHAYOKA... YOU HAVE SO MANY ADMIRERS AMONG THE IMPORTANT MEN HERE!

AH YES... I AM THE MOST TRUSTED FRIEND... YOU TOO MAY CONFIDE IN ME... AS A FRIENDLY NAZI, WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON!



DO YOU THINK WE SHALL WIN THIS WAR?



OH, UNDOUBTEDLY, WE **SHALL** WIN IT!

I'M GLAD YOU ARE SO CONFIDENT!



AHH... THE MASTER WAS RIGHT... SHE HAS THE PLANS FOR THE SUBMARINE RAIDS ON OUR CONVOYS HERE, ROLLED UP IN HER WOODEN PILLOW!



HAH! MY FIGURE IS STILL MAKIN' A CROWD OF THREE OUT THERE!



AN HOUR LATER...

YOUR SERVANT HAS BEEN SO VERY QUIET!

SILENCE IS THE WISDOM OF THE EAST...

HE SHOULD BE BACK SOON!



I HAVE NOT SPOKEN BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A **PLAN** NOW. I THINK I HAVE IT!



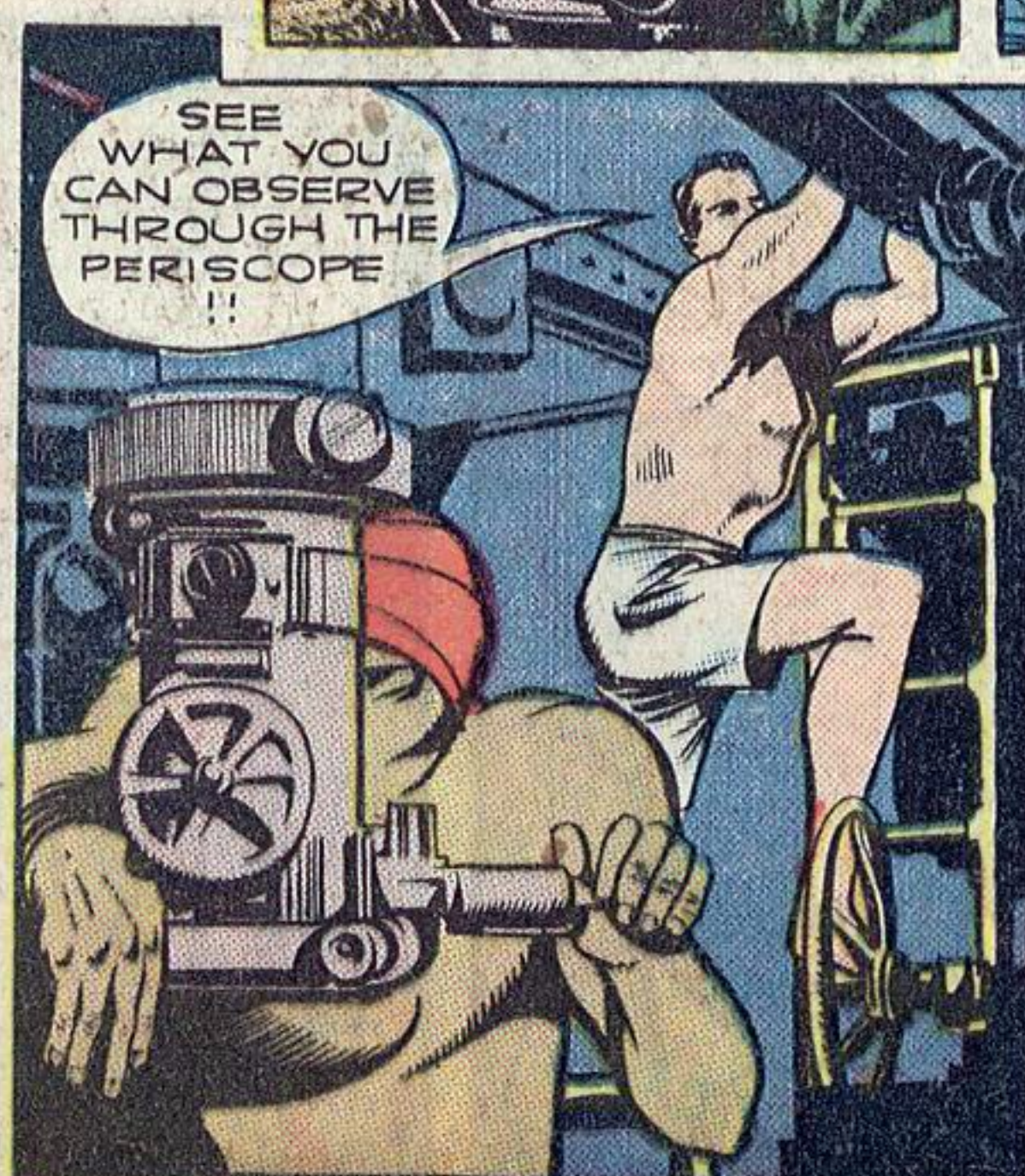
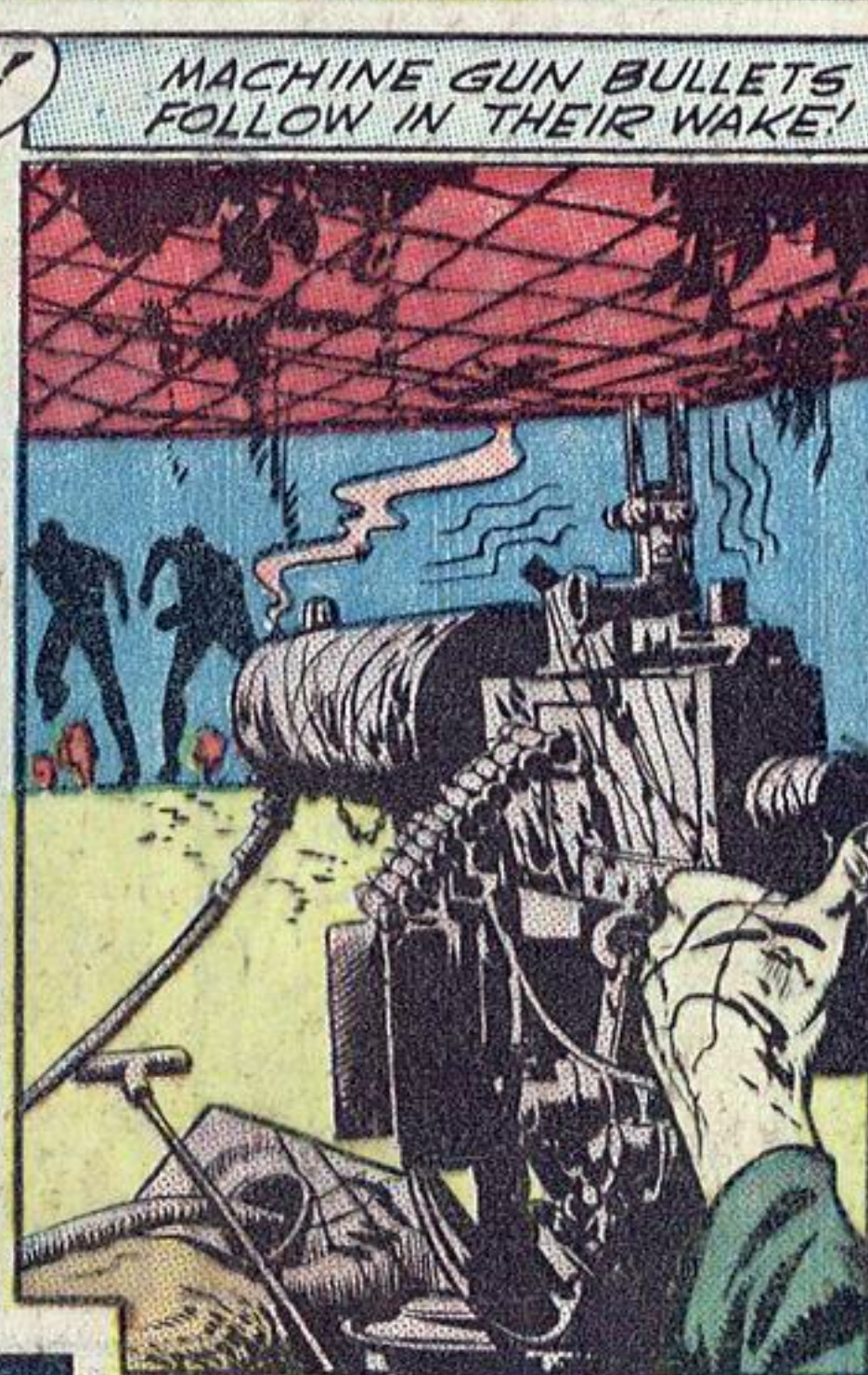
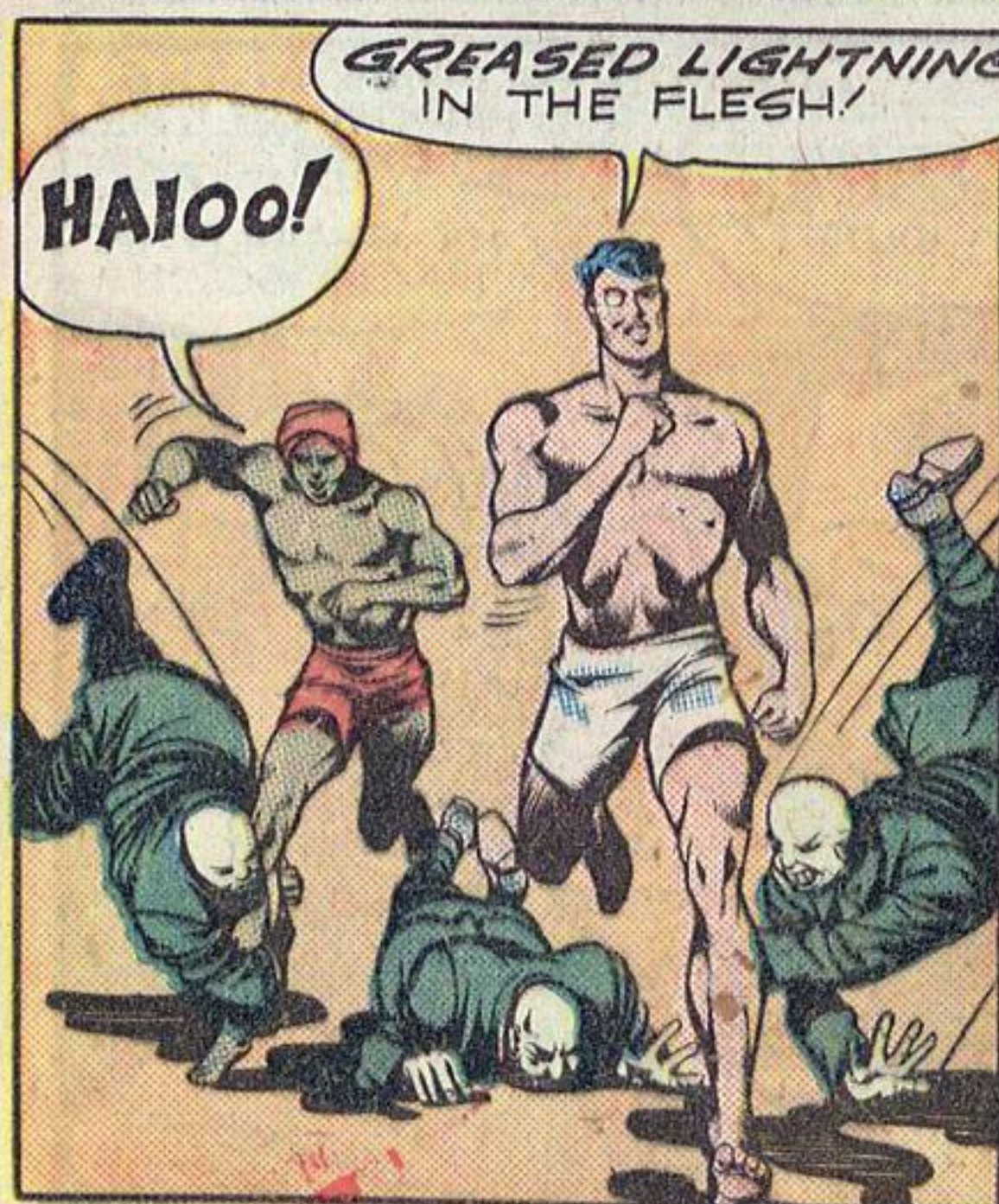
YOU **HAVE?** FINE! BUT NOW WE MUST LEAVE THIS FAIREST OF PEACH PETALS. YOU HAVE SERVED MY COUNTRY WELL BY BEING SO HOSPITABLE, TASHAYOKA!



WELL? I MADE THE MICRO-FILM, AND RETURNED THE ORIGINAL TO HER PILLOW!

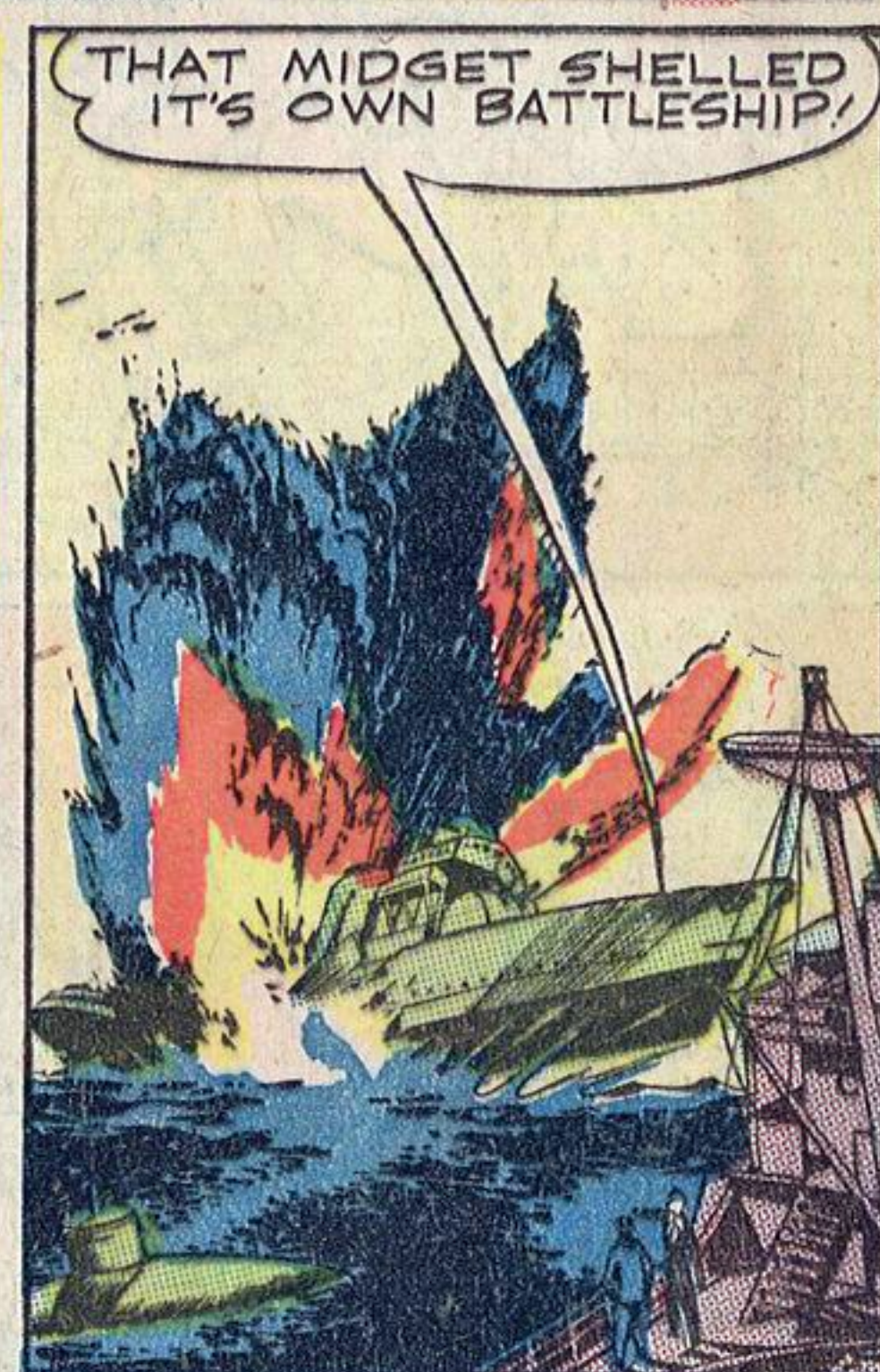
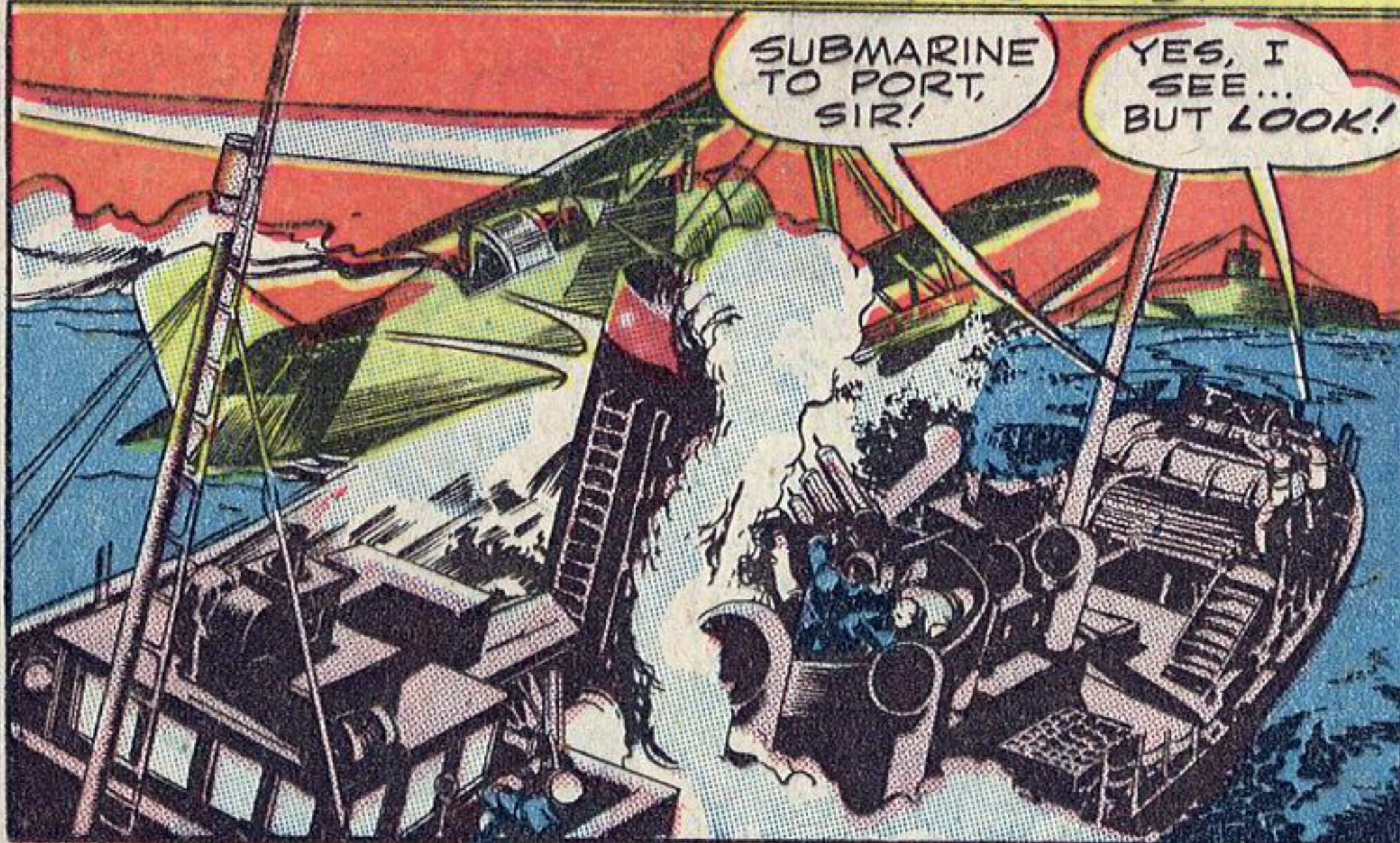


NICE WORK, BATU... NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY..

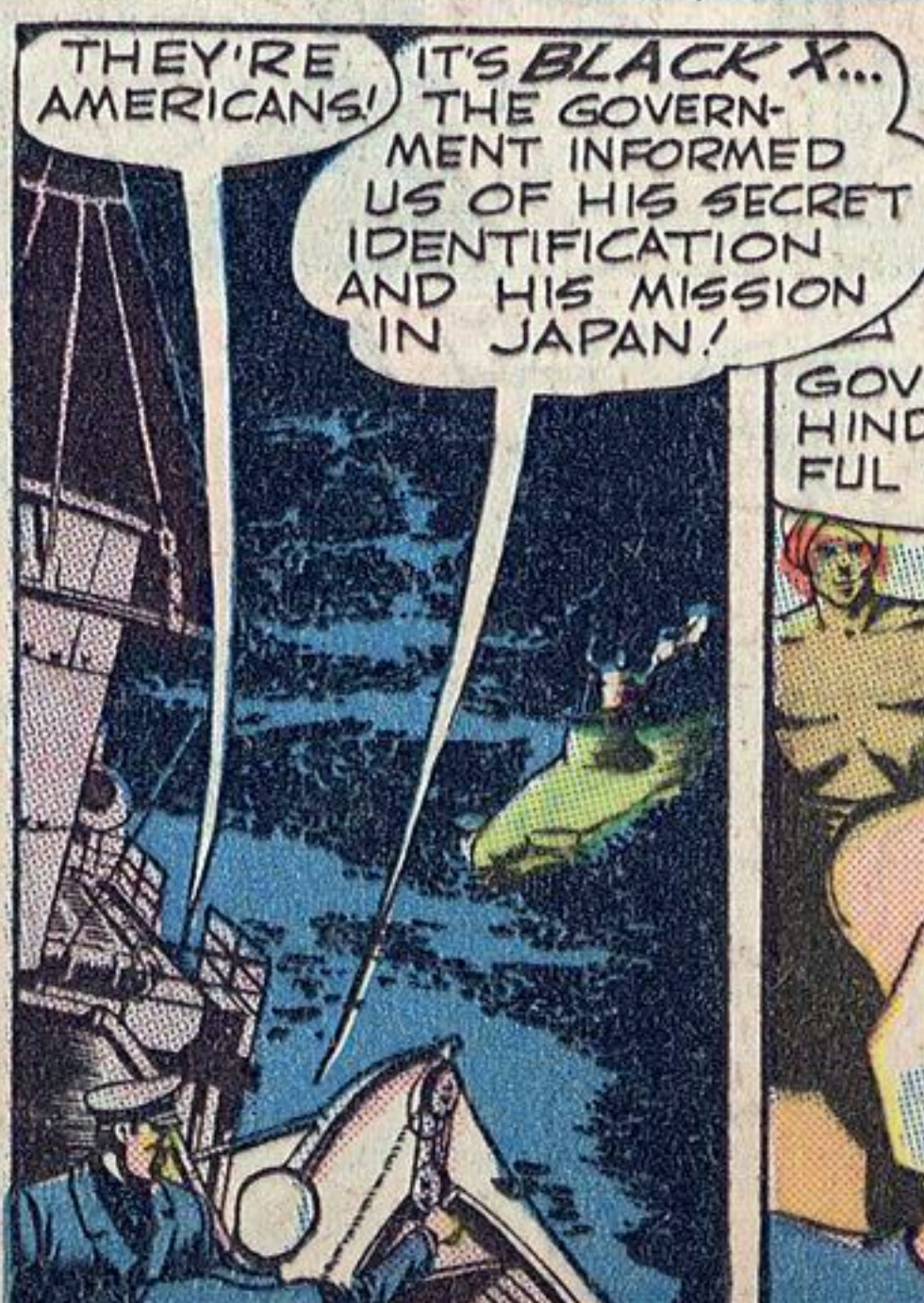


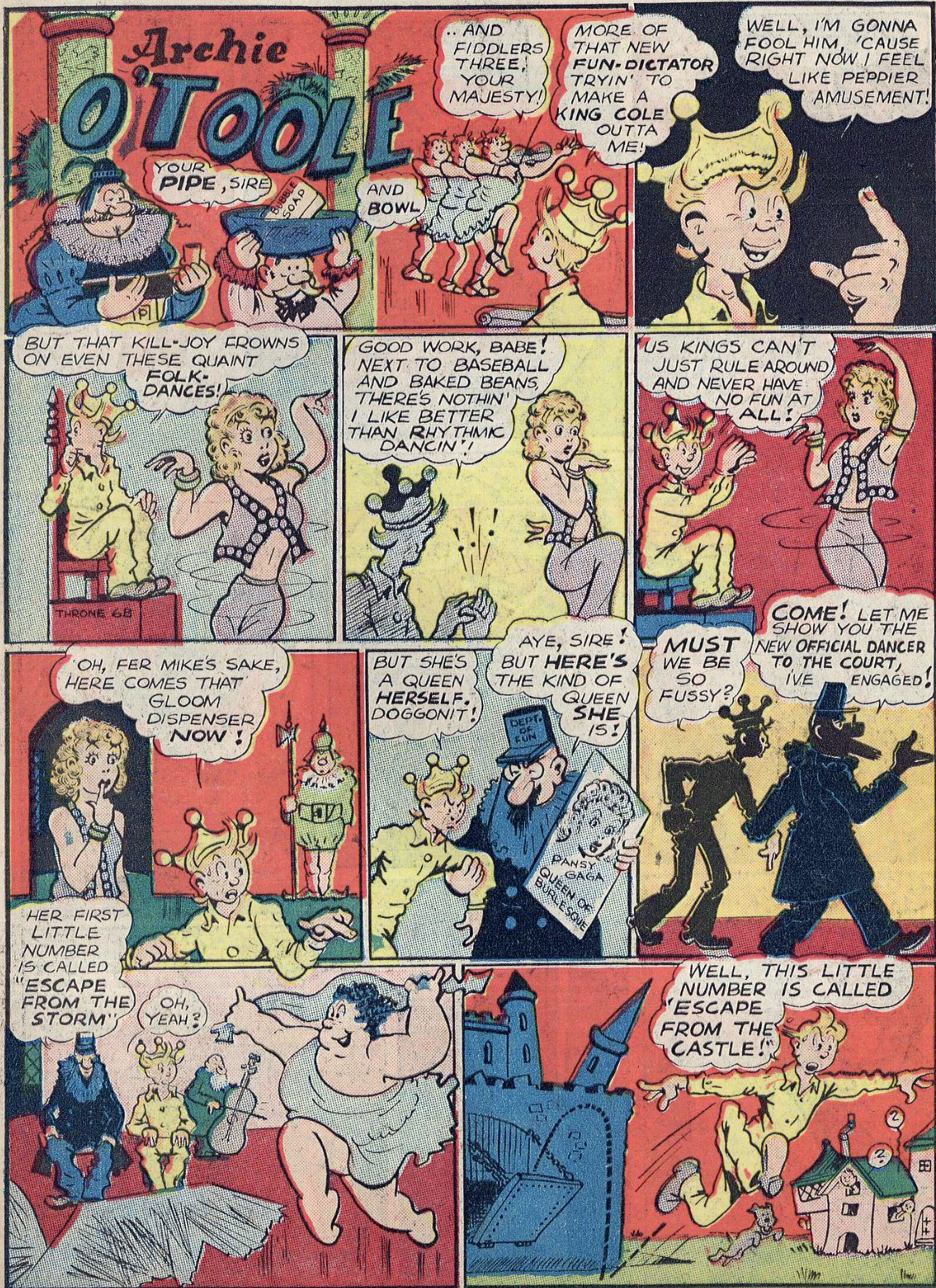


WHILE THE MERCHANTMAN FIGHTS OFF A PLANE LAUNCHED FROM THE BATTLESHIP... A MERCHANT SAILOR SIGHTS BLACK X'S SUB!



NOTE: WITHIN BATU'S TURBAN IS A PICTURE OF AN EAGLE.. A SECRET INSIGNIA KNOWN ONLY TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, WHICH IS THE OFFICIAL IDENTIFICATION OF BLACK X!





Archie O'TOOLE

.. AND FIDDLERS THREE, YOUR MAJESTY!

MORE OF THAT NEW FUN-DICTATOR TRYIN' TO MAKE A KING COLE OUTTA ME!

WELL, I'M GONNA FOOL HIM, 'CAUSE RIGHT NOW I FEEL LIKE PEPPIER AMUSEMENT!

YOUR PIPE, SIRE

AND BOWL

BUBBLE SOAP

BUT THAT KILL-JOY FROWNS ON EVEN THESE QUANT FOLK-DANCES!

GOOD WORK, BABE! NEXT TO BASEBALL AND BAKED BEANS, THERE'S NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN RHYTHMIC DANCIN'!

US KINGS CAN'T JUST RULE AROUND AND NEVER HAVE NO FUN AT ALL!

THRONE 6B

OH, FER MIKE'S SAKE, HERE COMES THAT GLOOM DISPENSER NOW!

BUT SHE'S A QUEEN HERSELF, DOGGONIT!

AYE, SIRE! BUT HERE'S THE KIND OF QUEEN SHE IS!

MUST WE BE SO FUSSY?

COME! LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW OFFICIAL DANCER TO THE COURT, I'VE ENGAGED!

HER FIRST LITTLE NUMBER IS CALLED "ESCAPE FROM THE STORM"

OH, YEAH?

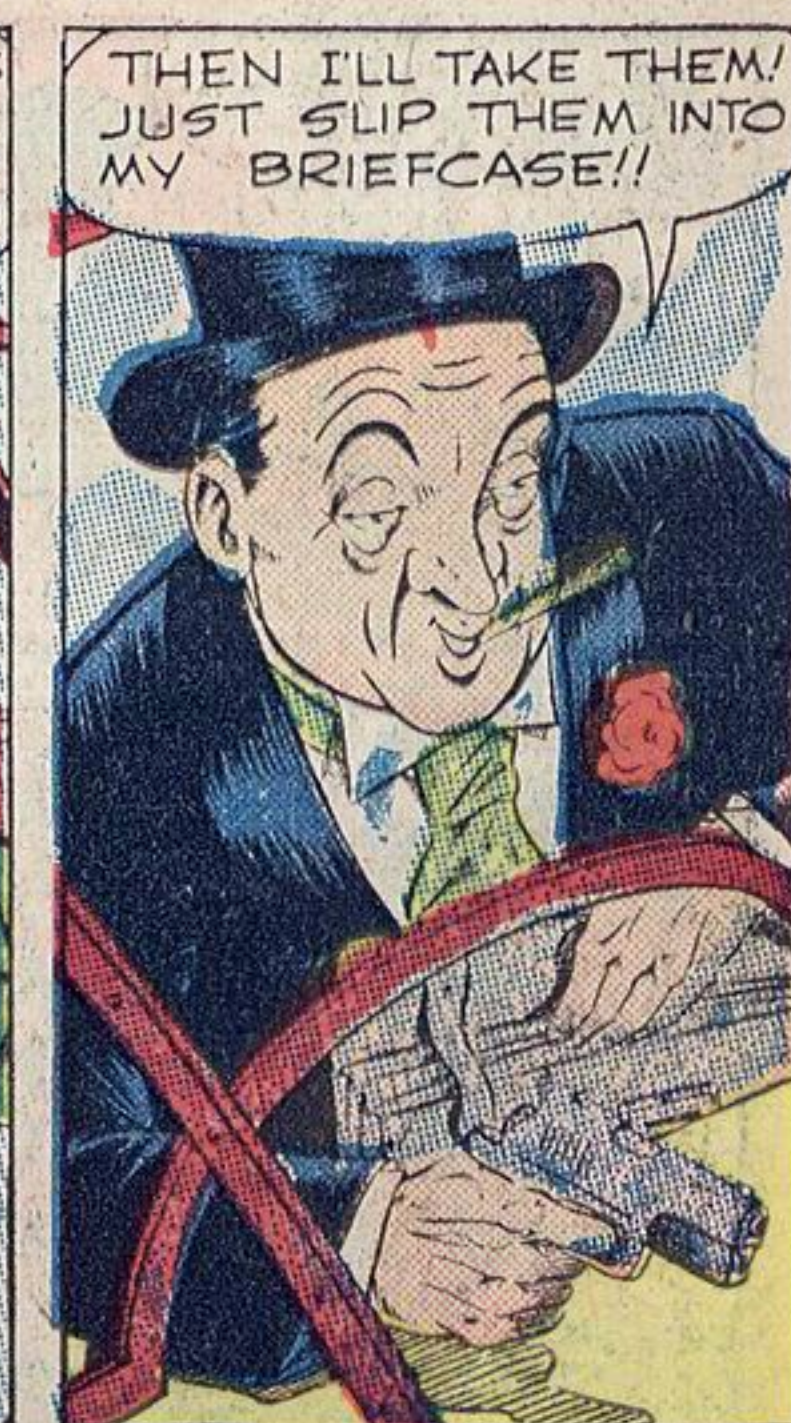
WELL, THIS LITTLE NUMBER IS CALLED "ESCAPE FROM THE CASTLE!"



The JESTER

by PAUL GUSTAVSON

Once again CHUCK LANE, THE ROOKIE COP, CHANGES TO HIS DYNAMIC PERSONALITY AS THE JESTER.... TO STRIKE AT "THE SEXTUPLETS"





JUST OUTSIDE THE BANK, FIVE MEN, WHO STRANGELY ENOUGH, LOOK AND DRESS LIKE THE DARING BANK ROBBER, CROSS PATHS!

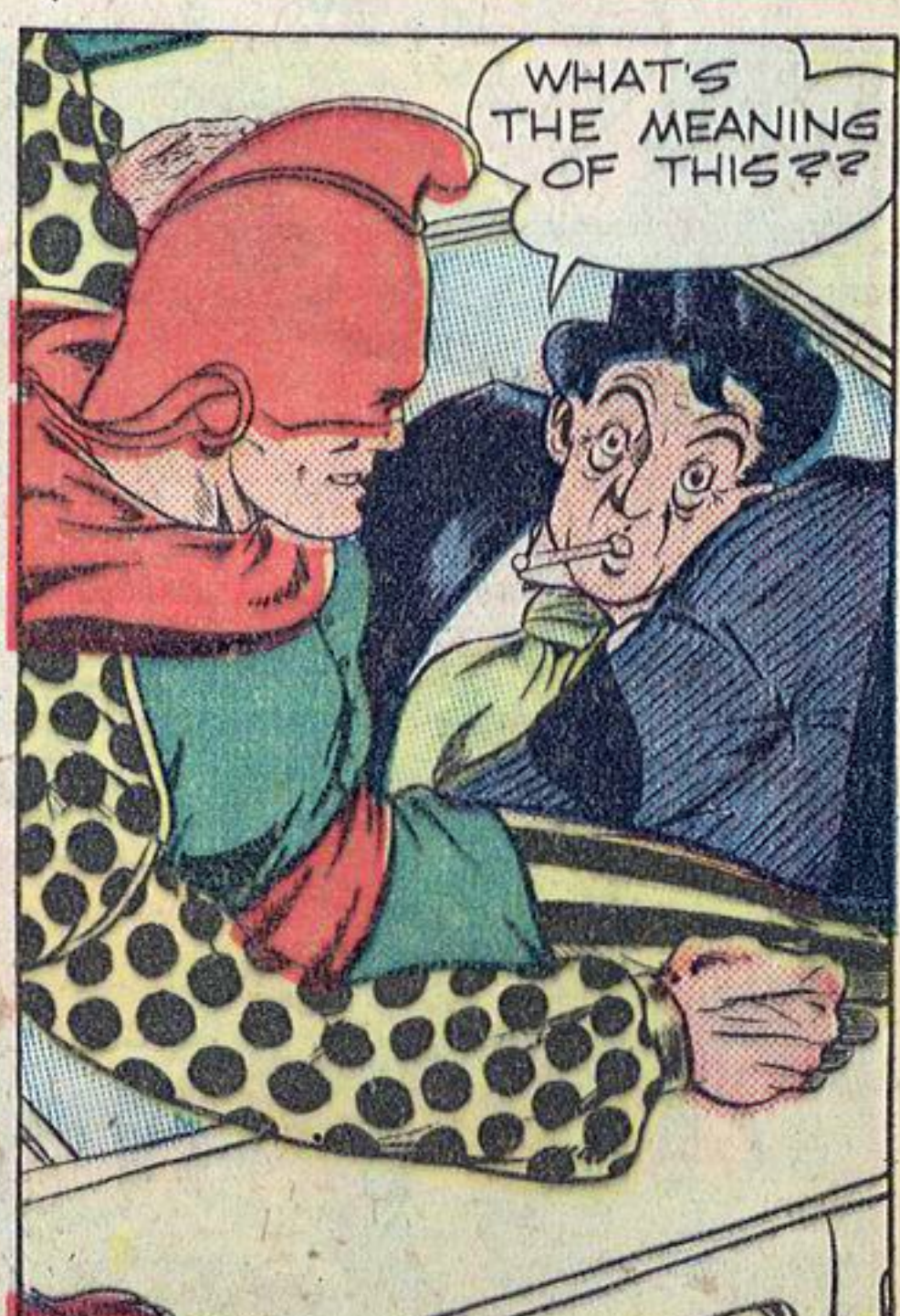
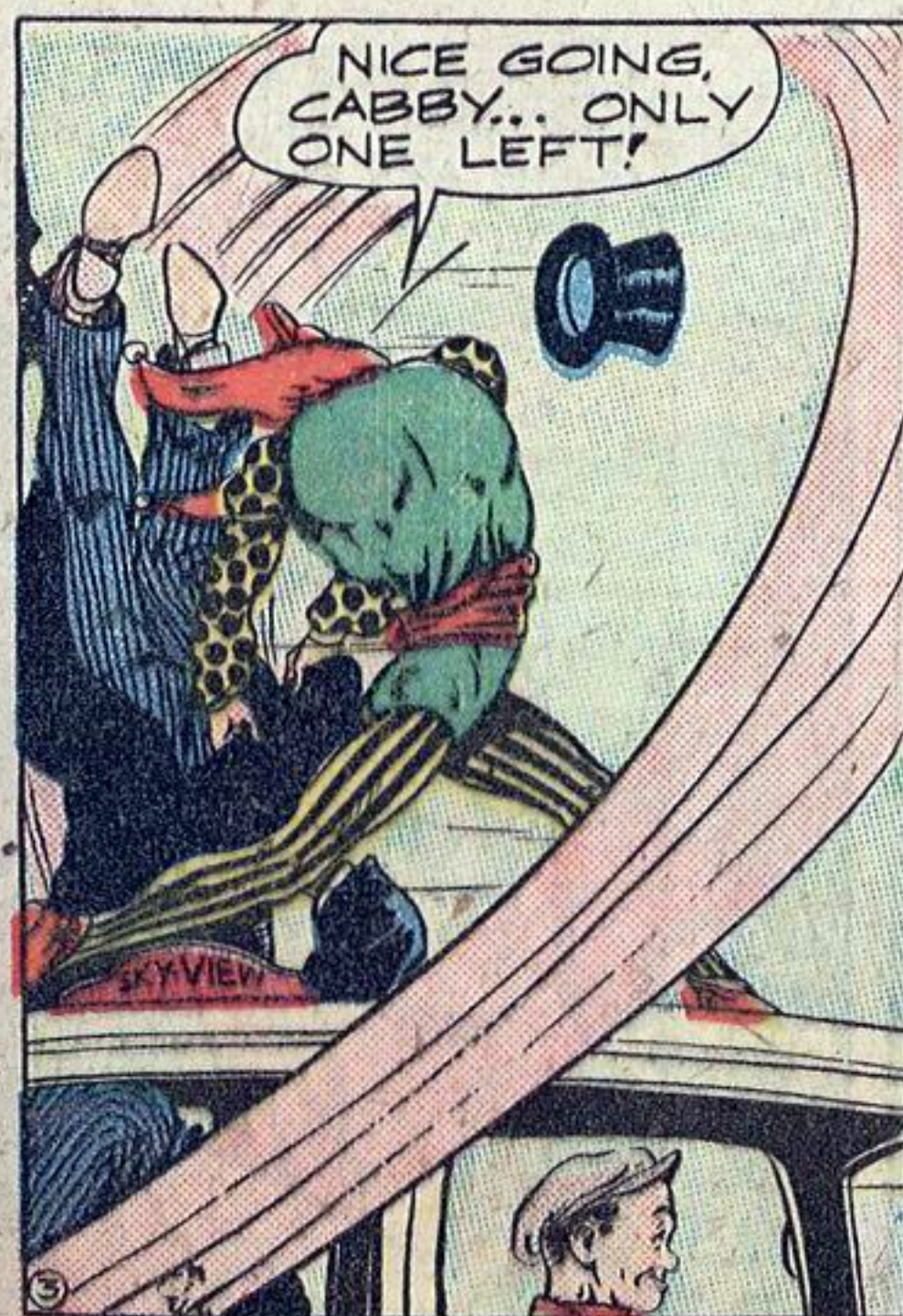
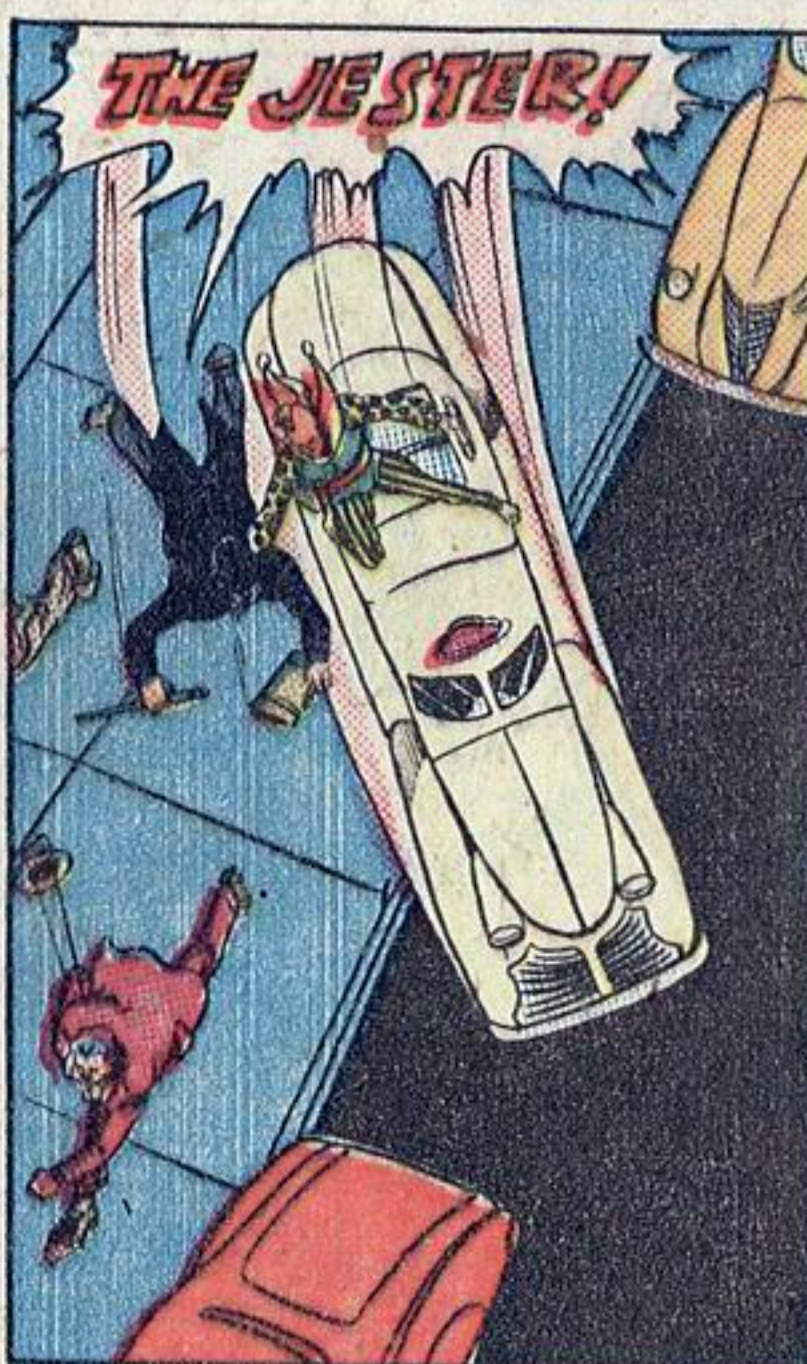


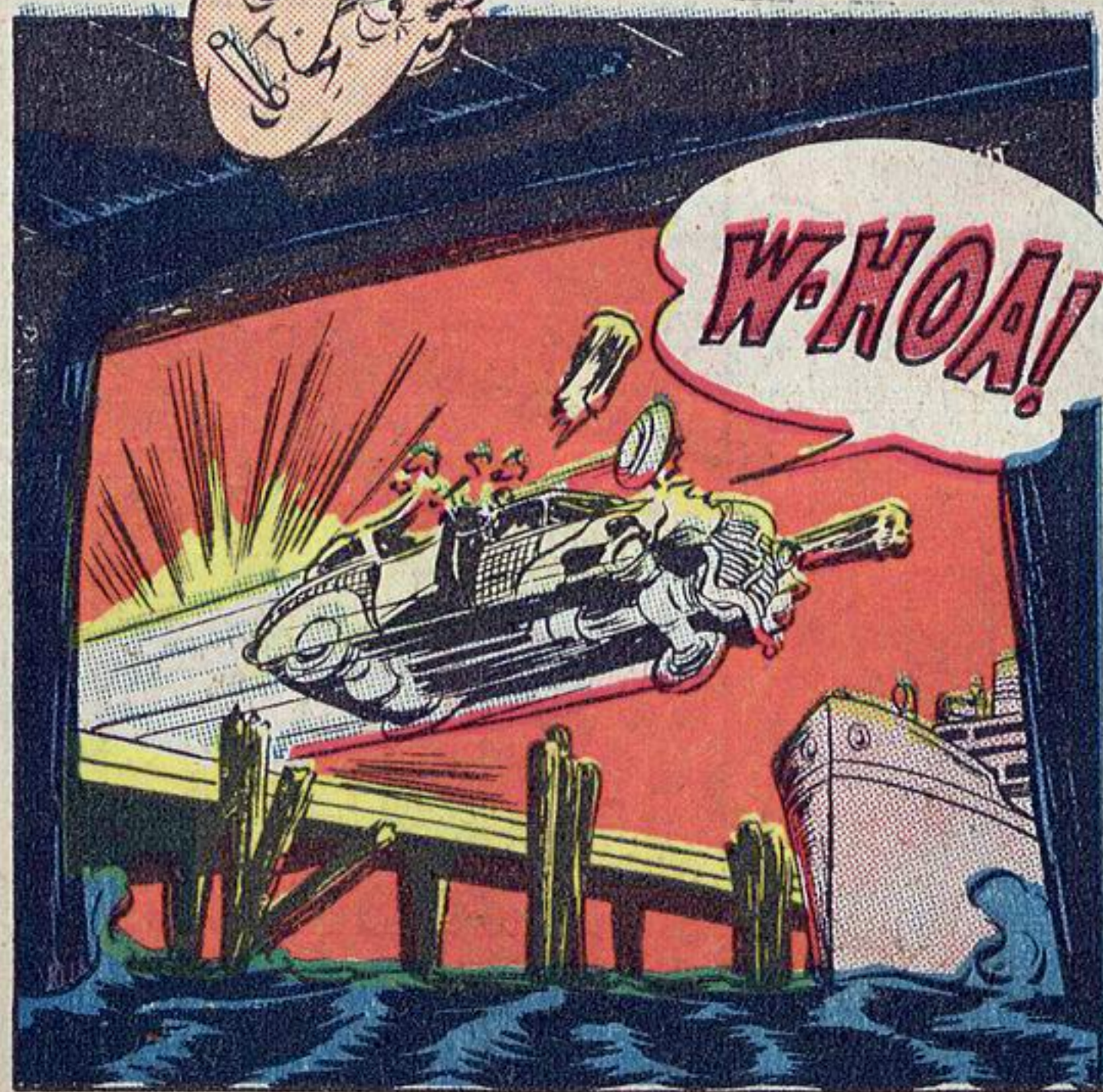
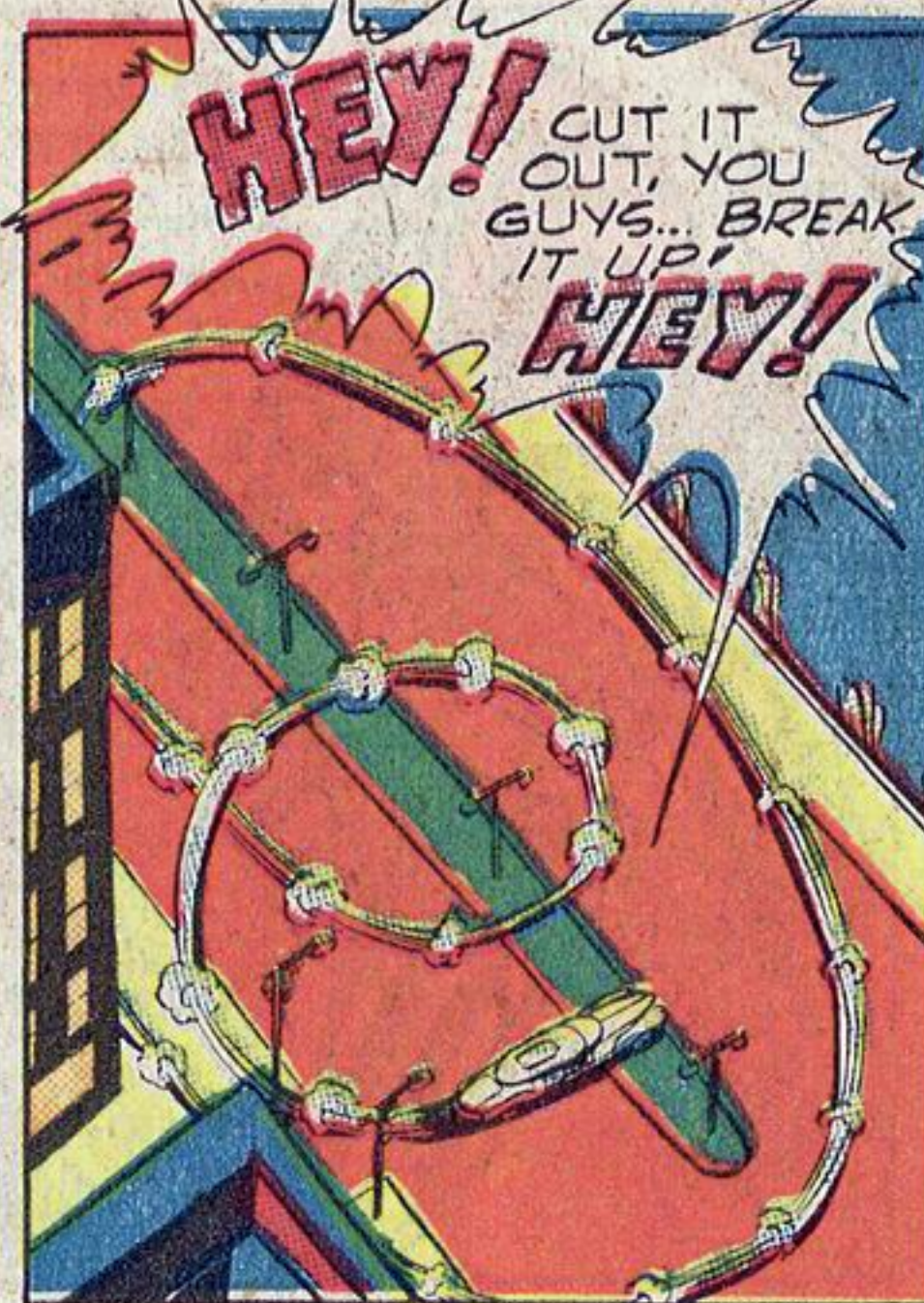
AND.. AS THE BANK ROBBER DASHES OUT OF THE BANK



THERE HE...IS! HOLY CATS. I'M SEEING SEXTUPLE!









H..MMM.. A FISHING POLE!



C'MON, BOYS... TODAY'S SCRAP COLLECTION DAY!



WELL, BOYS.. I HAVE THE \$100,000 IN SECURITIES SO I'LL BE LEAVING YOU! BY THE WAY, YOU GUYS HAD BETTER MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE.. A GUARD AT THE BANK WAS **SHOT...** AND **DIED!**



WHAT?

IT CAN'T BE!

YOU'RE CRAZY!

WE DON'T WORK THAT WAY!



THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT ONE OF YOU GUYS HAS A MURDER RAP ON HIS HEAD!

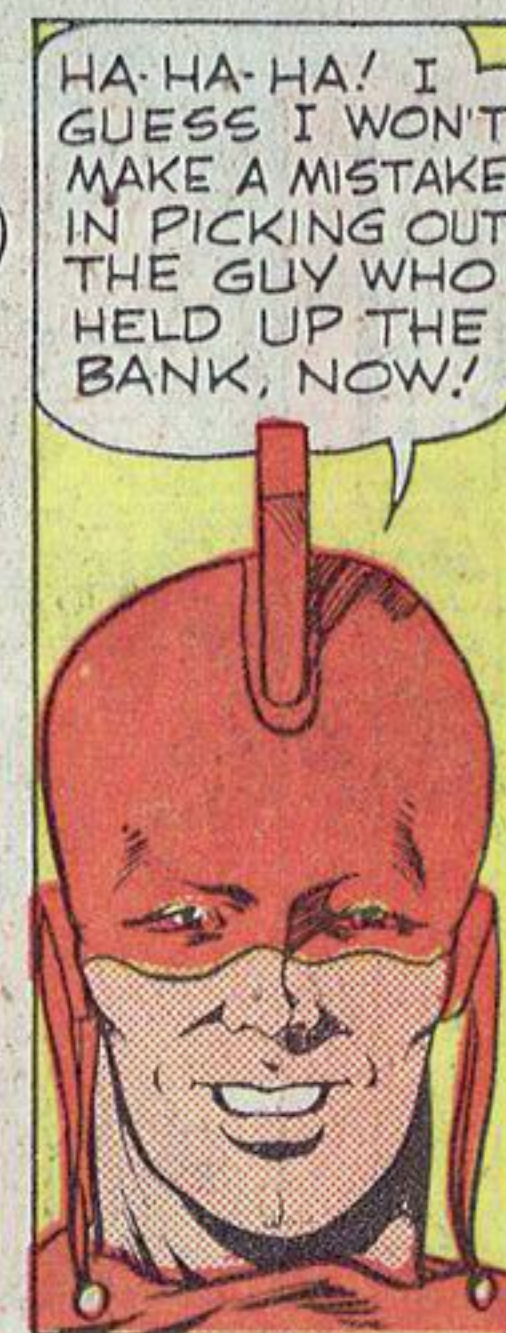


WE TOLD YOU NOT TO USE YOUR ROD!

SO YOU HAD TO DO THINGS YOUR OWN WAY, EH?!

YOU WON'T MUFF ANOTHER JOB!!

PIN A MURDER RAP ON US, WILL YOU, EH?!!



HA-HA-HA! I GUESS I WON'T MAKE A MISTAKE IN PICKING OUT THE GUY WHO HELD UP THE BANK, NOW!



HO-HO! WHILE THE SCRAP'S GOING ON, I'LL JUST CHANGE BACK TO CHUCK LANE, THE COP AND CALL HEAD-QUARTERS!!

LATER



LOOK, COPPER..WE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH SHOOTING THE GUARD...HE DID IT ON HIS OWN HOOK!

SHOOTING? NOBODY WAS SHOT AT THE BANK.. BUT IT'S GOOD TO KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS ACTUALLY PULLED THE JOB!!

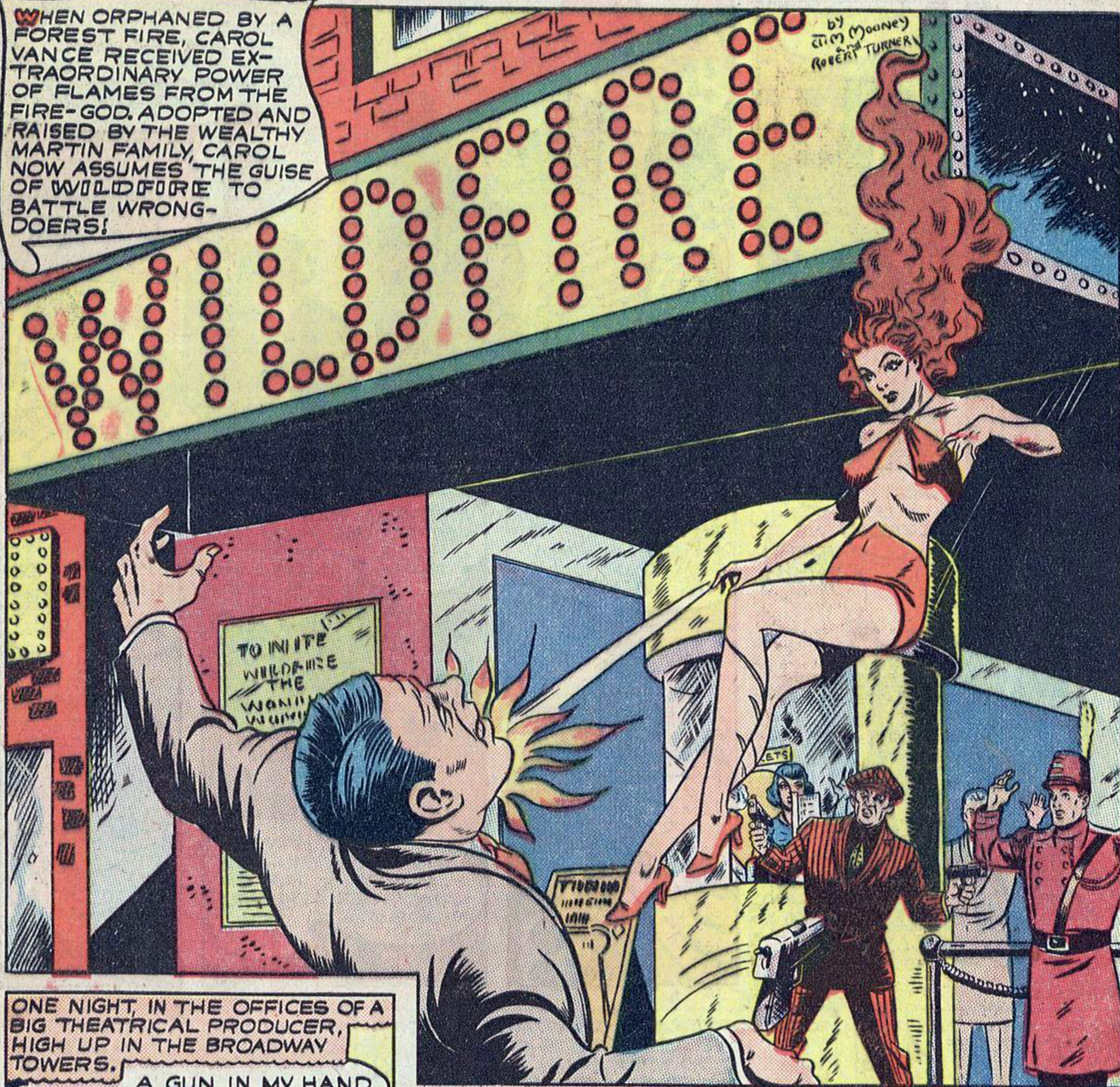


HA-HA-HA! WHO TOLD YOU THAT A GUARD WAS KILLED AT THE BANK?

THAT@!#... LYING JESTER! WAIT'LL I SEE HIM AGAIN... I'LL TEAR HIM APART FOR THIS!

WHEN ORPHANED BY A FOREST FIRE, CAROL VANCE RECEIVED EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF FLAMES FROM THE FIRE-GOD. ADOPTED AND RAISED BY THE WEALTHY MARTIN FAMILY, CAROL NOW ASSUMES THE GUISE OF WILDFIRE TO BATTLE WRONG-DOERS!

by Mooney
and TURNER



ONE NIGHT, IN THE OFFICES OF A BIG THEATRICAL PRODUCER, HIGH UP IN THE BROADWAY TOWERS.

A GUN IN MY HAND, MONTE ROSE DEAD ON THE FLOOR... NO ONE ELSE HERE... I-I MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!

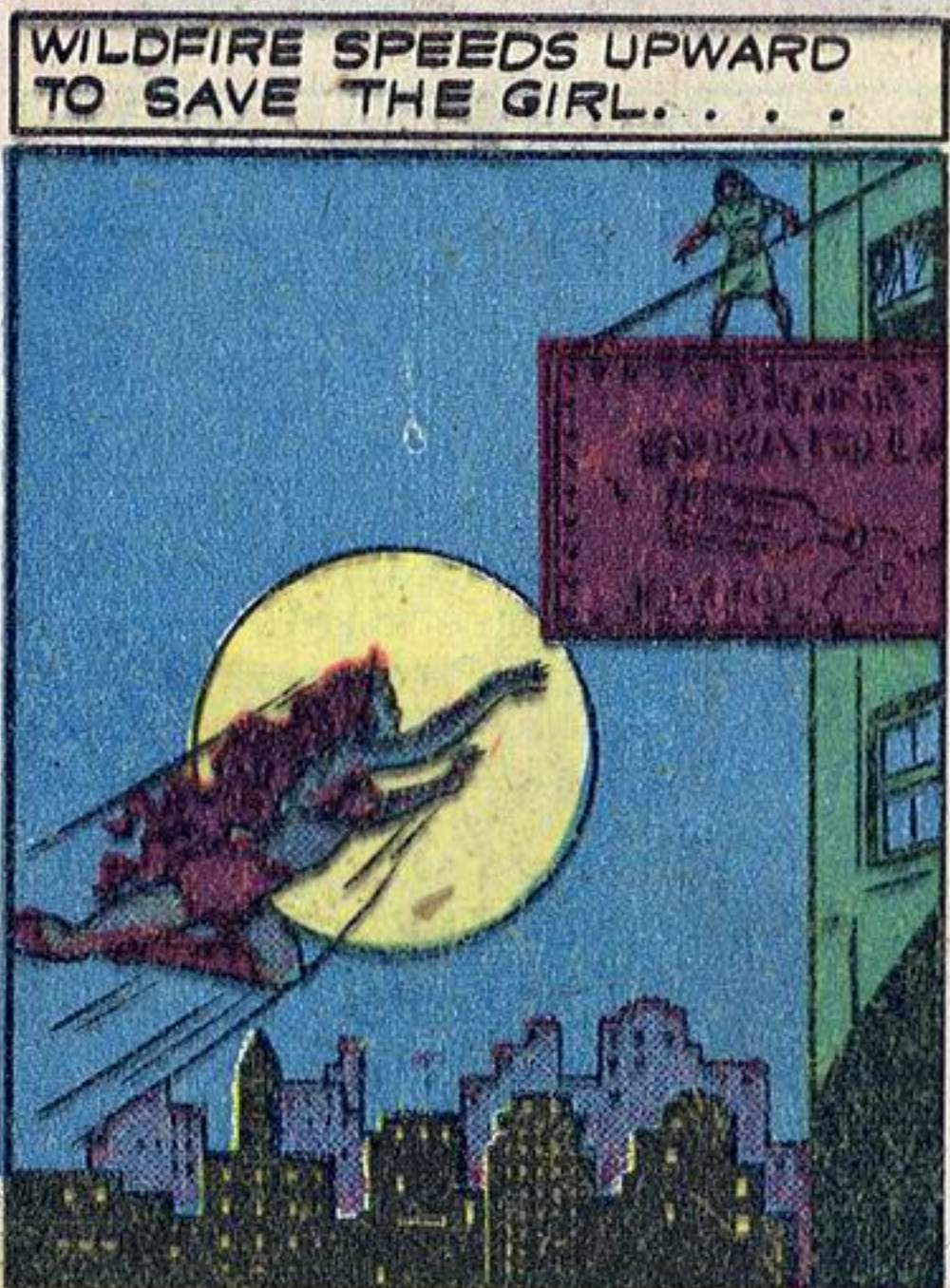


THIS-THIS WINDS UP EVERYTHING, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT... I'LL CLIMB OUT AND....



OOH, IT-IT'S SO HIGH... I'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MOMENT AND GATHER COURAGE TO JUMP!





TOO BAD HELENE DIDN'T MAKE THAT JUMP, BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS! WHEN THAT CAB COMES BACK TO HIS STAND HERE, I'LL FIND OUT WHERE SHE WAS TAKEN TO...



UNDER WILDFIRE'S CARE, THE STRANGE GIRL COMES TO, BREAKS DOWN. . . .

I-I'M GLAD NOW THAT YOU SAVED ME. I MUST HAVE GONE MAD. I WAS SO DESPERATE!

SUPPOSE YOU START AT THE BEGINNING AND TELL ME ALL YOUR TROUBLES!



I'M HELENE BENNETT. I RAN AWAY FROM HOME TO BECOME AN ACTRESS AGAINST MY FATHER'S WISHES. FINALLY, MY MONEY GAVE OUT. TONIGHT I WAS SEEING MONTE ROSE ABOUT A PART IN HIS NEW SHOW. I-I GOT DIZZY AND WEAK FROM HUNGER, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW. . .

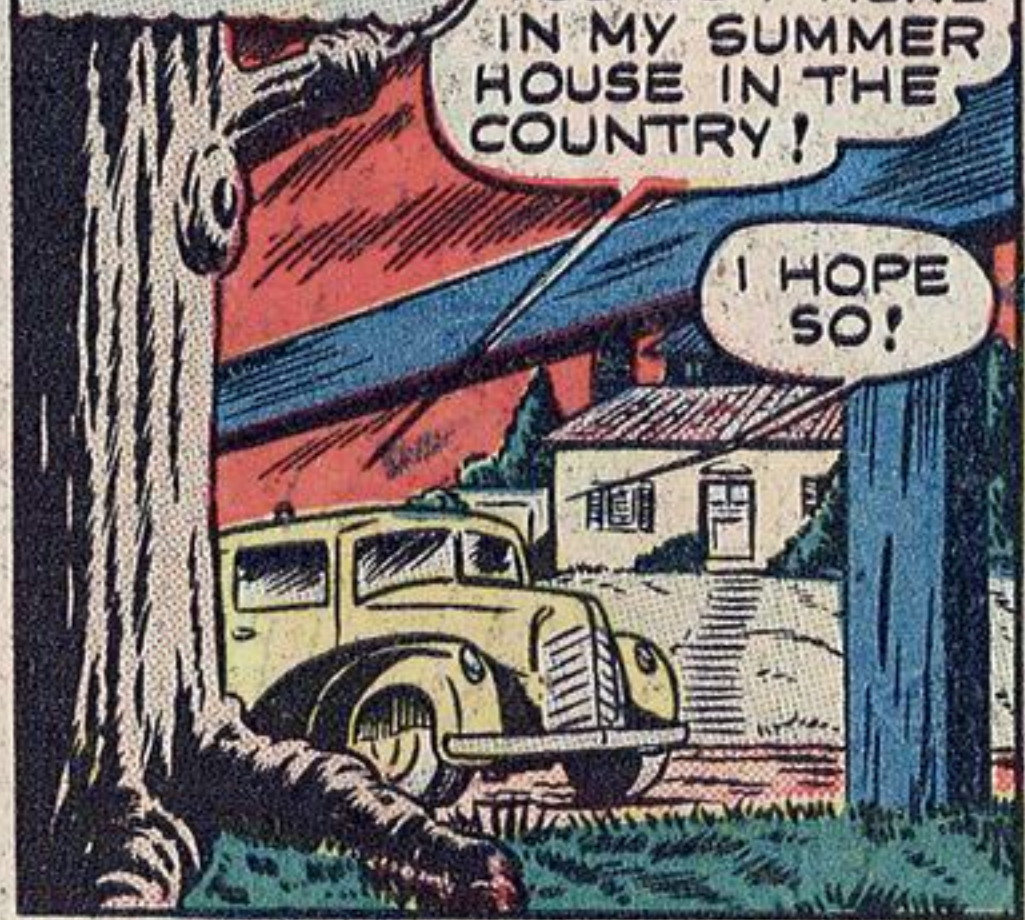


I WAS STANDING THERE WITH THE GUN IN MY HAND AND MR. ROSE DEAD ON THE FLOOR. I-I MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY FOR A FEW MINUTES AND KILLED HIM, SO. . . .



YOU POOR CHILD!

THE CAB SPEEDS OUT OF THE CITY AND INTO THE COUNTRY. AFTER A HALF HOUR DRIVE. . . .



I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU WERE FRAMED FOR THAT MURDER, HELENE. I'M GOING TO HIDE YOU OUT HERE IN MY SUMMER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY!

I HOPE SO!

CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT WANT YOU OUT OF THE WAY, HELENE?



ONLY MY COUSIN, BLAIR NILES. BEFORE I WAS BORN, HE WAS DAD'S SOLE HEIR. HE'S ALWAYS HATED ME BECAUSE I'LL INHERIT MY FATHER'S MILLIONS INSTEAD OF HIM!

YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLY AND REST. I'M GOING BACK TO THE CITY FOR AWHILE. . .



ALL RIGHT!

Meanwhile, BACK IN THE CITY. . .

YOU SAY YOU TOOK THEM TO THE MARTIN'S SUMMER HOME OUT NEAR LAKE DRIVE IN THE SUBURBS. FINE! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROUBLE!



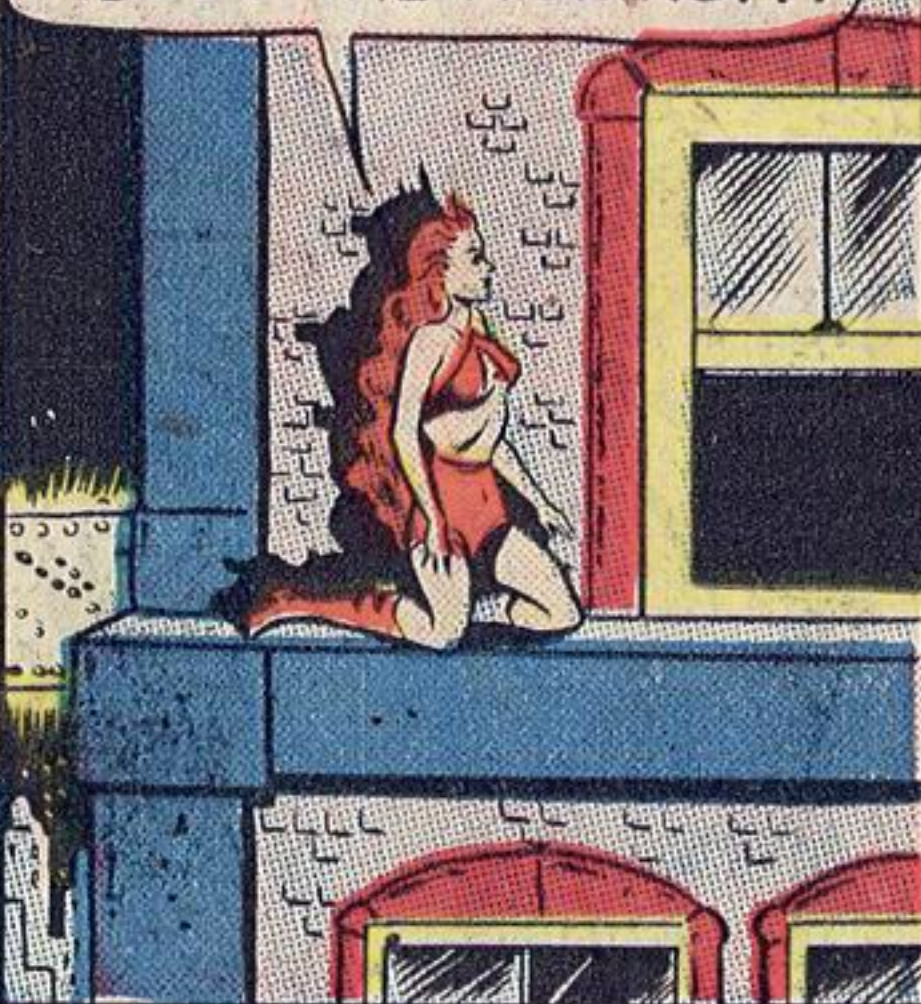
THANKS, MISTER!

I THINK I'LL DROP BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN ANYTHING MORE!



WILDFIRE LANDS ON THE WINDOW OUTSIDE THE MURDER OFFICE.

THE POLICE HAVE GOT SOME MAN THERE NOW, QUESTIONING HIM ABOUT THE KILLING...



YOU SAY, MR. NILES, YOU WERE WITH HELENE BENNETT WHEN SHE SHOT MR. ROSE?

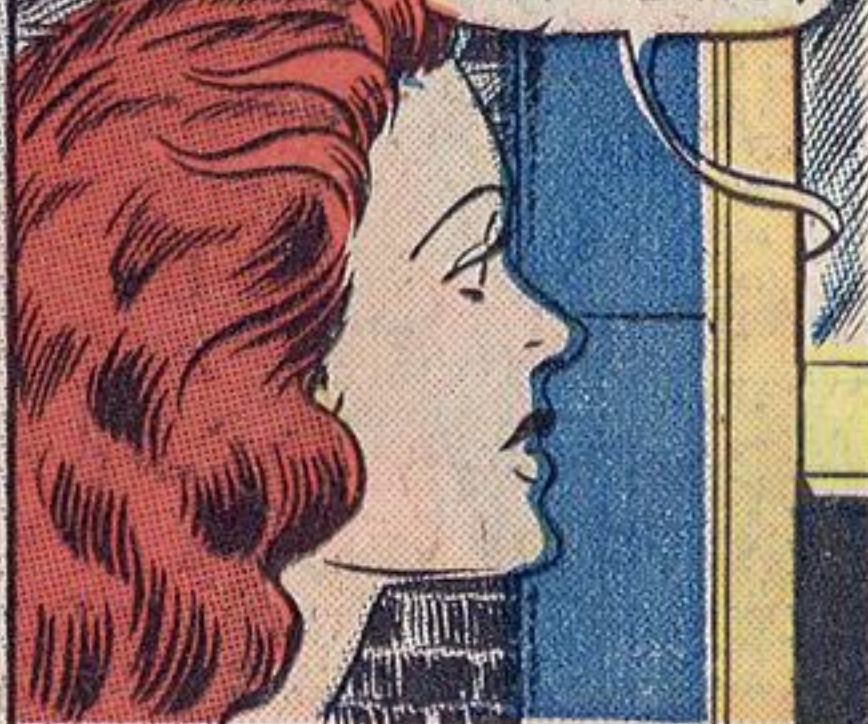
YESSIR, I CAME UP HERE WITH MY COUSIN TO SEE ABOUT GETTING HER A JOB. ROSE TURNED HER DOWN AND SHE WHIPPED OUT A GUN AND SHOT HIM!



BLAIR NILES, HELENE'S COUSIN!

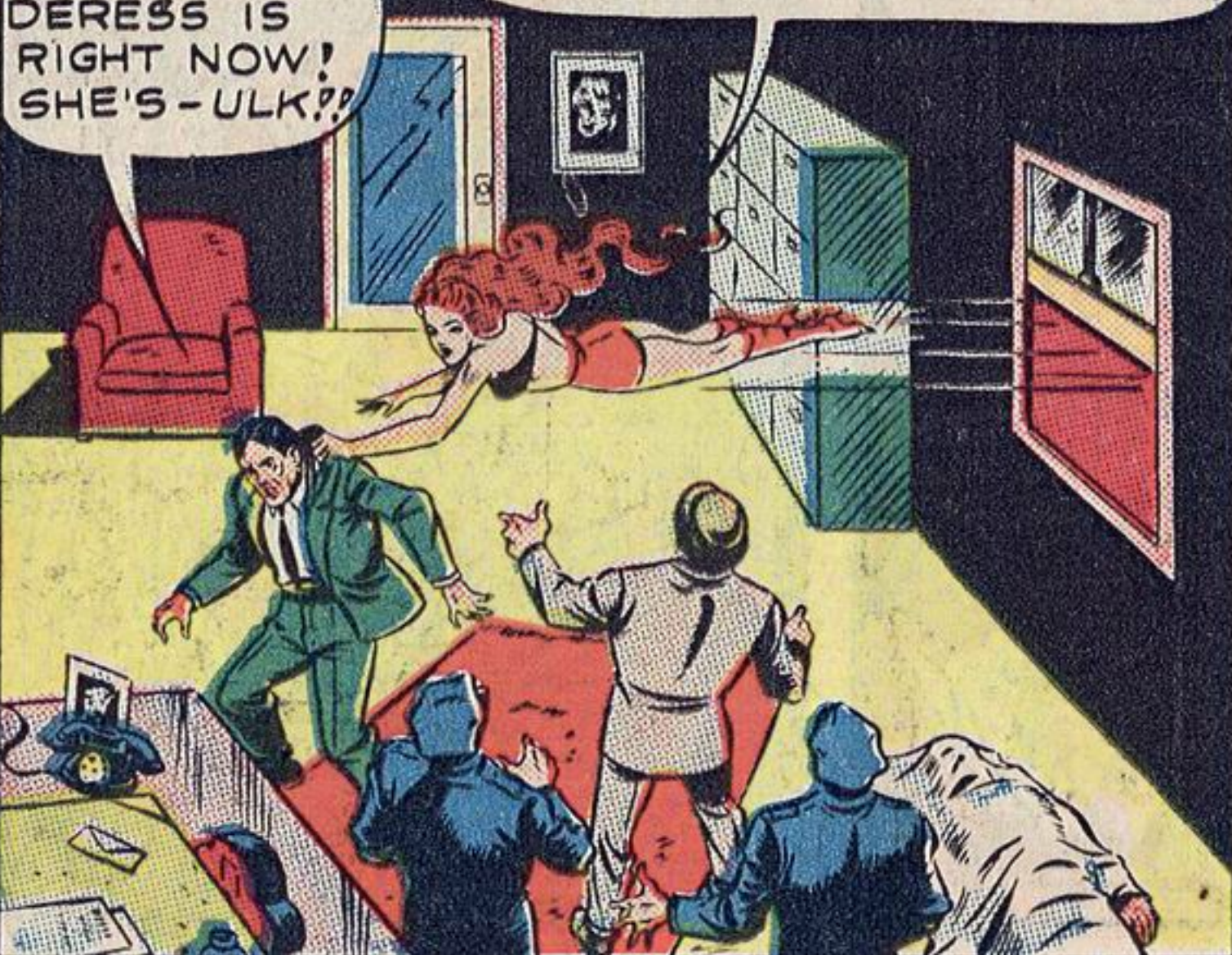
THEN WHAT HAPPENED, MR. NILES?

I RAN OUT AND LOCKED HER IN WHILE I WENT FOR THE POLICE. WHILE I WAS GONE—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



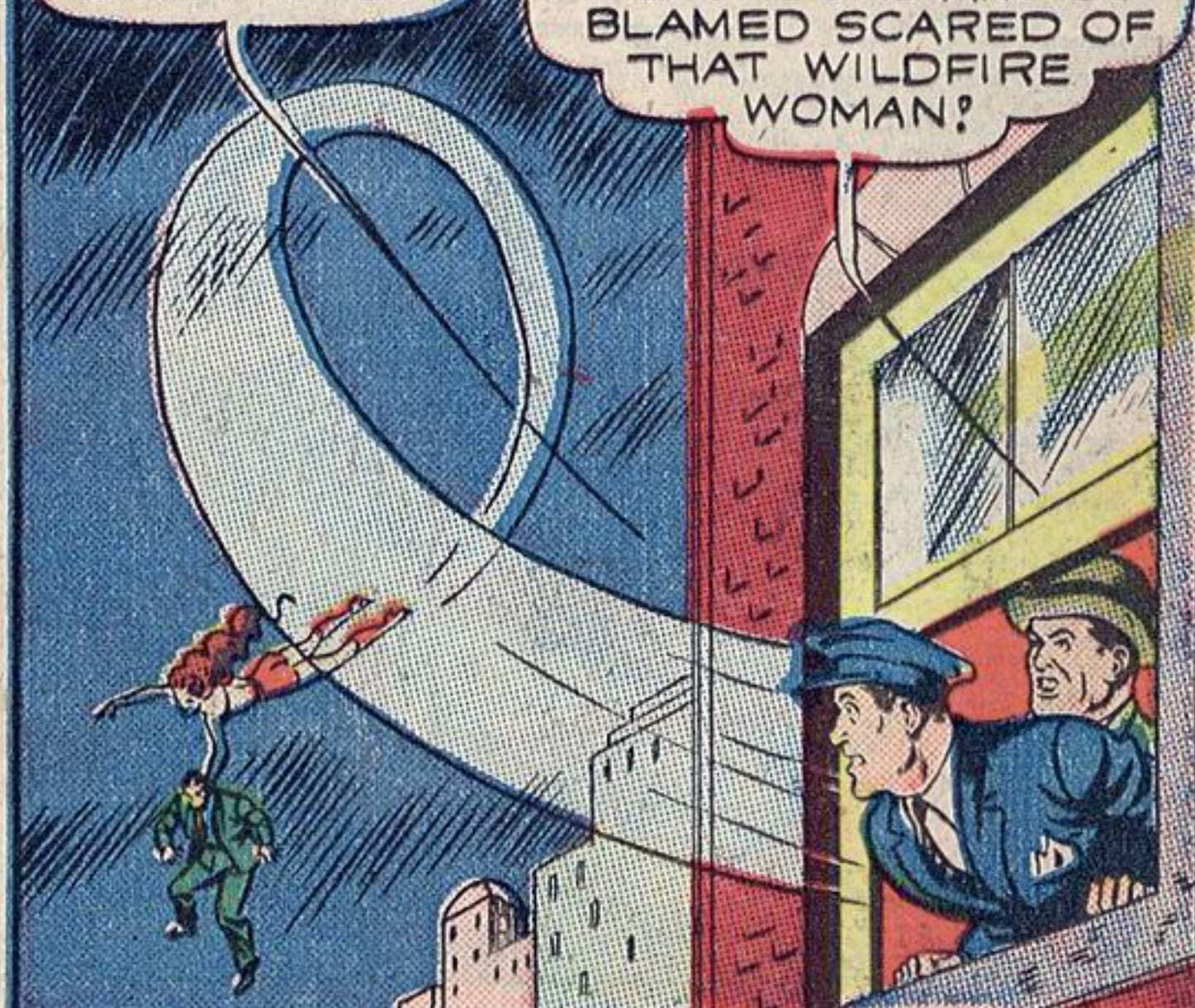
AND I KNOW WHERE THE LITTLE MURDERESS IS RIGHT NOW! SHE'S—ULK??

SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT I WANT TO BORROW THIS LIAR FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



WELL, I'LL BE BLATHERED!

NOW I KNOW WHY ALL THE CROOKS ARE SO BLAMED SCARED OF THAT WILDFIRE WOMAN!



ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MURDER OF MONTE ROSE OR DO I DROP YOU?

N-NO! TAKE ME BACK DOWN TO EARTH AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!



I'D BEEN TRAILING HELENE FOR WEEKS JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE LIKE THAT. WHEN SHE FAINTED I ENTERED THE OFFICE AND SHOT ROSE, PUT THE GUN IN HER HAND AND LEFT. HER FATHER IS SICK AND DYING. I FIGURED THE SHOCK OF HER BEING ARRESTED FOR MURDER WOULD FINISH HIM OFF. THEN SHE WOULD BE ELECTROCUTED AND OLD MAN BENNETT'S FORTUNE WOULD BE ALL MINE!



BUT YOU FIGURED WITHOUT WILDFIRE, BLAIR NILES! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU IN!

I DON'T CARE JUST AS LONG AS YOU PUT MY FEET BACK ON EARTH!



LANDING ON A DARKENED SIDE STREET, BLAIR NILES SUDDENLY WHIPS A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS POCKET, AND...

YOU CAN'T OUTSMART ME, THIS HANDKERCHIEF SOAKED IN CHLOROFORM I WAS GOING TO USE ON HELENE, BUT IT WILL WORK ON YOU JUST AS WELL!



WHEN SHE RECOVERS, IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO HELP HELENE BENNETT!



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THIS... I'VE BROUGHT YOU MUGS ALONG JUST TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO INTERFERENCE!



CIRCLE AROUND THE HOUSE AND DON'T LET ANYONE ENTER. I'M GOING TO SET THE PLACE ON FIRE!



THIS CHLOROFORM WILL MAKE SURE SHE'LL SLEEP RIGHT THROUGH UNTIL THE FLAMES REACH HER AND BURN HER UP WITH THE HOUSE!



THIS PLACE WILL BURN LIKE TINDER



BUT SUDDENLY, WILDFIRE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, SIZES UP THE SITUATION...

LOOKS LIKE I RECOVERED AND CAME OUT HERE JUST IN TIME...



AS SOON AS I PUT HER DOWN WHERE SHE'S SAFE, I'LL RETURN AND FIX BLAIR NILES AND HIS GANG!



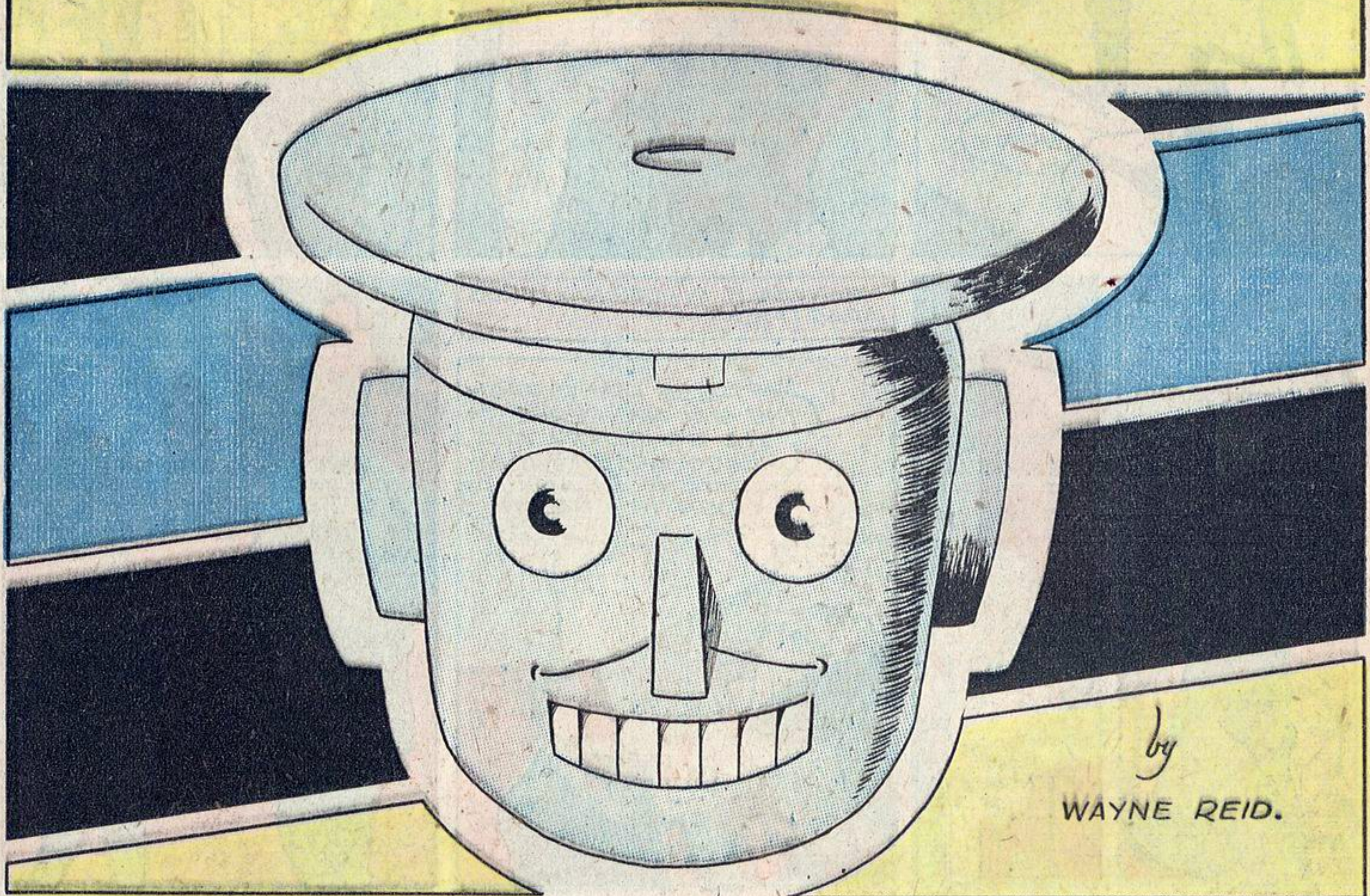
A HALF HOUR LATER...

YES, SIR, WE CAME OUT HERE TO THE FIRE AND FOUND THIS FELLOW AND THOSE OTHERS MAROONED IN A CIRCLE OF FLAMES AND THIS SIGNED CONFESSION TO THE MURDER OF MONTE ROSE PINNED TO A TREE!



BOZO *the* ROBOT

BY MEANS OF A SMALL CONTROL BOARD HIDDEN BENEATH HIS COAT LAPEL, HUGH HAZZARD CONTROLS THE IRON MAN—TOGETHER THEY FIGHT AN UNENDING BATTLE AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY.....



by
WAYNE REID.

**SABOTEURS MURDER
GUARD, STEAL NEW
FIGHTING PLANE PLANS.**

F.B.I. AGENTS BAFFLED,
NO CLUES FOUND.

WITNESS CLAIMS HE SAW
IRON MAN LEAVE THE
SCENE OF CRIME.

DID HE DO IT?

AND IN THE HIDE-OUT OF
THE KILLERS----

COMRADES, VE
MAY HAFF FOOLED
DER F.B.I.—BUT
NOT DER
IRON MAN!

WHY NOT,
DER ISS
NO CLUES—

BUT DER
ISS—TELL THEM
CARL...

I LOST DER
GUN I KILLED
DER GUARD MIT—
VEN I VENT
BACK TO LOOK
FOR IT, I SAW
DOT IRON MAN
PICK IT UP—
UND MY FINGER-
PRINTS ARE
ON IT!!



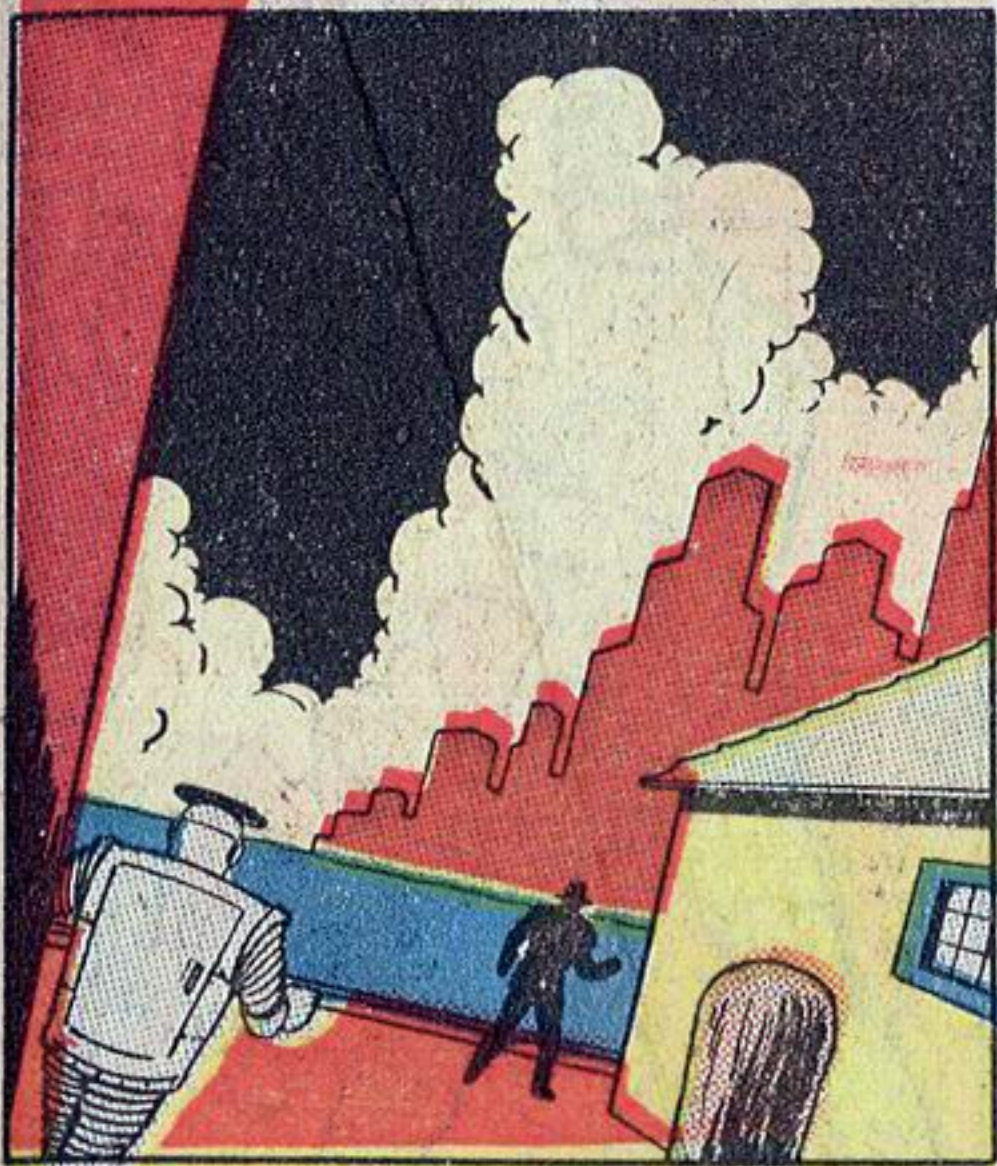
MEANWHILE, IN HUGH HAZZARD'S APARTMENT----



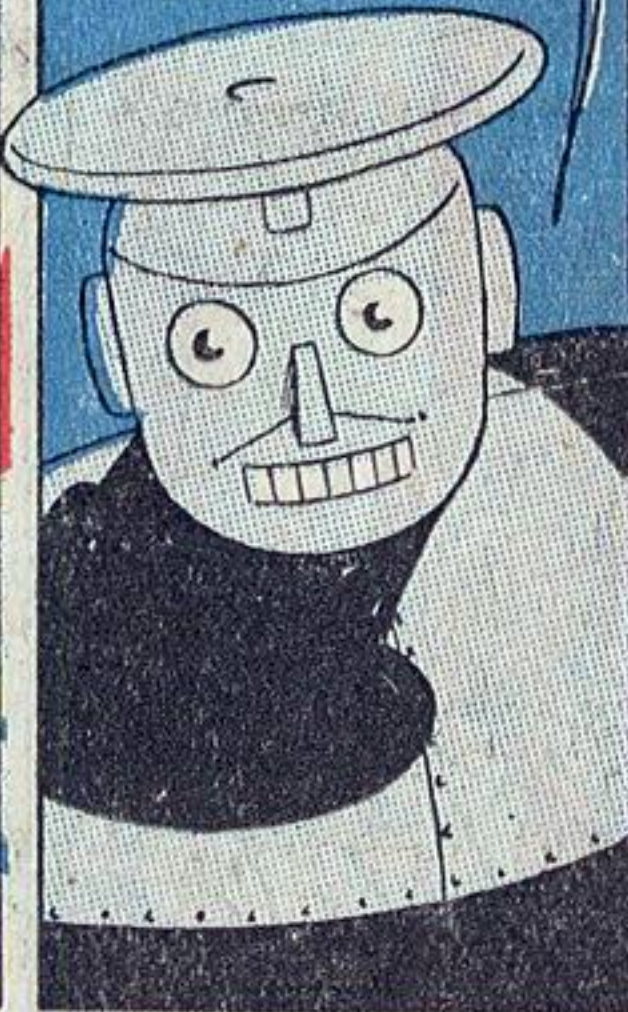
A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, LETS HIMSELF BE SEEN BY THE NAZI AGENT-----



FRITZ LEADS BOZO TO A
DESERTED WATERFRONT
SECTION---



HE'S GOING IN
THAT SHACK---
SO THAT'S WHERE
THE RATS HOLE
OUT!!



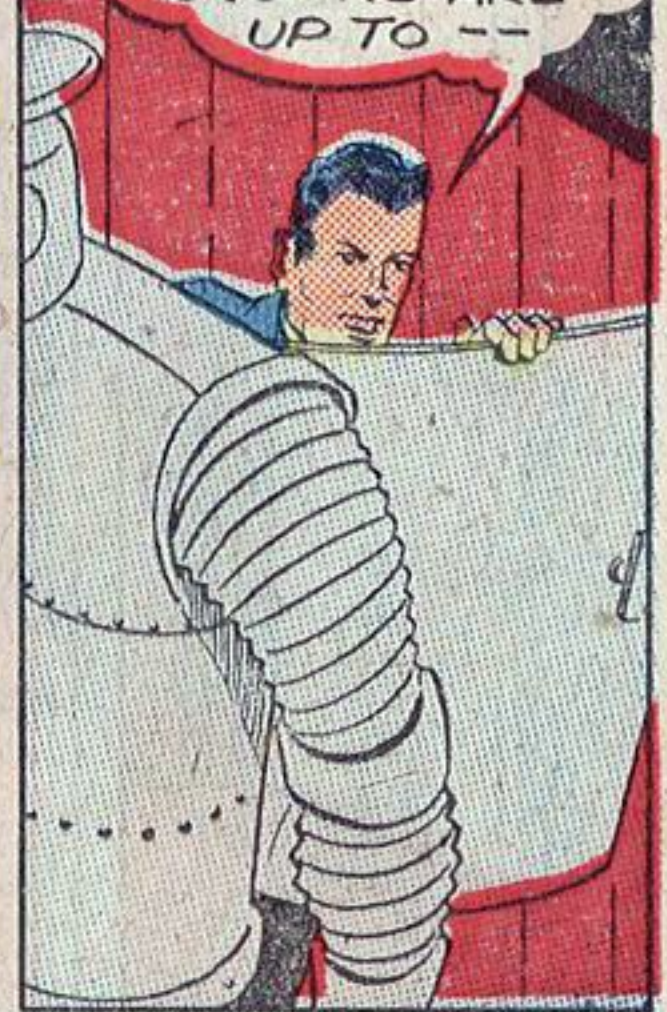
HERR LEADER-
IT ISS HERE-I
FOUND IT!!



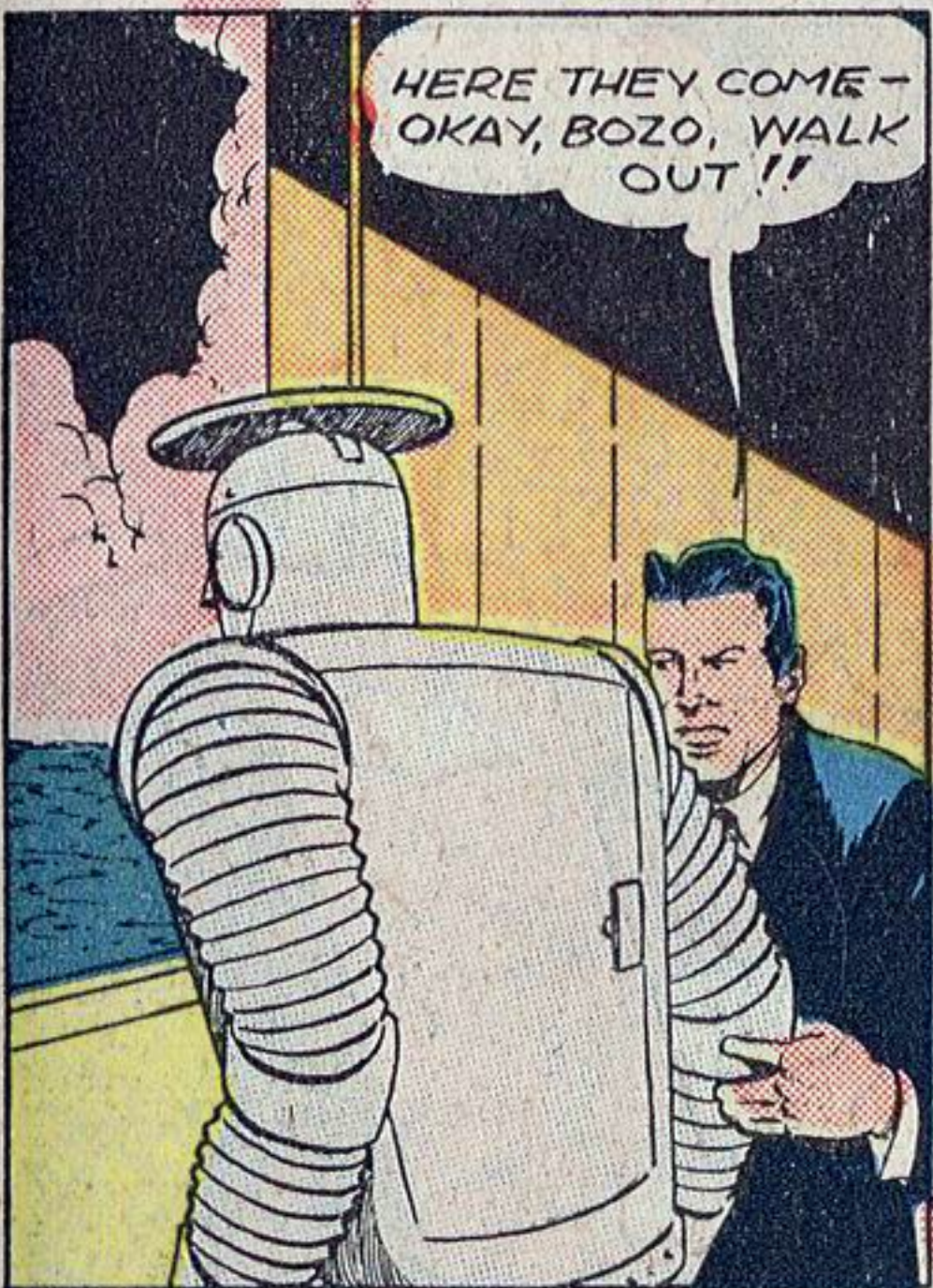
GREAT-
EVERYTHING
ISS READY-

AND OUTSIDE--

I'LL GET OUT AND
WATCH FROM THE
SHADOWS AND SEE
WHAT THESE
SKUNKS ARE
UP TO --



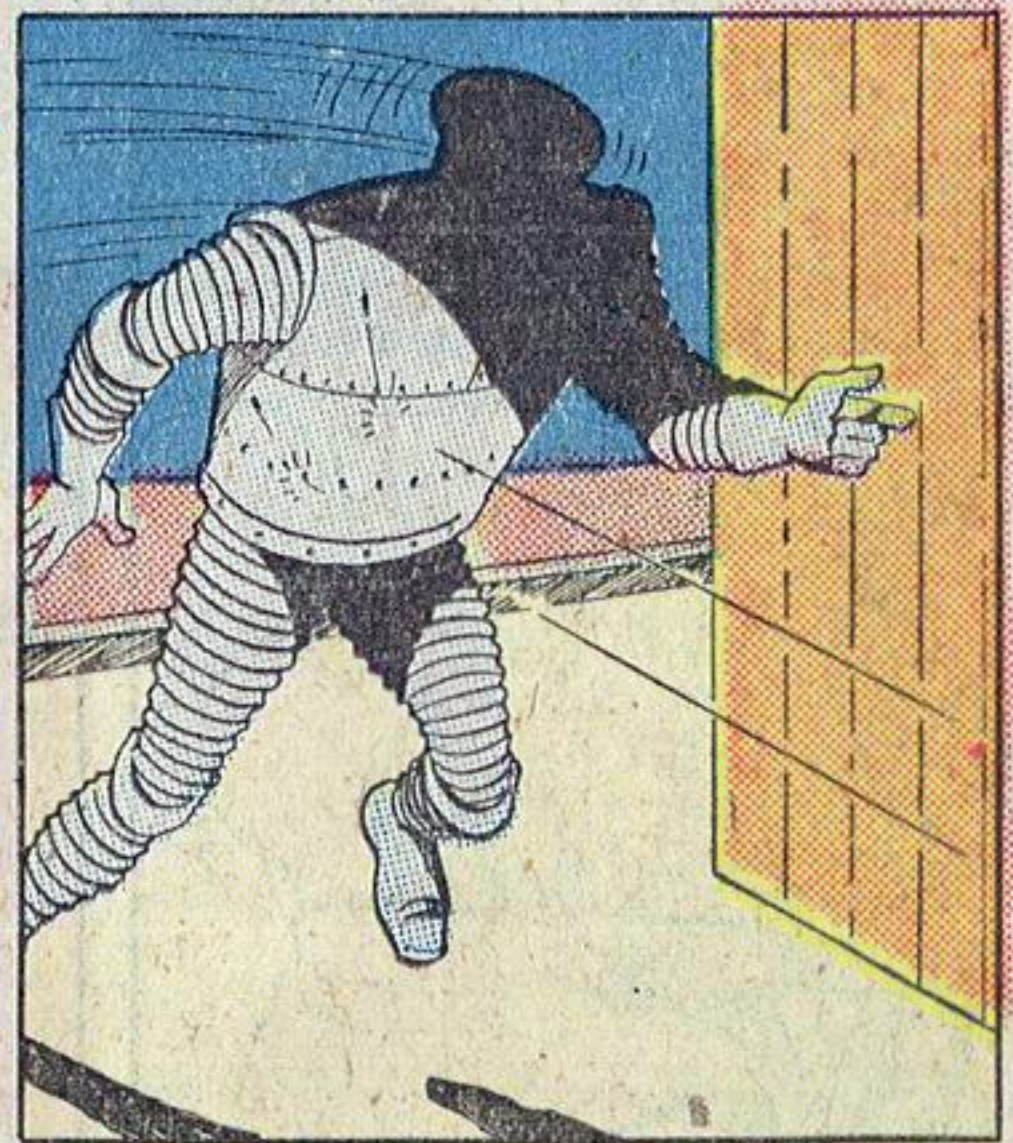
HERE THEY COME-
OKAY, BOZO, WALK
OUT!!



DOT'S
IT-
SHOOT!!

BANG
BANG

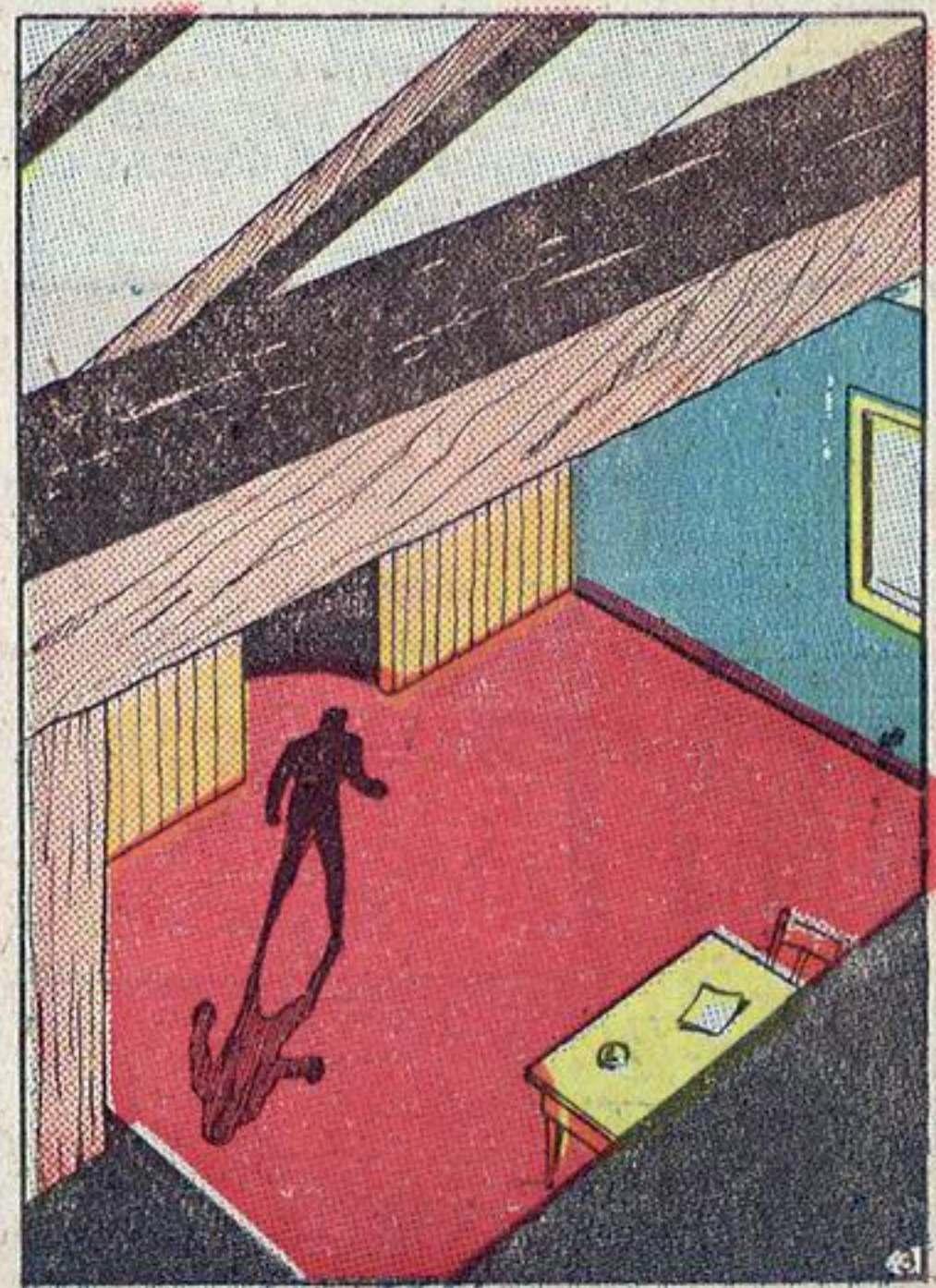
THE IRON MAN, AT HUGHS
COMMAND CRUMPLES TO THE
GROUND---

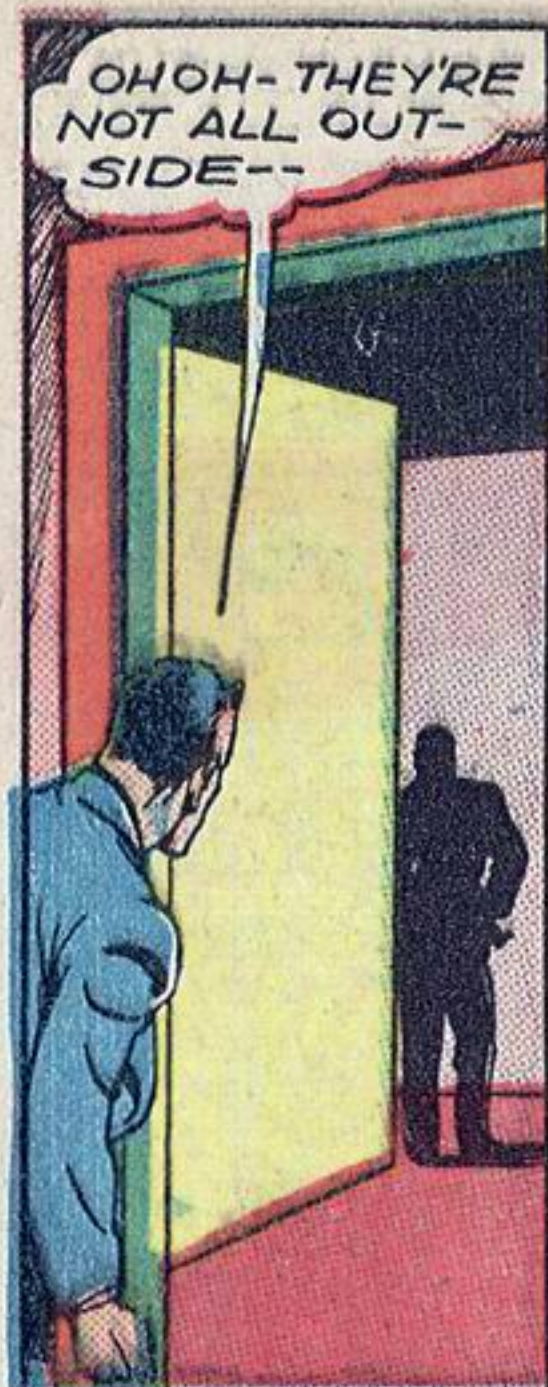


WORK FAST,
COMRADES--
OUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER!

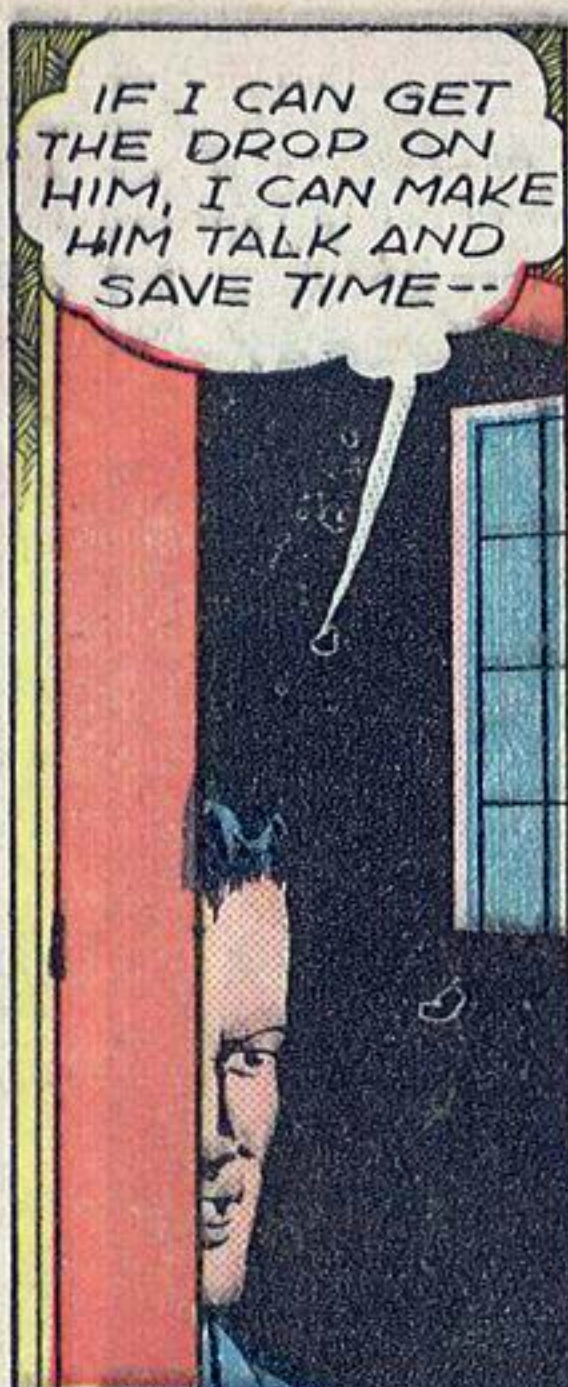


WHILE THEY'RE BUSY
WITH BOZO, I'LL GO
INSIDE AND
SEE IF I CAN
FIND THOSE
PLANS THEY
STOLE --





OH OH- THEY'RE NOT ALL OUT-SIDE--



IF I CAN GET THE DROP ON HIM, I CAN MAKE HIM TALK AND SAVE TIME--



UH!!

TURN AROUND, MUTT- I DON'T LIKE TO HIT A GUY WHEN HIS BACK IS TURNED!!



THANKS--



TALK- WHERE ARE THE PLANS YOU GUYS STOLE??

IN DER FILES -T-TOP DRAWER--



THANKS AGAIN!

SPLAT



GOT THEM - NOW TO GO OUT AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO BOZO-



HUGH REACHES THE OUTSIDE, JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE ROBOT, ENCASED IN CEMENT, TOSSED INTO THE RIVER---



NOW COMRADES, WE MUST GET DER PLANS UND SEND THEM TO DER FEUHRER!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK- BUT FIRST I'LL GET BOZO BACK---

MEANWHILE, THE CEMENT
BLOCK RESTS ON THE
MUDDY RIVER BOTTOM---



SUDDENLY IT BEGINS
TO CRACK---



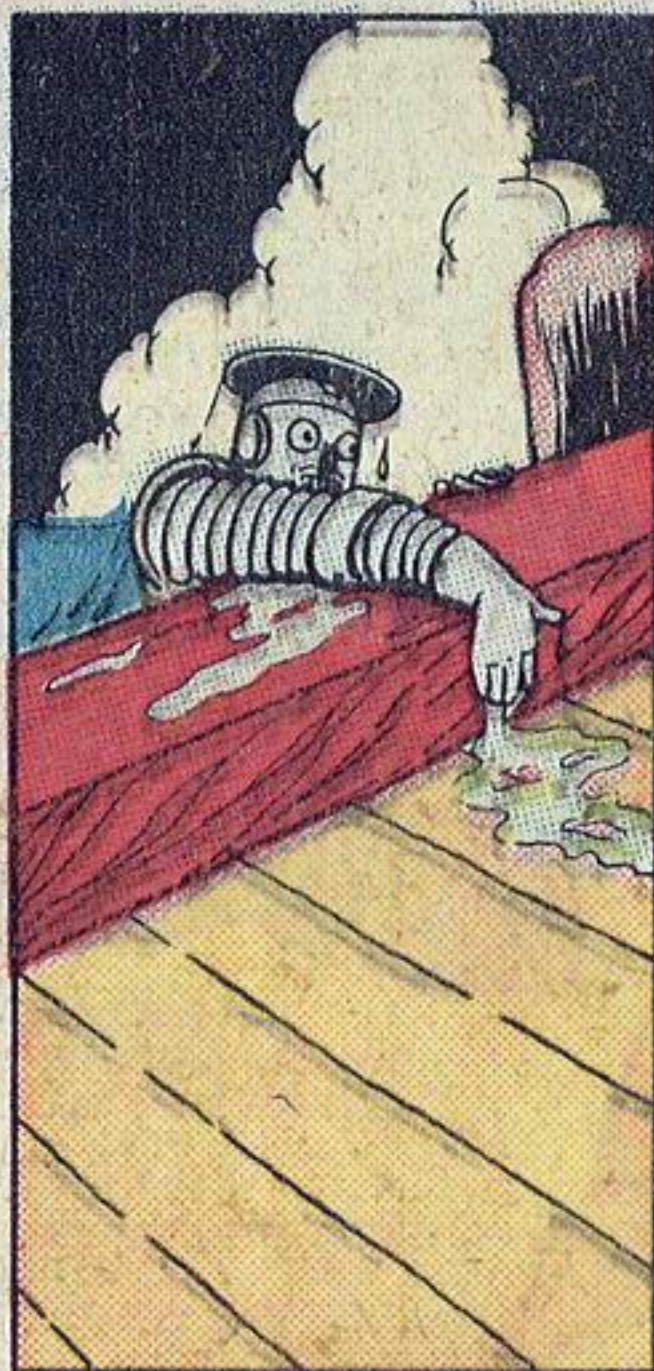
A FOOT KICKS OUT---



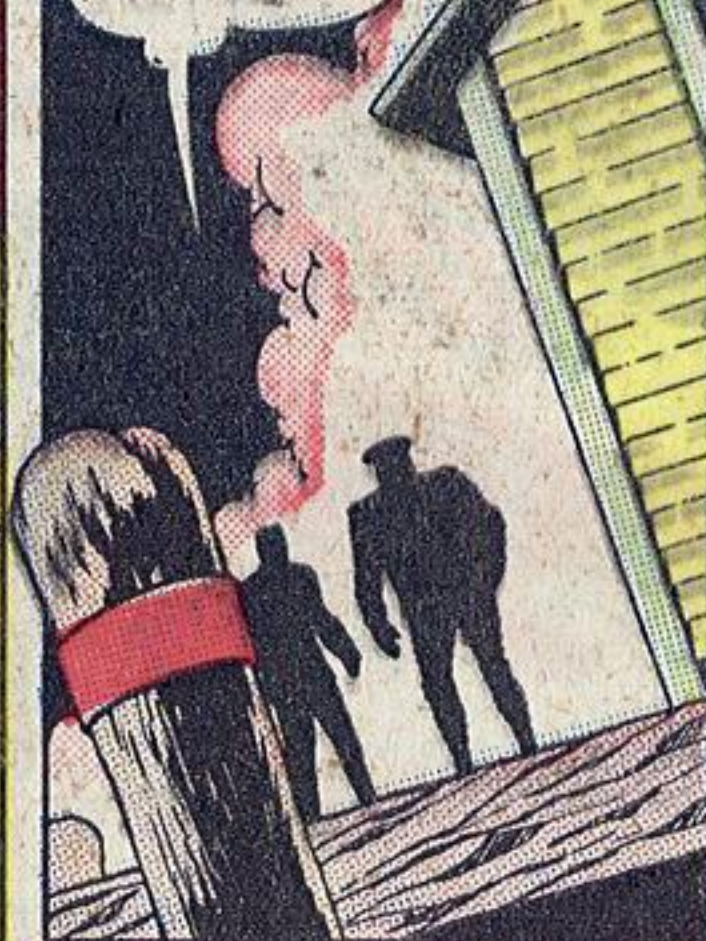
AND BOZO STANDS
AMID THE CRUSHED
BLOCK---



AND RISES TO THE
SURFACE---



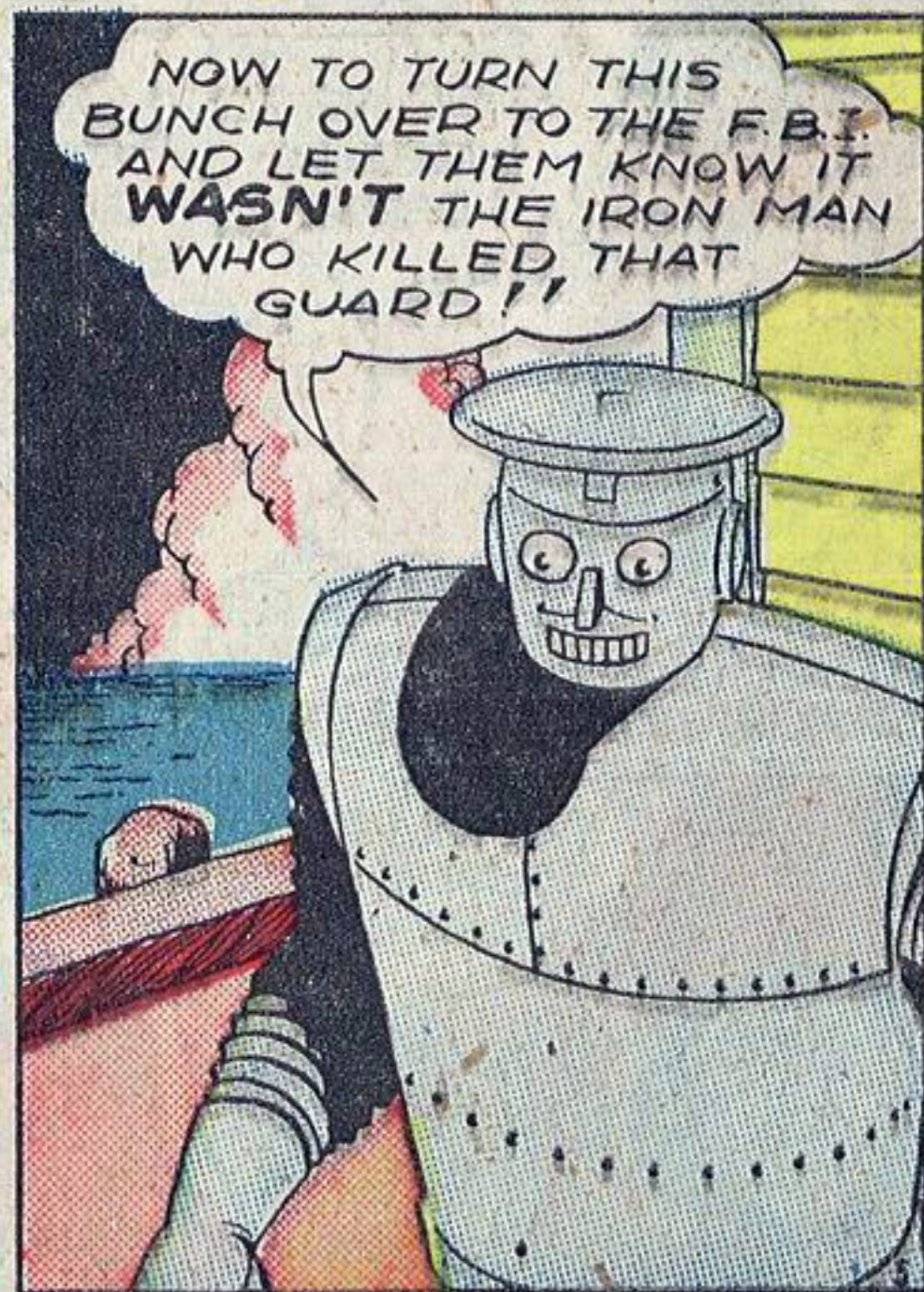
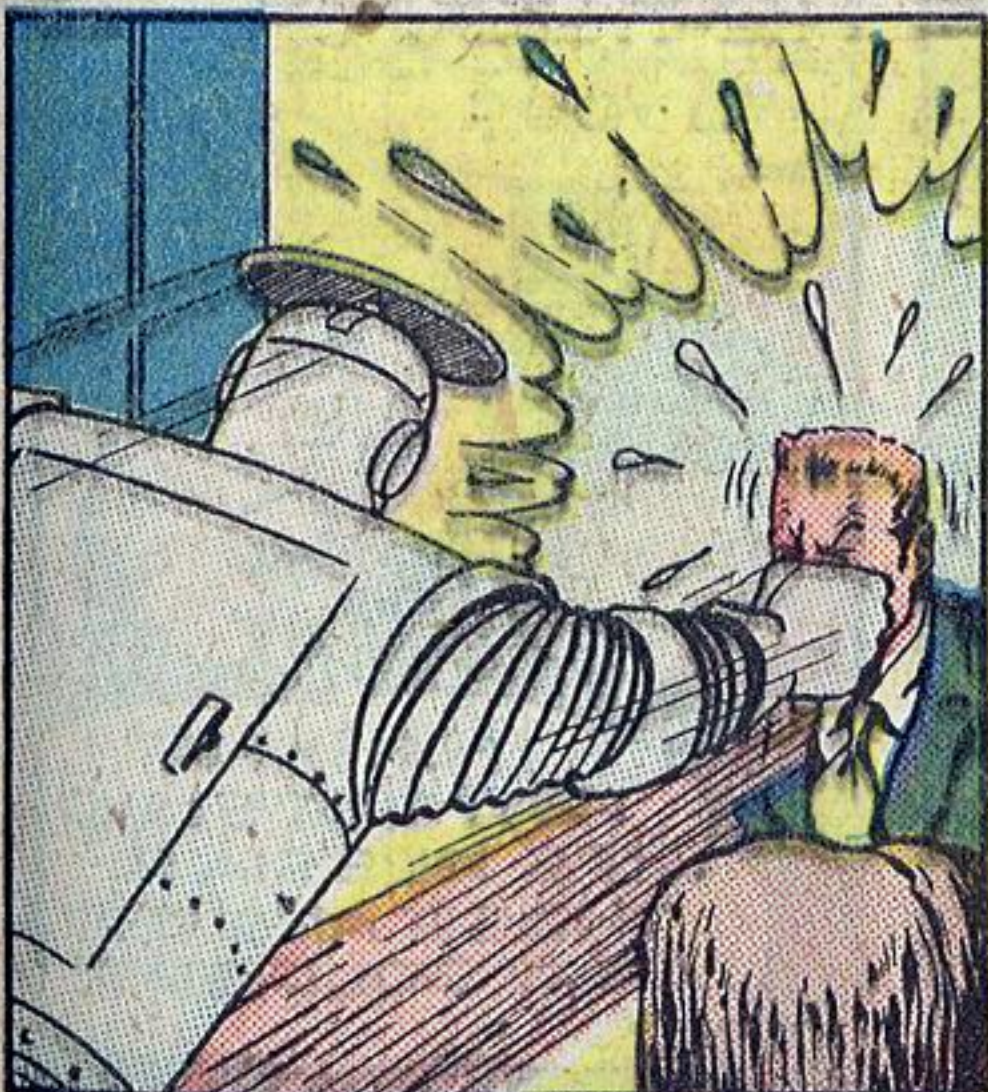
WELL, BOZO-
OUTSIDE OF BEING
WET, THERE'S---
OH OH, THEY'RE
COMING--I'LL
JUST HAVE
TIME TO GET
INSIDE--



COME ON, DOT
GUY WHO STOLE DER
PLANS CAN'T BE
FAR AWAY
YET--

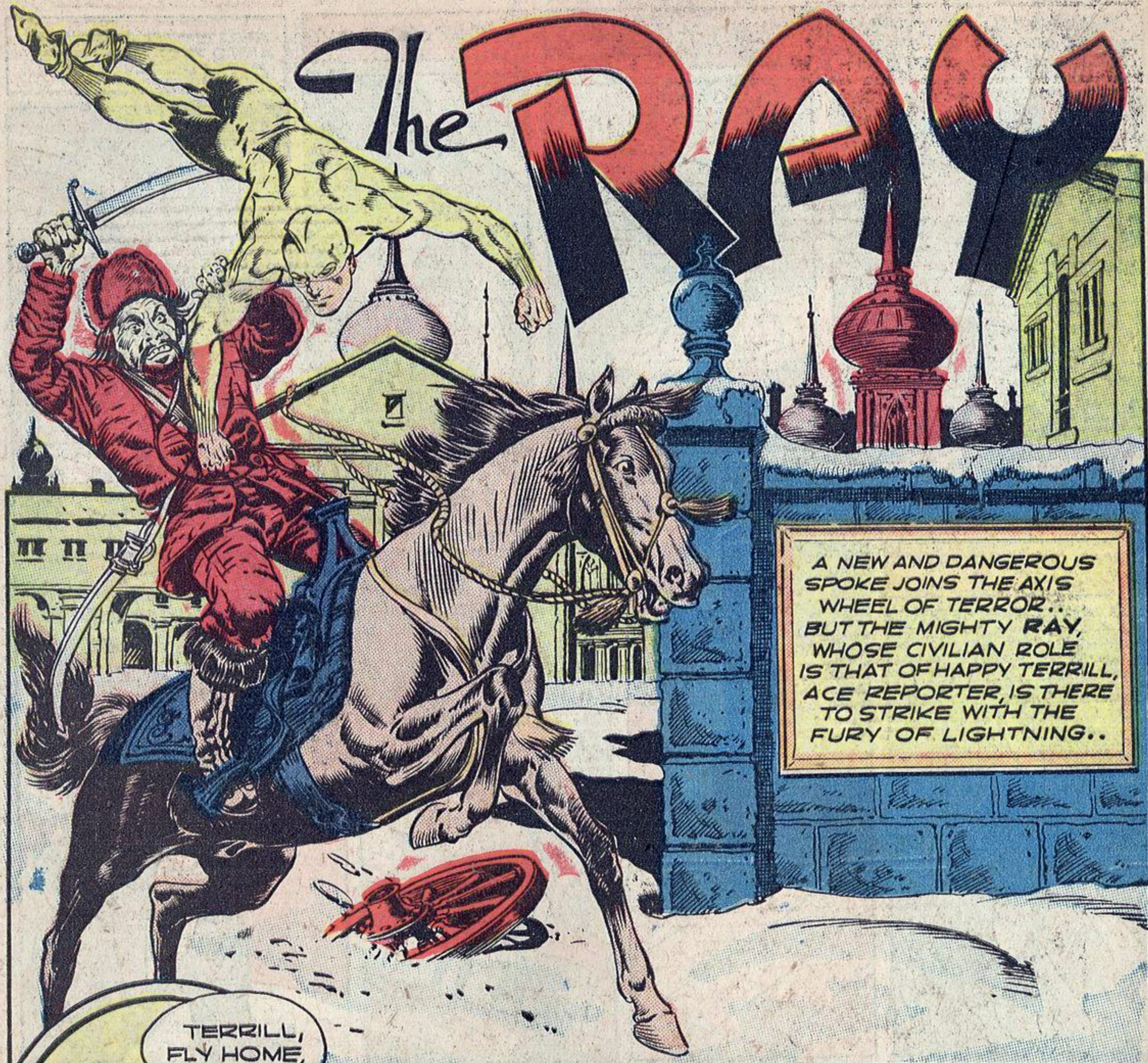


AS THE SABOTEURS TURN THE
BUILDING THEY ARE MET BY
THE DEVASTATING FISTS OF
THE IRON MAN---



NOW TO TURN THIS
BUNCH OVER TO THE F.B.I.
AND LET THEM KNOW IT
WASN'T THE IRON MAN
WHO KILLED THAT
GUARD!!

Don't miss the next stirring installment of Bozo The Robot.



A NEW AND DANGEROUS
SPOKE JOINS THE AXIS
WHEEL OF TERROR..
BUT THE MIGHTY RAY,
WHOSE CIVILIAN ROLE
IS THAT OF HAPPY TERRILL,
ACE REPORTER, IS THERE
TO STRIKE WITH THE
FURY OF LIGHTNING..



TERRILL,
FLY HOME,
AT ONCE!
A BIG STORY
IS GOING TO
BREAK
HERE!

GREAT
BOSS!!
I'VE BEEN
PININ'
FOR THE
GOOD OLD
U.S.A.!

BY SHORT-WAVE
ACROSS THE
ATLANTIC..



WE MUST MAKE
SURE HE CHARTERS
OUR PLANE!



HEY!
WAIT
FOR ME
!!

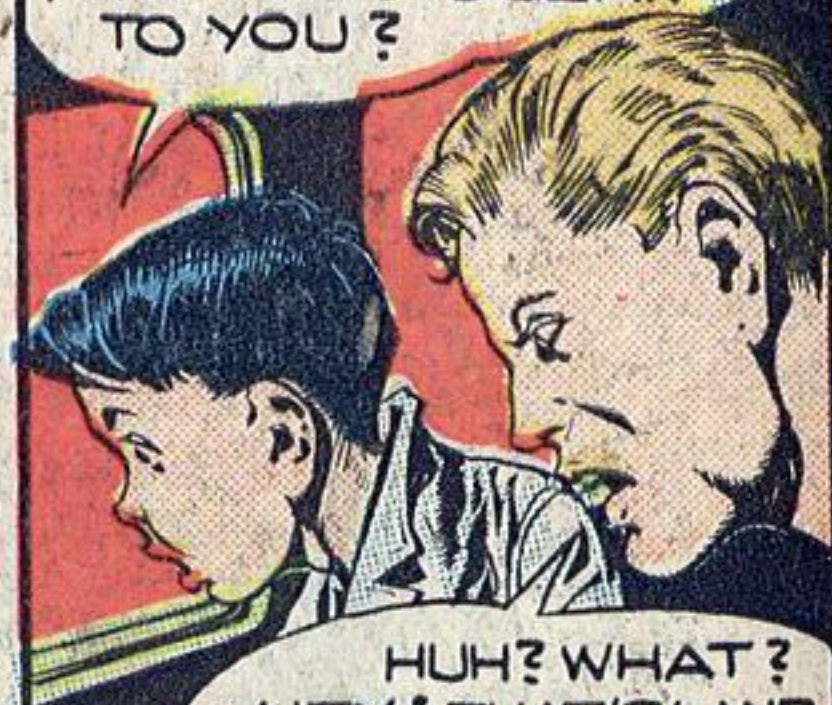
WELL,
GET GOIN',
BUD!

THIS
WAY
SIR!



HOURS LATER..

HEY HAP! DOES THAT
LOOK LIKE THE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TO YOU?



HUH? WHAT?
HEY! THAT'S LAND
..IT'S RUSSIA!!
THOSE ARE RED
ARMY SOLDIERS!



WERE OVER RUSSIA!

DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE

KIDNAPPED, EH?



HAPPY! ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!!

WE'RE HIT!!

HOORAY! SOME AIM!



Y OKAY, BUD?

TH.. THINK SO!



SOLDIERS OF THE RED ARMY APPROACH...

AMERICANS! WHY DO YOU COME IN ENEMY SHIPS!

THE JAPS WERE ANXIOUS FOR OUR COMPANY!



NOT JAPANESE, BUT MONGOLS.. LOOK! THE LETTERS BURNT ON HIS CHEST..

WE'RE UP AGAINST A NEW ENEMY!!

TO WIN OR
DIE FOR THE
KHAN



NOW WHY WERE THEY KIDNAPPING US? AND WHERE...

LOOK, HAPPY! INSIDE HIS HELMET! A MAP!



PETROV, WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND ASK NO QUESTIONS?

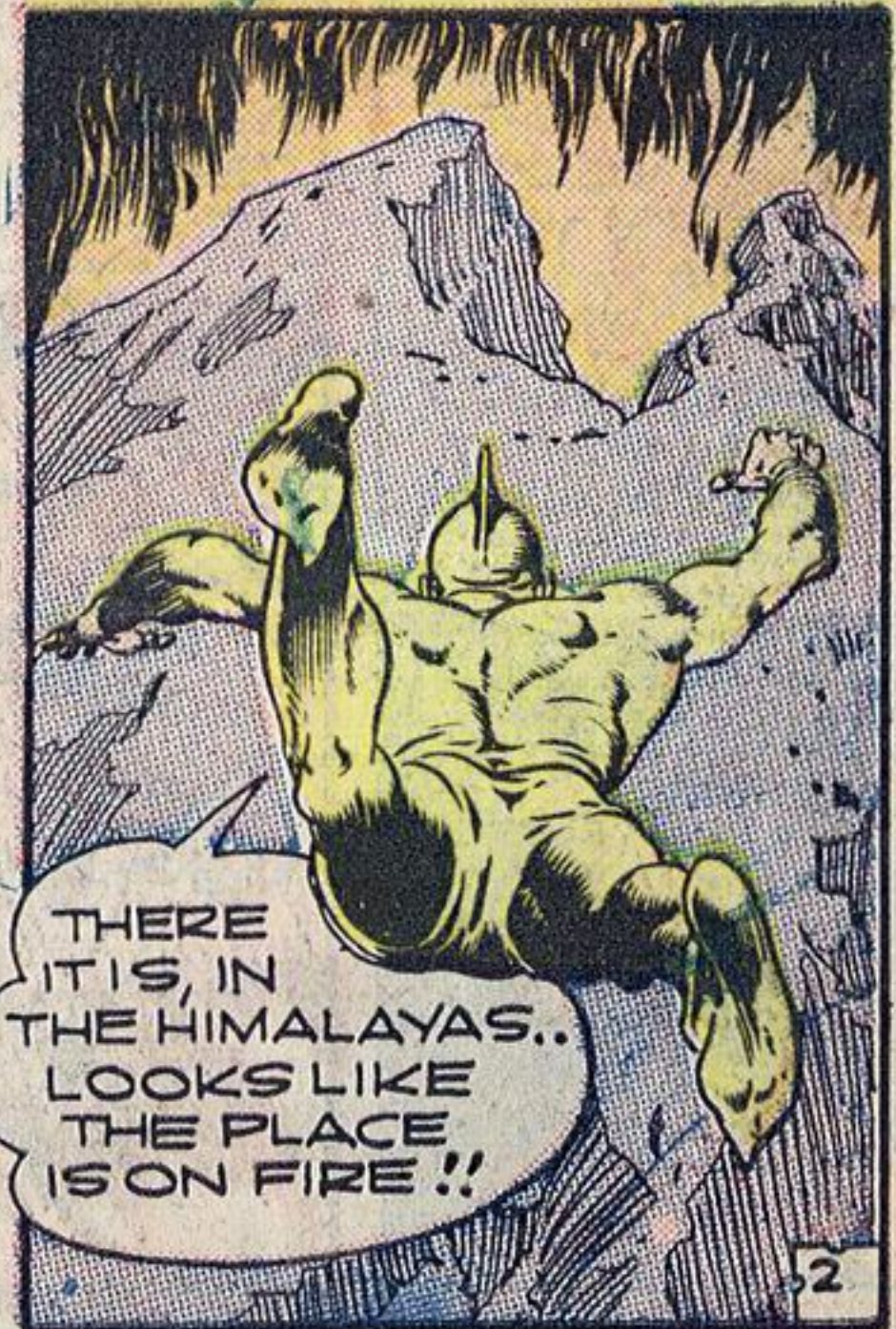
WHAT IS IT??

TONIGHT, I WANT YOUR STRONGEST SEARCH BEAM SET IN THE DIRECTION OF THIS PLACE ON THE MAP..

THAT NIGHT, THE BEAM CARRIES THE RAY ACROSS THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA..



THE IMPETUS WILL GIVE ME MOMENTUM TO TRAVEL FAR



THERE IT IS, IN THE HIMALAYAS.. LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE IS ON FIRE!!



GREAT GHOSTS!
THEY'RE MARCHING
THROUGH
THE FLAMES!

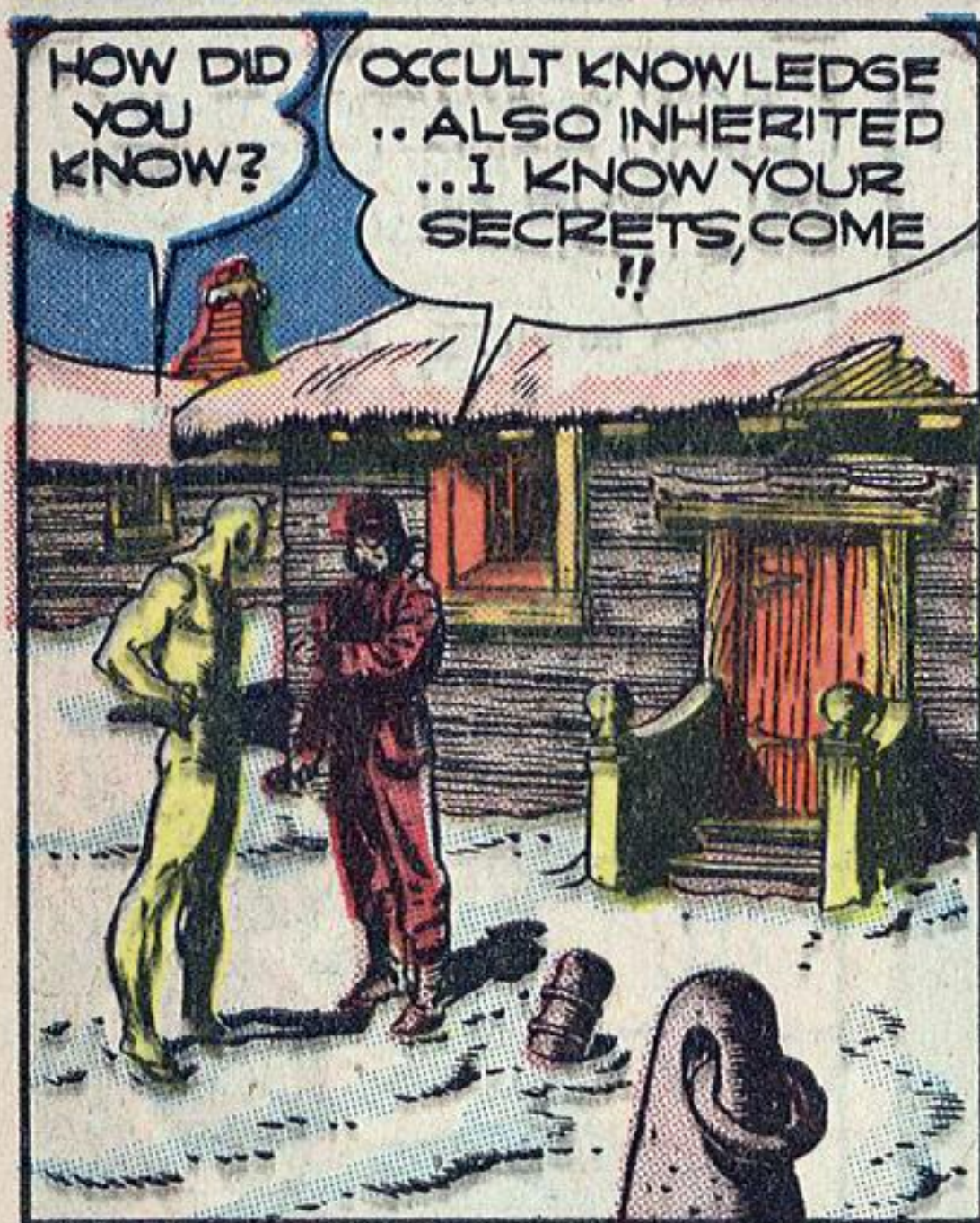
YOU ARE
SURPRISED
AT MY FLAME
TROOPS?



I HAVE TAUGHT THEM THE
KNOWLEDGE OF FIRE
ENDURANCE THAT I
INHERITED FROM
JURAH HIA, MY
MATERNAL GRAND
PARENT..



I SEE YOU ESCAPED
CAPTURE.. I'M
GLAD YOU CAME
OF YOUR OWN
VOLITION!



HOW DID
YOU
KNOW?

OCCULT KNOWLEDGE
.. ALSO INHERITED
.. I KNOW YOUR
SECRETS, COME
!!



WAIT!!
HOLY CATS!!
YOU'VE THE
GRIP OF
A MAN OF
IRON!!
WHO ARE
YOU?

I AM
THE KHAN!
MY MIGHT WAS
BEQUEATHED
ME BY GENGHIS,
AND KUBLAI, MY
ANCESTORS!



AND YOU ARE
THE ONE MAN
I FEAR, SO..



.. YOU SHALL
STAY IN THE
DARKNESS
WHERE YOU
ARE POWER-
LESS 'TIL I
NEED YOU..
NOW I GO TO
JOIN MY ALLIES
THE NAZIS..



TOSSING THERMITE BOMBS TO MAKE
A BLAZING PATH BEFORE THEM,
THE KHAN'S ARMY
DESCENDS THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE..



MY ALLIES!
HAH! THEY TOO
WILL BE MY
SLAVES!
ADVANCE TO
MOSCOW!

MEANWHILE, BUD HAS BEEN PUT
IN CARE OF ILEANA KAMOUA, A
GIRL SUBWAY GUARD IN MOSCOW..

AND YOU'RE AN
AIR-RAID
WARDEN, TOO,
ILEANA?

LISTEN! THE
ALERT! COME
!!



THEY'RE NOT
GERMAN PLANES!
THEY COME FROM
THE
EAST!!



INCEN-
DIARIES!!



QUICKLY, I WILL SHOW
YOU, BRING THE
SHOVEL
!!



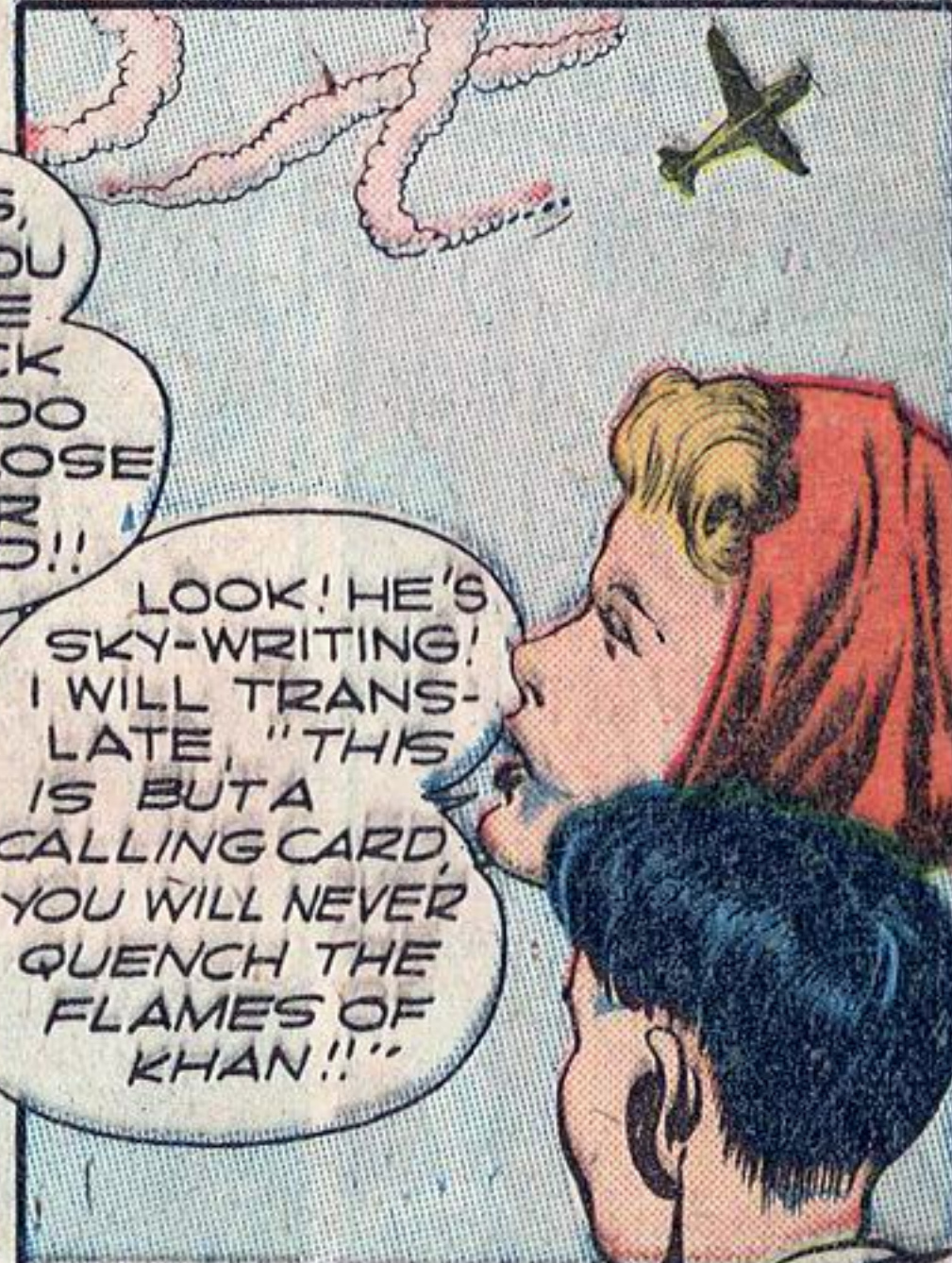
NOW PUSH THE
BOMB ONTO
THE SAND
WHILE I BURY
IT IN MORE
SAND!!

GOSH!
IT'S
EASY!



YES,
IF YOU
ARE
QUICK
AND DO
NOT LOSE
YOUR
HEAD!!

LOOK! HE'S
SKY-WRITING!
I WILL TRANS-
LATE, "THIS
IS BUT A
CALLING CARD,
YOU WILL NEVER
QUENCH THE
FLAMES OF
KHAN!!"



BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS
BEFORE THE CELL OF
THE IMPRISONED RAY..



A CHINK OF LIGHT
DRAINS THROUGH..



THAT RELEASED MY
POWERS.. THANKS
PAL !!



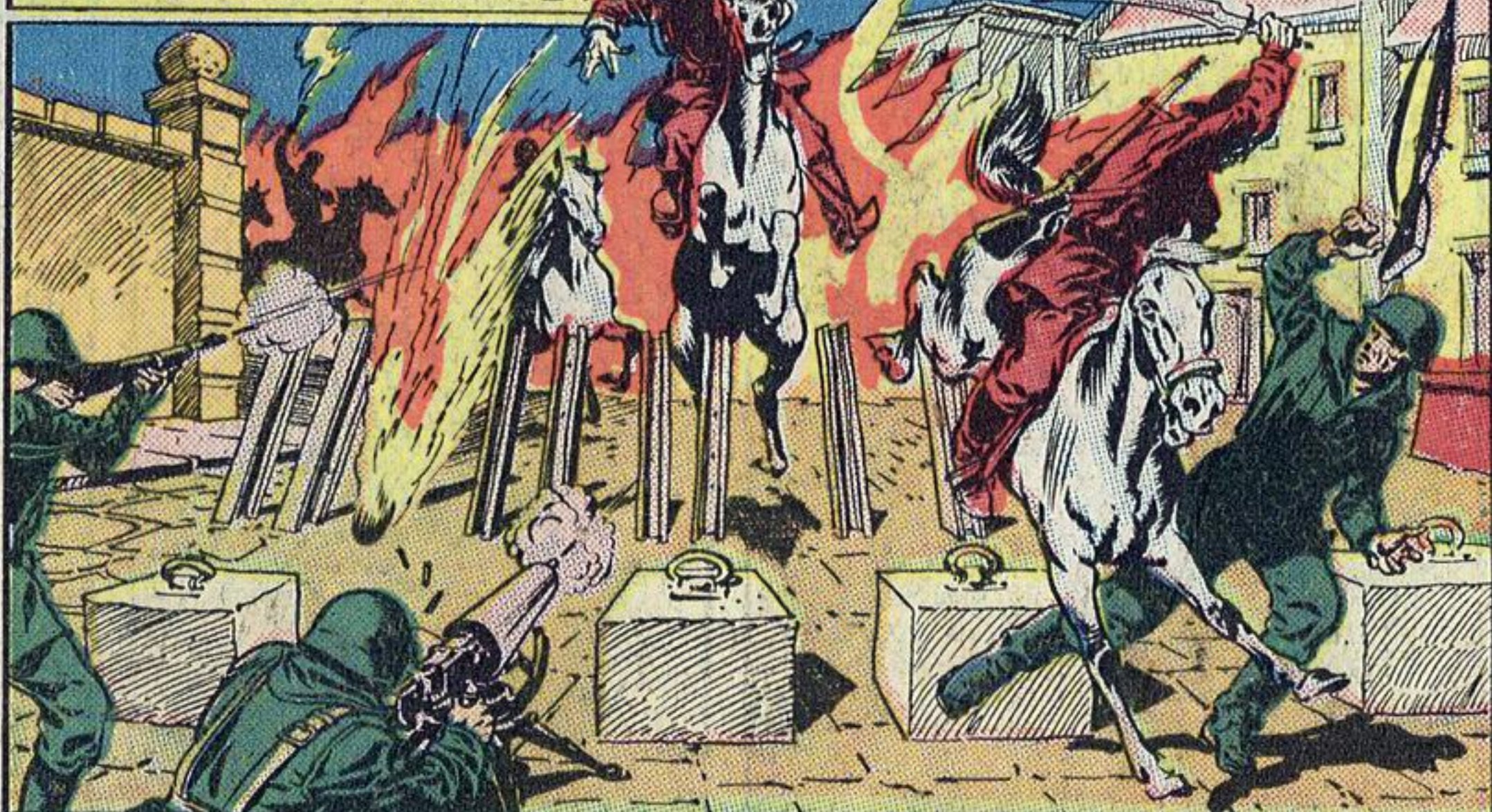
AH!
MAGNESIUM
FLARES!!
THAT'LL
SEND ME
UP!!



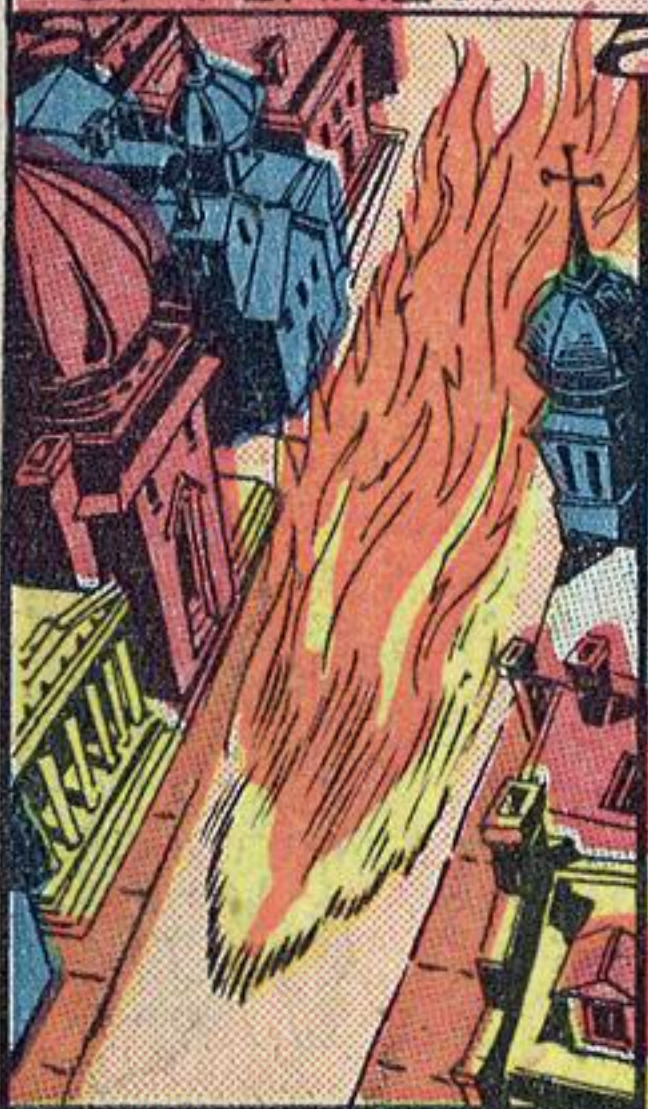
IN A WHITE BLAZE
THE RAY SOARS
ALOFT..



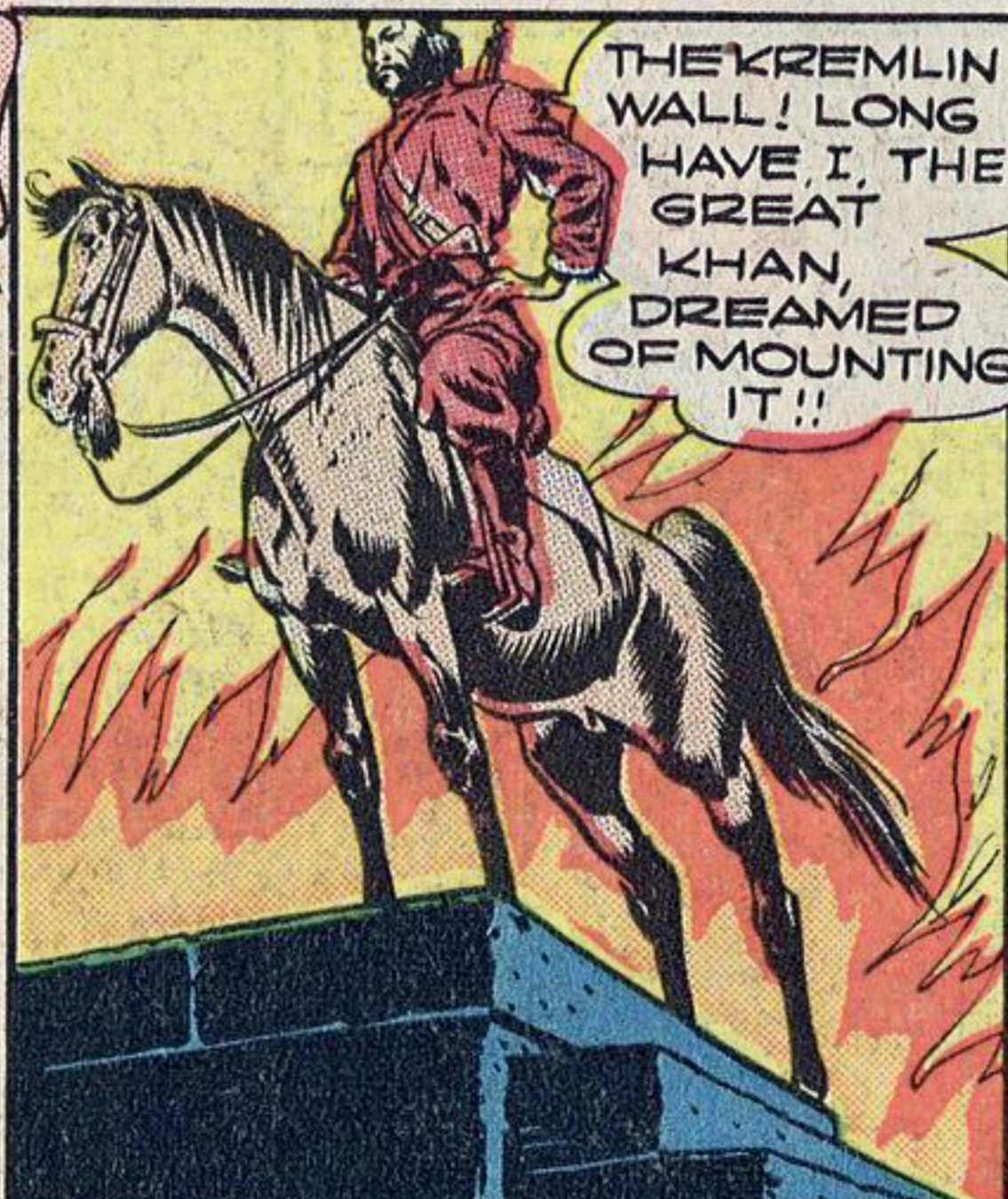
AT THE EASTERN GATE
TO MOSCOW, WHERE
THE GUARD IS WEAKEST.



SOON THROUGH
THE CITY STREETS
RUNS A RIVER
OF FLAME..



THE KREMLIN
WALL! LONG
HAVE I, THE
GREAT
KHAN,
DREAMED
OF MOUNTING
IT!!



BUT SOON..

MOSCOW'S
AFIRE!!



YES, KHAN, AND
YOUR
FLAMES
CANNOT
HARM
ME!

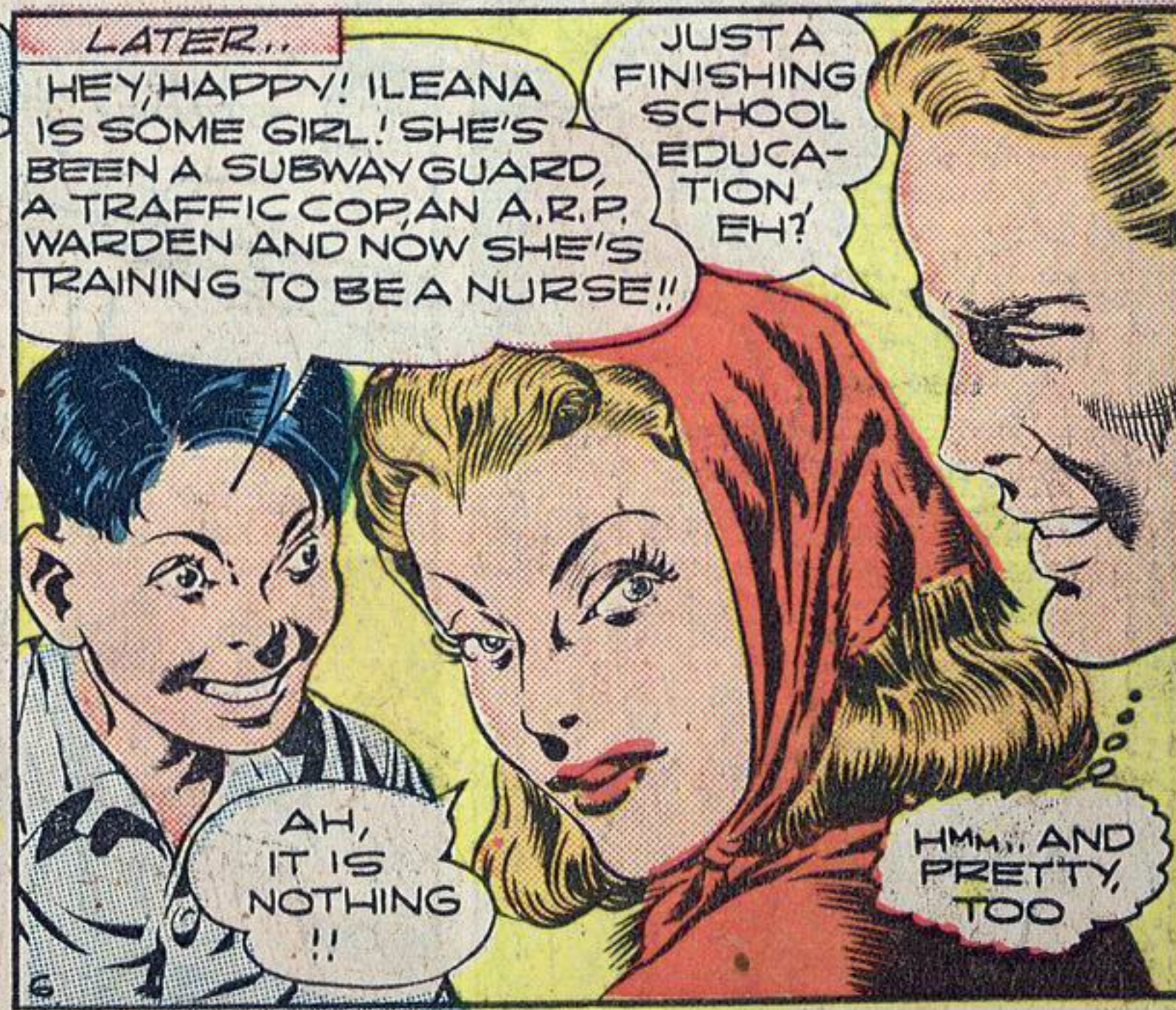
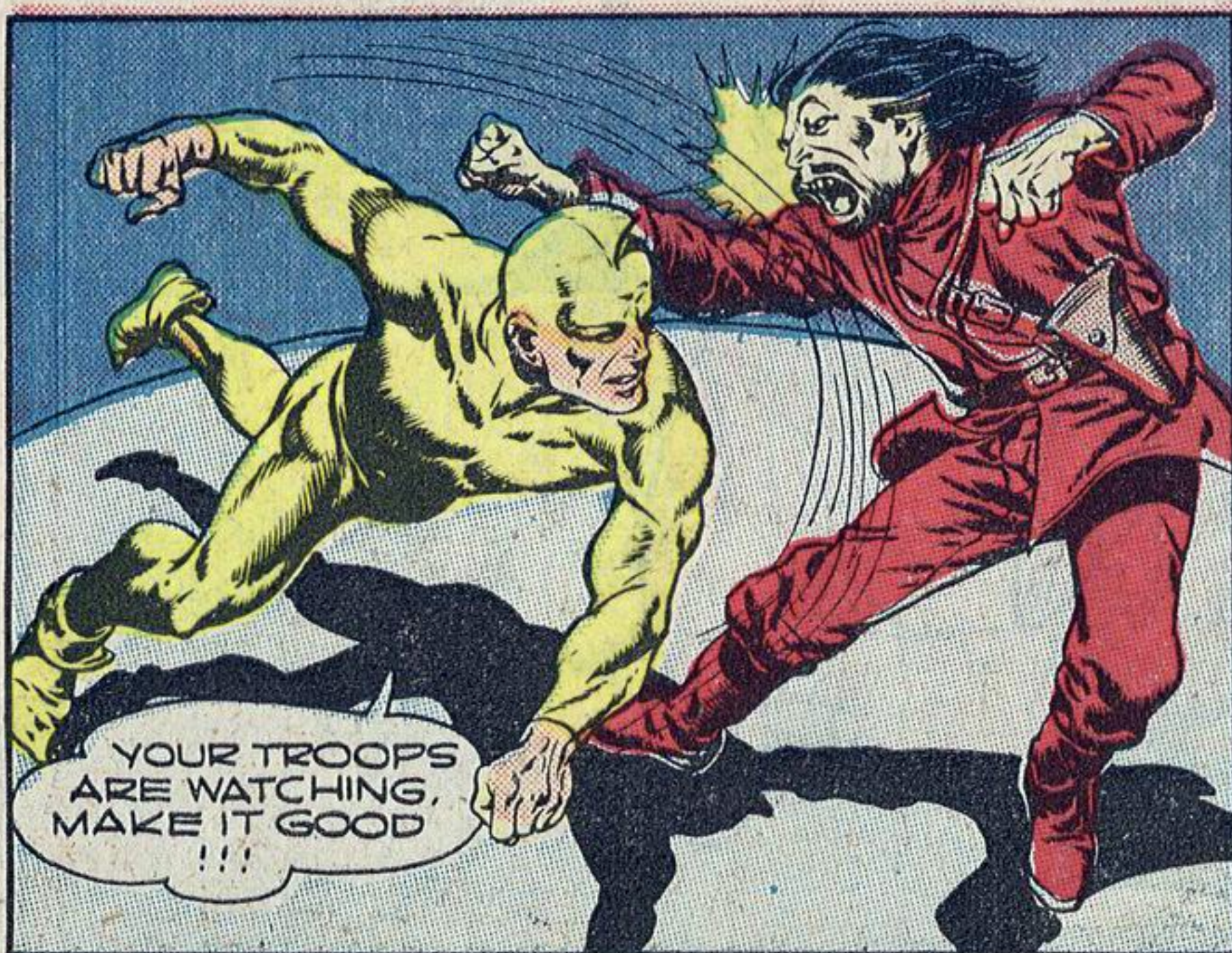


YOU'VE BLAZED
A TRAIL
STRAIGHT
TO YOUR
FUNERAL
PYRE..



DON'T KILL ME! MY GEN-
ERALS WILL ONLY RAISE
ANOTHER
KHAN!!
MY TROOPS
BELIEVE
ME INDES-
TRUCTABLE..



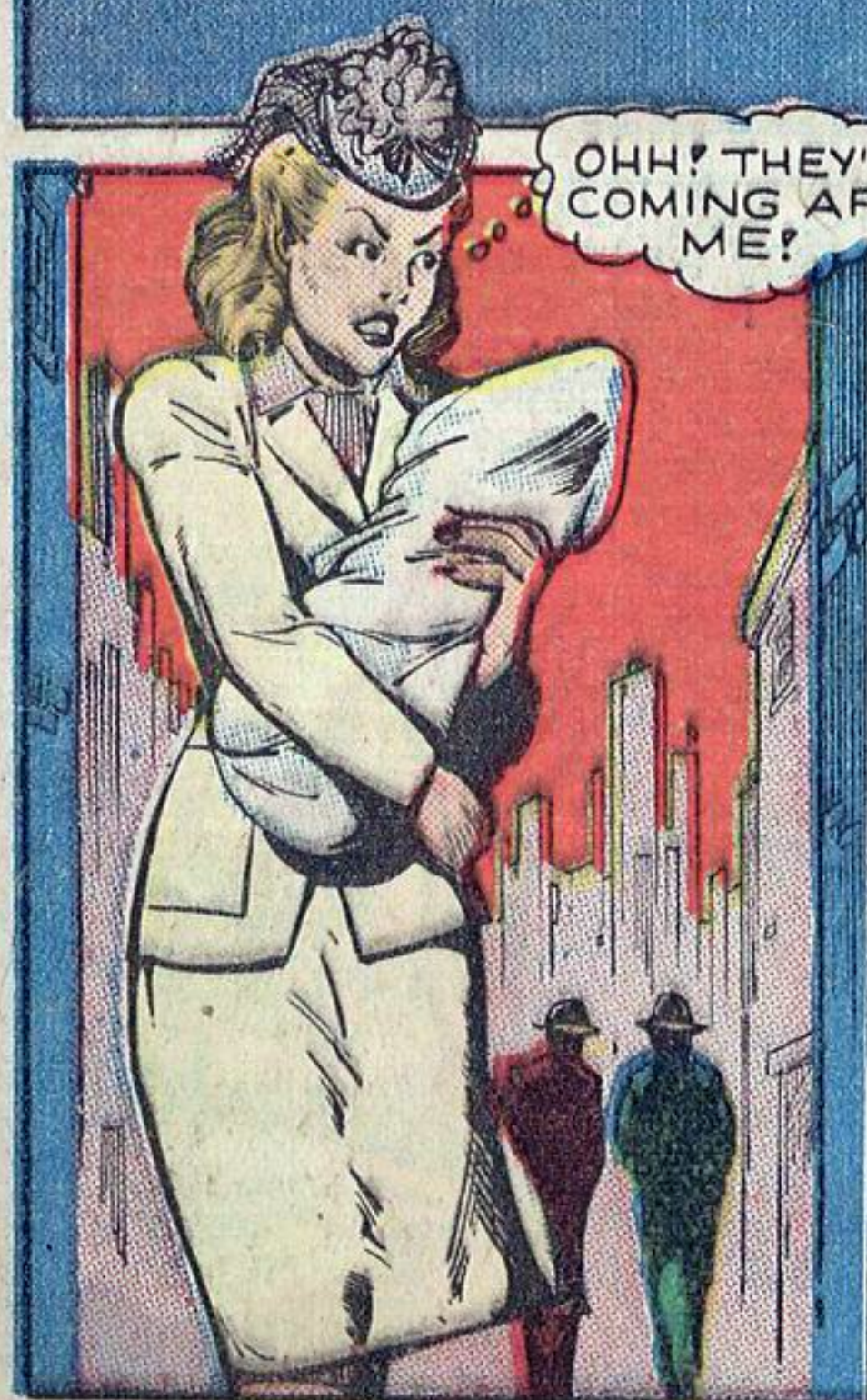


ROOKIE RANKIN

By Arthur
Peddy



CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY WHEN ROOKIE RANKIN IS ASSIGNED TO A CASE, BECAUSE THE UNDERWORLD HATES TO TANGLE WITH THE BIG BLUSTERING SON OF LAW AND ORDER.



OH! THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!



KEEP YER EYE ON HER, SPIKE. SHE MIGHT DUCK IN DAT STORE!

I GOTCHA!



A-A POLICE-MAN! I'LL LET HIM HOLD THE BABY, WHILE I....

♪ DIDJA MOTHER COME FROM IRELAND ♪



OFFICER, WILL YOU HOLD JUNIOR FOR A MINUTE? I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

EH? ER-ER.. WELL.. GEE!



H-HOW D'YA HOLD THESE THINGS? NICE BABY.. NICE..

BLUB-GOO AGOO ALI NAW!

HE LOOKS SCARED!



THE MOTHER QUICKLY STEPS INTO THE STORE, AND..

MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM IN HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE, SISTER! TRYIN TO GIVE US THE SLIP? WHERE'S THE DOUGH?

EEK!

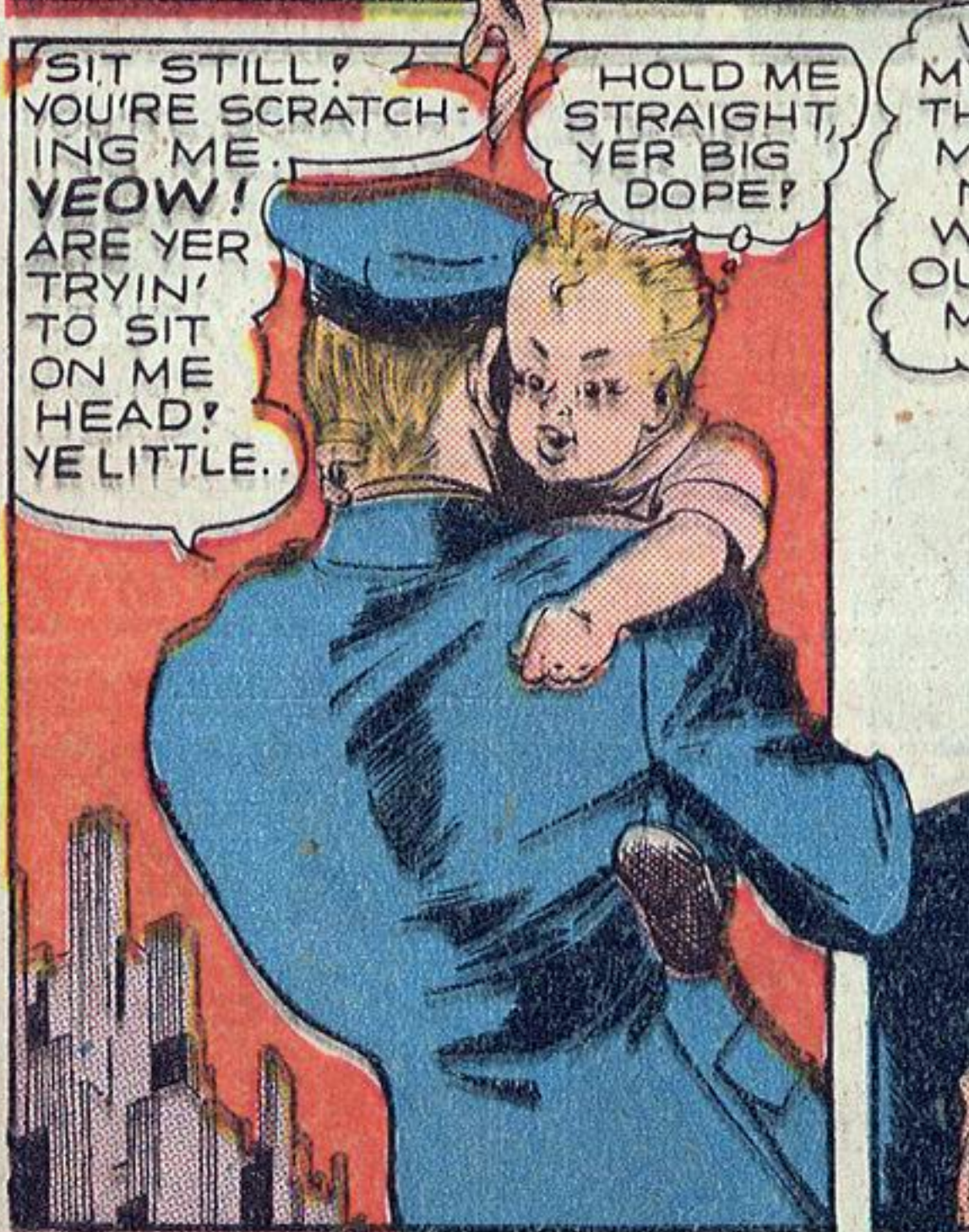


I'LL.. I'LL GET IT FOR YUH.. GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME.. I'LL GET IT.. BUT LEAVE MY BABY ALONE.. P-PLEASE!



OWCH! LEGGO ME HAIR.. MY NOSE.. YOU LITTLE DEVIL! DO YOU WANT TO BLIND ME?

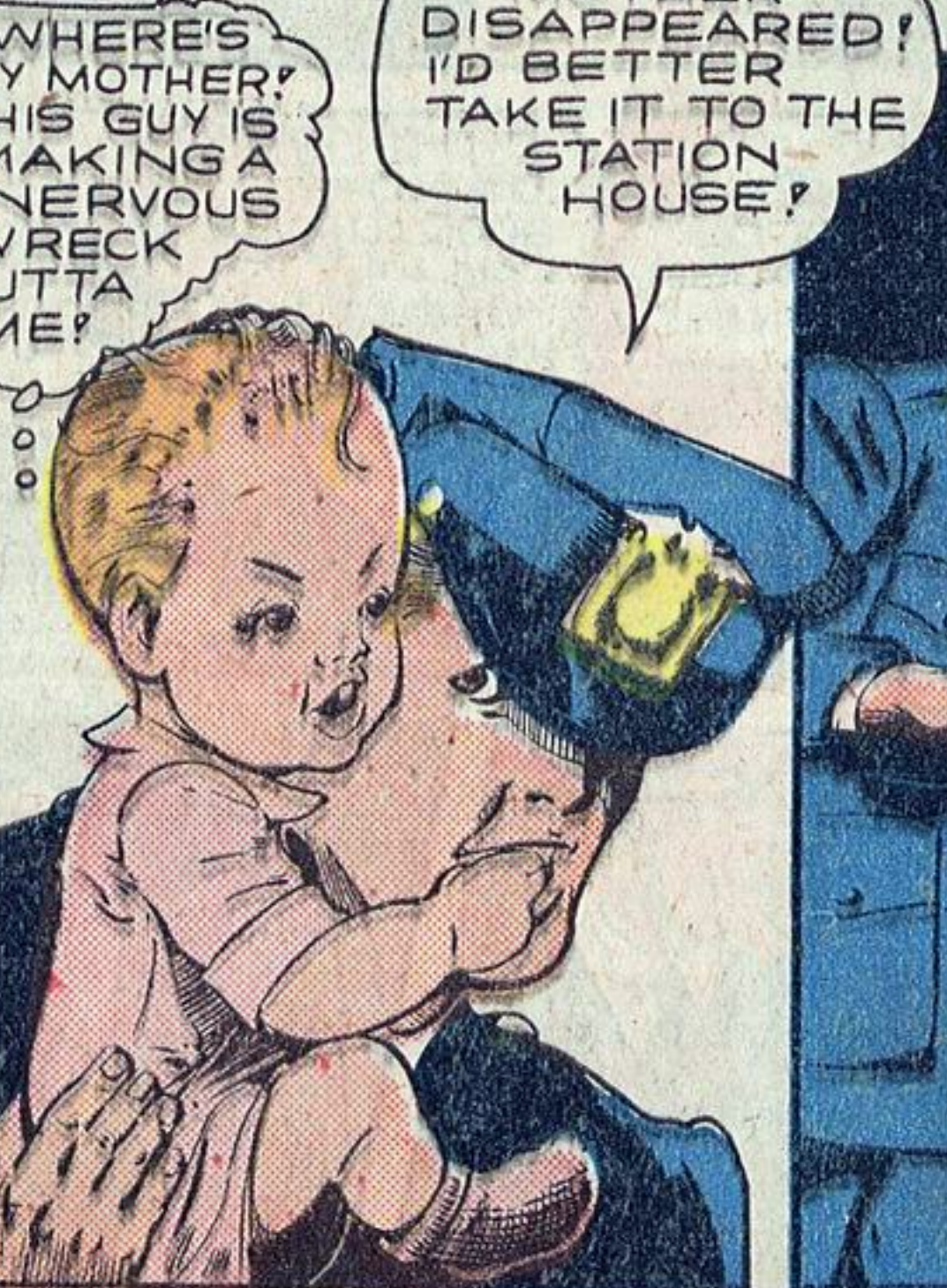
GOO.. GOO..



SIT STILL! YOU'RE SCRATCHING ME.. YEOW! ARE YER TRYIN' TO SIT ON ME HEAD? YE LITTLE..

HOLD ME STRAIGHT, YER BIG DOPE?

WHERE'S MY MOTHER? THIS GUY IS MAKING A NERVOUS WRECK OUTTA ME?



UMPH.. FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, THE KID'S MOTHER DISAPPEARED! I'D BETTER TAKE IT TO THE STATION HOUSE!



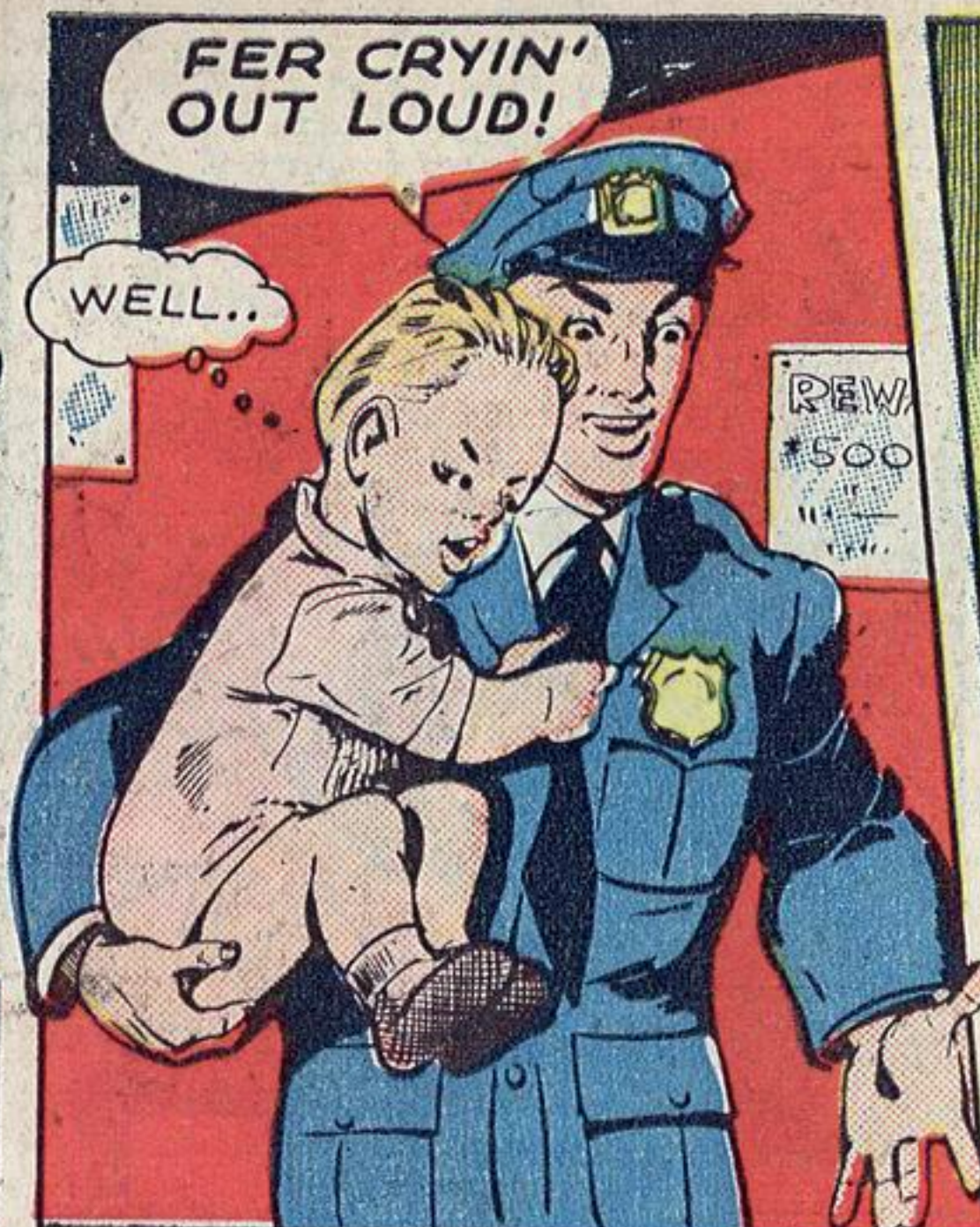
ROOKIE! AN' WHAT'S THAT YER GOT THERE!

THEY'RE GOIN' TO THROW ME IN THE CLINK!

HI, SARGE! IT'S A BABY!



HAW! HAW!
HO! HO!



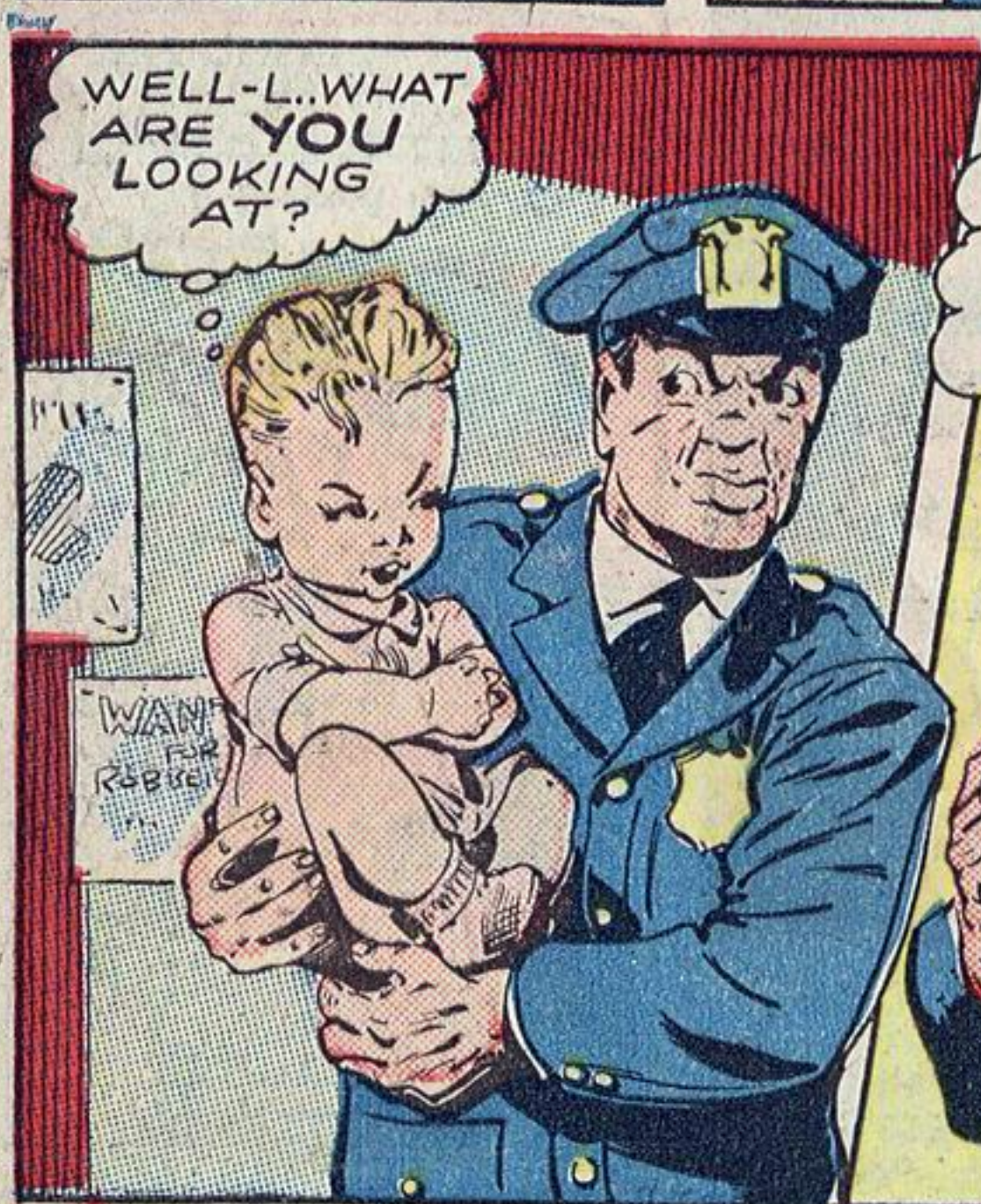
FER CRYIN'
OUT LOUD!

WELL..



HERE.. YOU
HOLD HIM!

EH? ME?!



WELL-L..WHAT
ARE YOU
LOOKING
AT?



I HAD
ENOUGH
OF THESE
GUYS! I
WANT MY
MAMA!

HEY! **BEJABBERS!**
AN' NOW WHAT ARE
YE TRYIN' TO DO?
EASY NOW..
TAKE IT
E-EASY..
OWCH?



BAW
BAW
EEOAHH!



DON'T CRY, LITTLE
FELLER..WATCH THE
SARGY WARGY! GOO,
GOO? MAKE HIM LAUGH,
ROOKIE?

THESE
GUYS
ARE
NUTS!

BLAH!



IT DIDN'T
DO NO
GOOD. I'LL
CALL MA.
SHE'LL
KNOW
WHAT
TO DO!



And A SHORT TIME LATER,
ROOKIE'S MOTHER ARRIVES.

YOU POOR, PRECIOUS
DARLING! WHAT HAVE
THEY BEEN DOING
TO YOU?

THIS
IS
MORE
LIKE
IT!



WELL, NOW THAT THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL, I'LL GO BACK TO MY BEAT!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE BABY'S MOTHER HAS BEEN RELEASED BY THE THUGS TO RAISE THE MONEY...



THE BOSS TOLD ME TO FOLLOW HER, SO SHE DON'T PULL A FAST ONE!

I MUST GET MY BABY!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! AIN'T YOU... SURE, YOU'RE THE BABY'S MOTHER?

OH HH?



SHE'S SQUEALING TO THE COPPER!

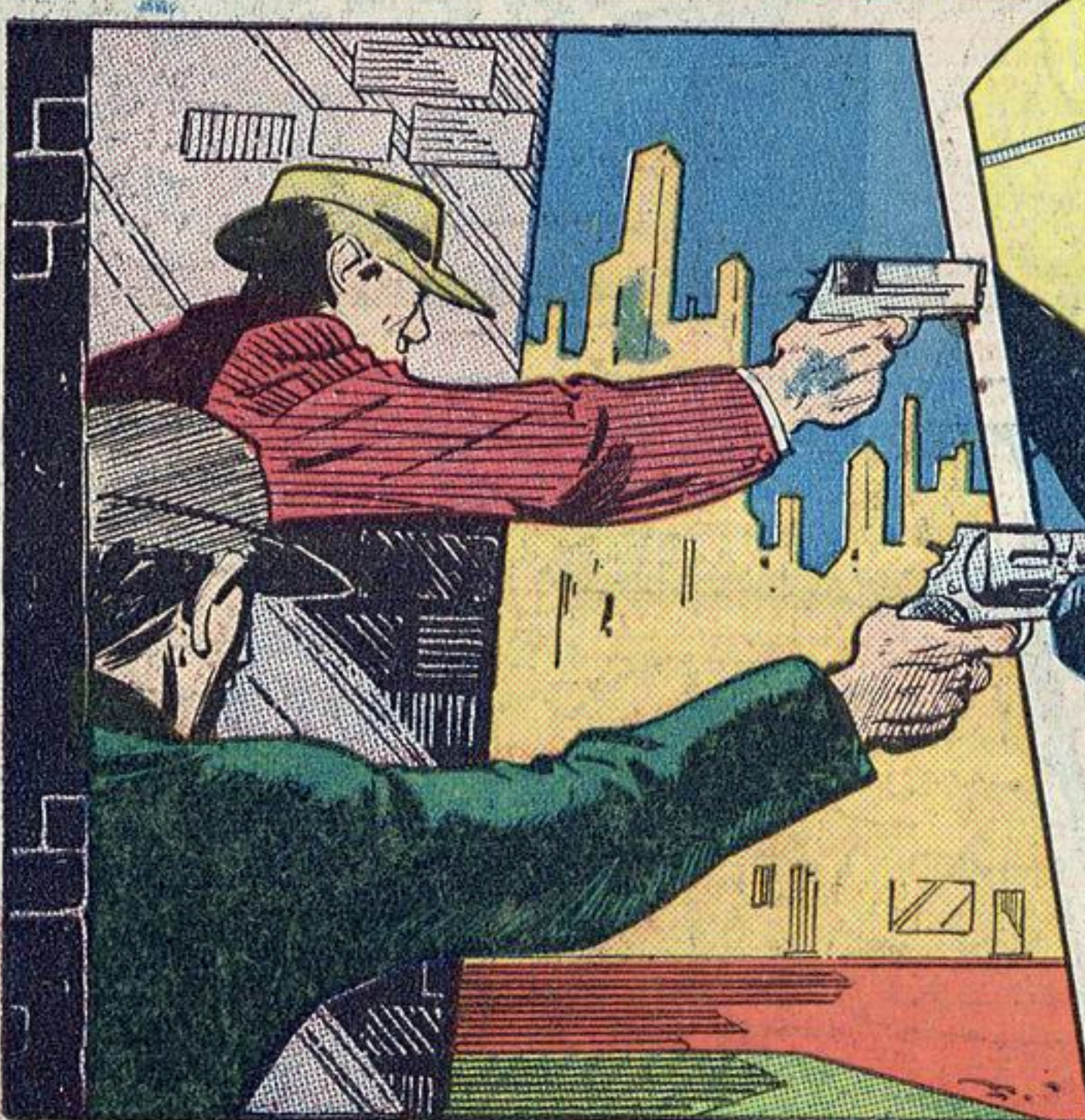
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING THE BABY AND RUNNING OUT ON IT? SUCH A NICE BABY, TOO?

I DIDN'T LEAVE IT! GANGSTERS WERE AFTER ME, WHO THREATENED TO HARM MY BABY! MY HUSBAND IS AN INVALID... (BOO HOO...) WHO BOUGHT INSURANCE FROM BIG JIM DONNELL... HE CAN'T WORK AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, SO THEY WERE GOING TO HURT MY BABY! THE INSURANCE IS A FAKE, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



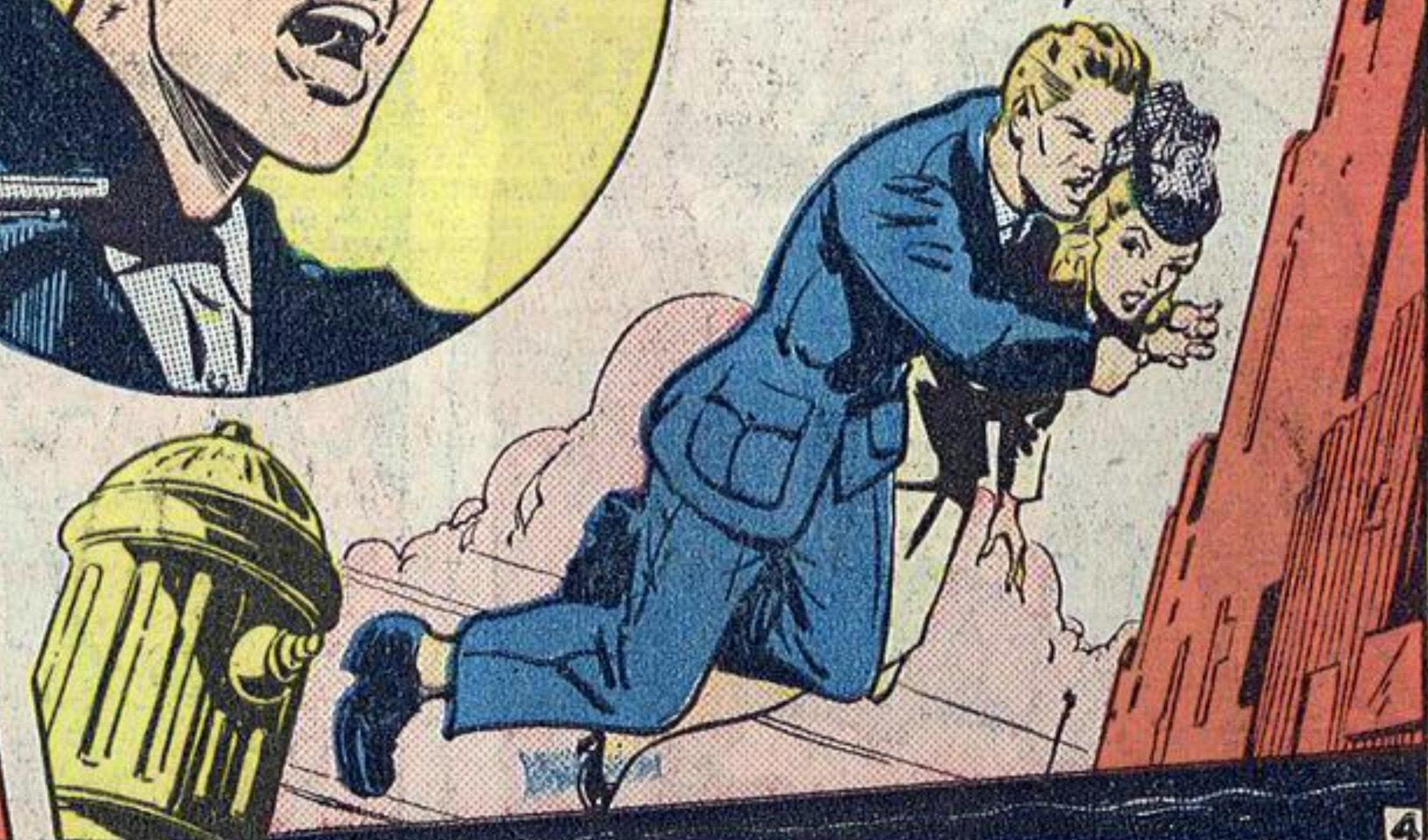
TCH! TCH! BIG JIM, EH?

LET 'EM HAVE IT!



WHAT IN THE...!?

SOMEBODY IS USING US FOR A TARGET! DOWN!





C'MON..FINISH 'EM OFF!

IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT AGGRAVATES ME... IT'S A COP KILLER!

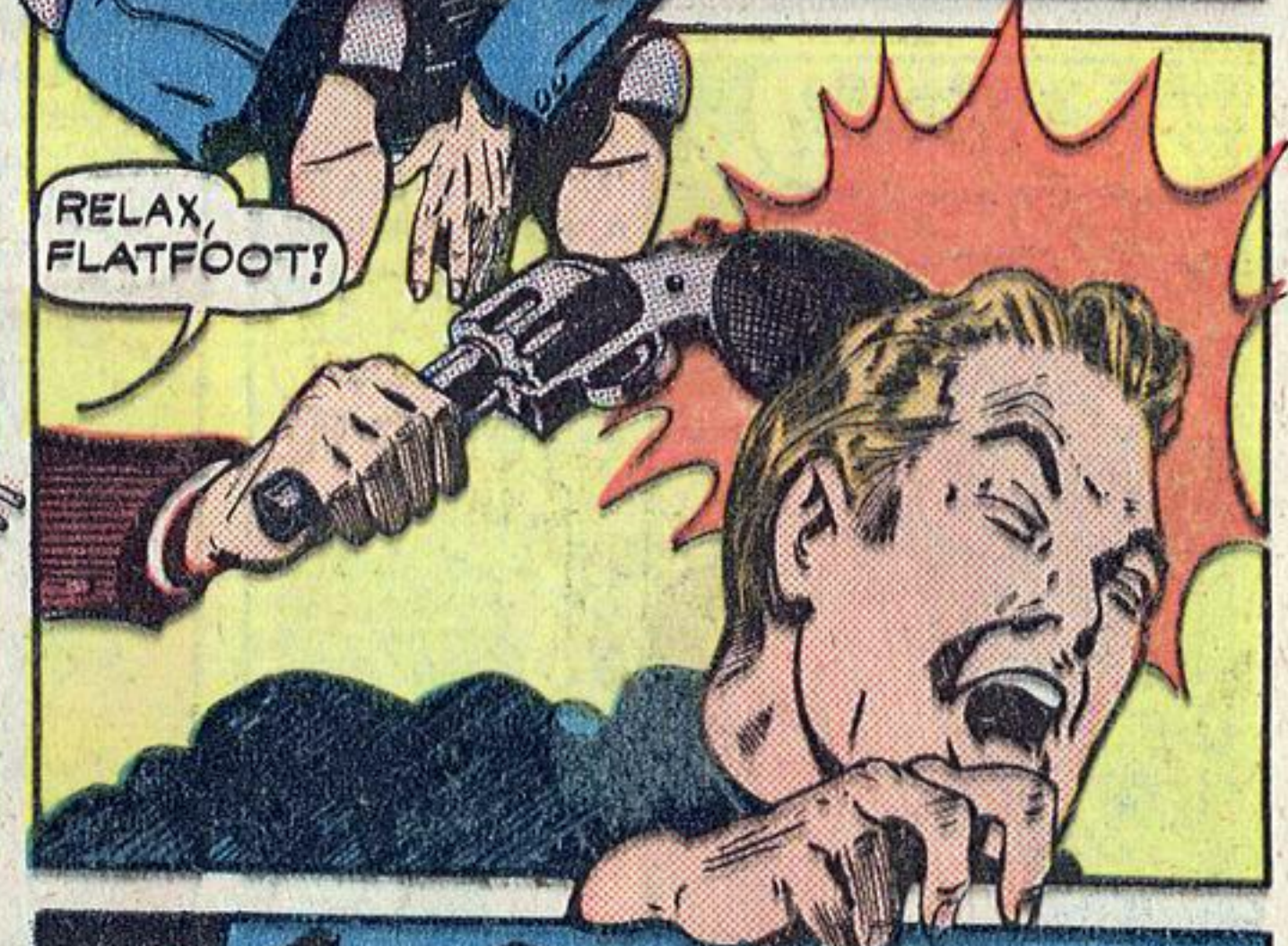


OOF!



AN' THIS OUGHT TO TEACH YOU NOT TO BULLY LADIES!

EEOWW!



RELAX, FLATFOOT!



THE BOSS'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!



OHH, MY HEAD! PLUG HIM!

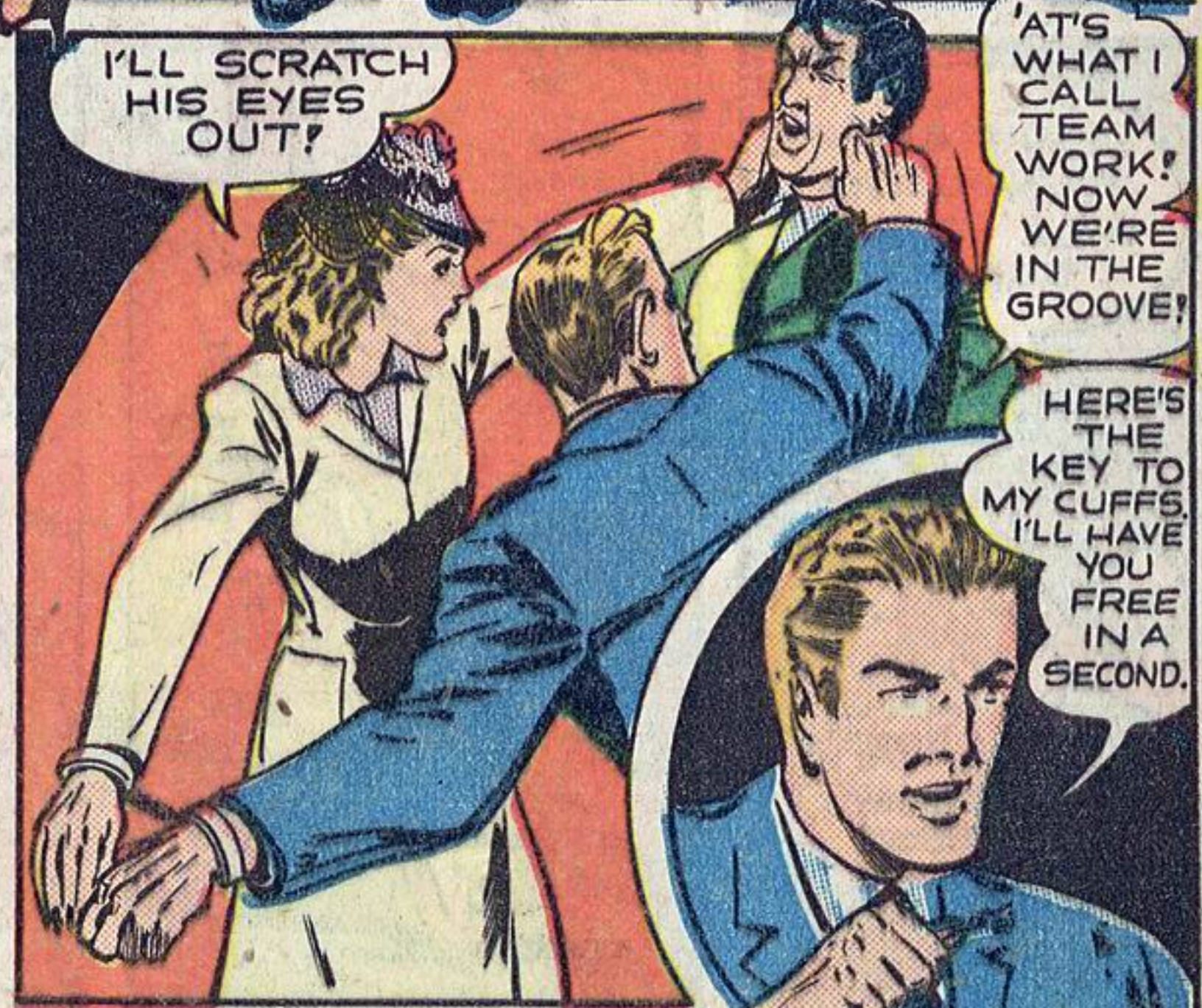
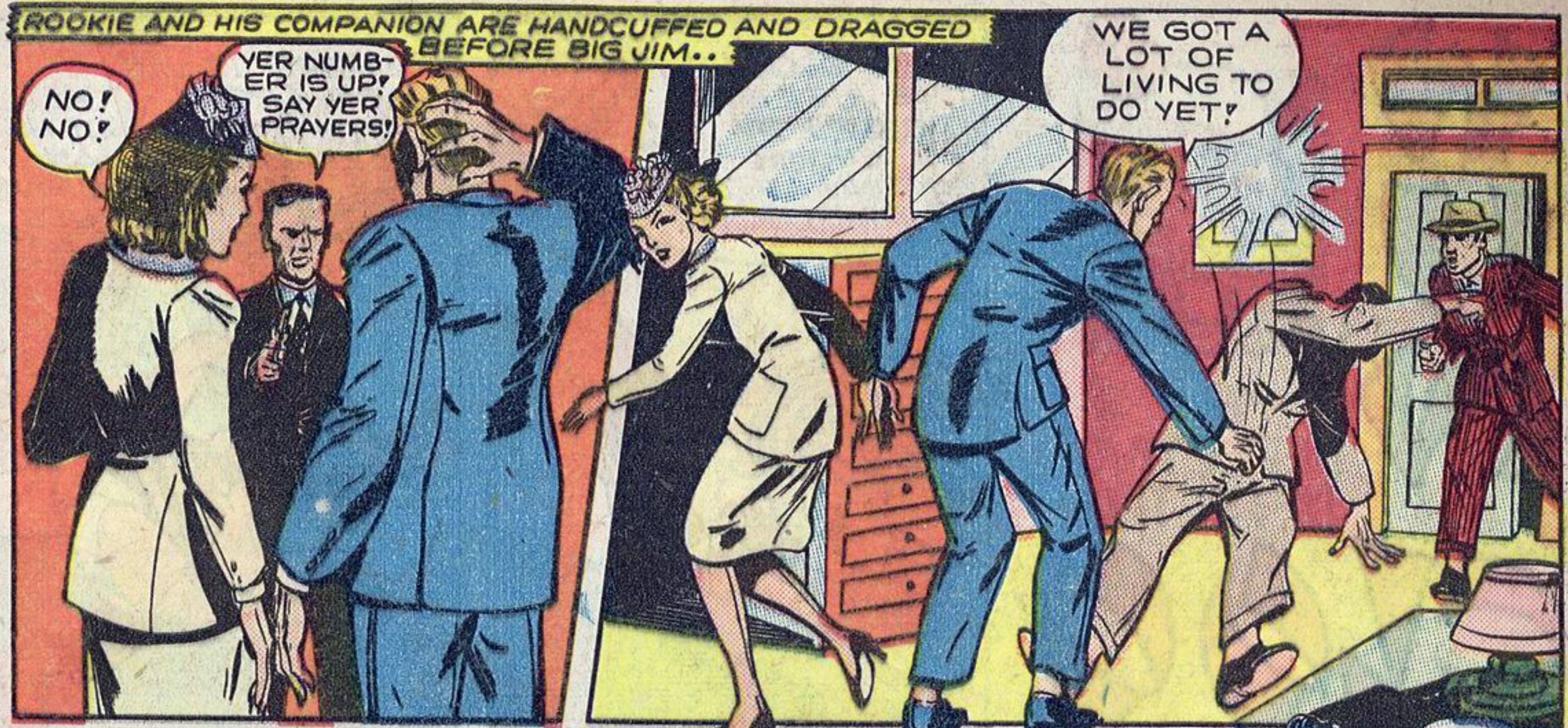
WELL-L, MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A GOOD IDEA TO BUMP OFF A BULL! LET'S TAKE 'EM TO BIG JIM'S, AN' SEE WHAT HE SAYS! HELP ME GET 'EM IN THE CAR!



DEY KNOW TOO MUCH! WE GOTTA GET RID OF 'EM!

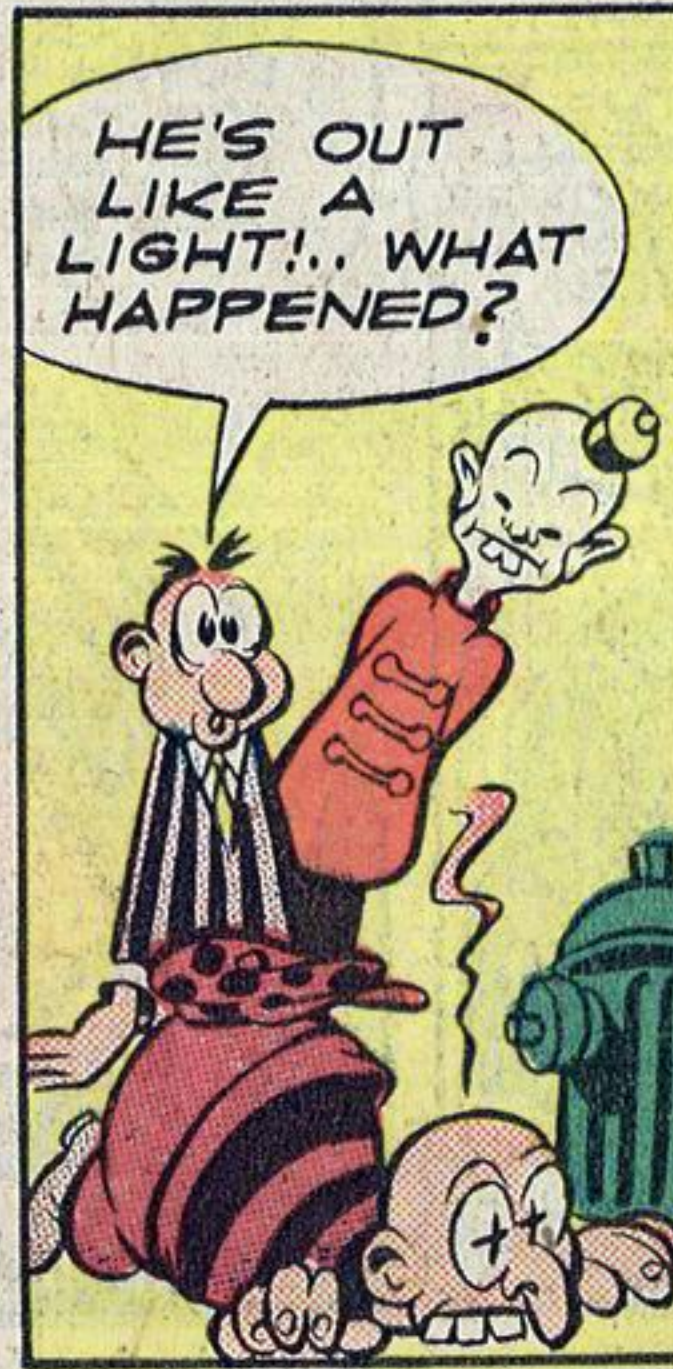
I-I DON'T T'INK WE OUGHTTA TAKE A CHANCE, JIM! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO GUYS WHO KILL COPS?

SHADDUP YOU SNIVELIN' RATS! I'LL DO IT ME SELF!



WUN CLOO!

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



The Purple Trio

By
S. M. Reqi

The ADVENTUROUS
VAUDEVILLE TRIO, WARREN,
THE VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY,
THE STRONG MAN, AND
TINY, THE MIDGET, FIGHT
THE EVIL FORCES IN OUR
MIDST BETWEEN
ENGAGEMENTS...
WHICH ARE RARE.

Among ARTISTS
DONATING THEIR
SERVICES AT A RED
CROSS BENEFIT IS...

NOW, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, THE
THREE BEARS, DADDY
STRONG BEAR, MAMMA
SINGING BEAR AND
LITTLE BABY
DANCING
BEAR... I GIVE
YOU THE
PURPLE TRIO!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THIS WEIGHT IS A
TOTAL OF 300
LBS!

I'LL STILL
LOVE YOU WHEN
THE MOON TURNS
TO GREEN
CHEESE... YES
I WILL!

I FEEL
FOOLISH.



BUT IN THE WINGS, TWO OF THE WAITING PERFORMERS ARE INTENTLY WATCHING THE CASH BOX IN THE HANDS OF THE CHAIRMAN.



DO YOU THINK OUR PLAN VILL VORK, CARL?

OF COURSE. SOON, SOON!

THEY HAF COLLECTED A GREAT DEAL OFF MONEY HERE TO-NIGHT, ADOLPH?

IT VILL SOON BE IN DER RIGHT HANDS, TOO!



MIDST THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, THE PURPLE TRIO LEAVES THE STAGE.



OUR NEXT GUEST PERFORMERS WILL BE TWO WORLD FAMOUS MAGICIANS!

AND THE TWO SINISTER PLOTTERS START THEIR ACT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I SHALL TAKE DER PROCEEDS UP HERE ON DER STAGE, AND DOUBLE THEM... RIGHT IN FRONT OFF YOUR EYES!



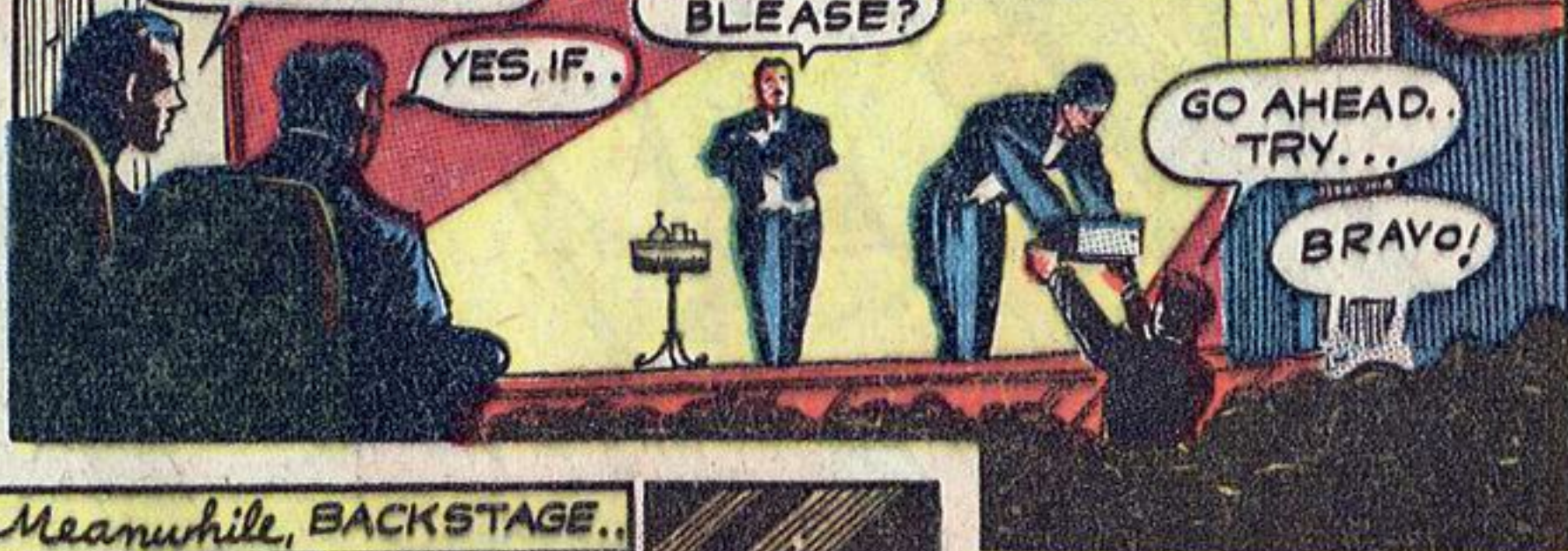
THAT'LL BE A GOOD TRICK, IF HE CAN DO IT!

YOU VILL PASS DER CASH BOX UP TO DER STAGE, BLEASE?

YES, IF..

GO AHEAD. TRY...

BRAVO!



Meanwhile, BACKSTAGE..

QUICKLY.. SLIP ME DER MONEY WHILE YOUR BACK IS TO THE AUDIENCE!

HERE, TAKE IT!



HEY, GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YOU? I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS SILLY SUIT... THE ZIPPER'S CAUGHT!

ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD!



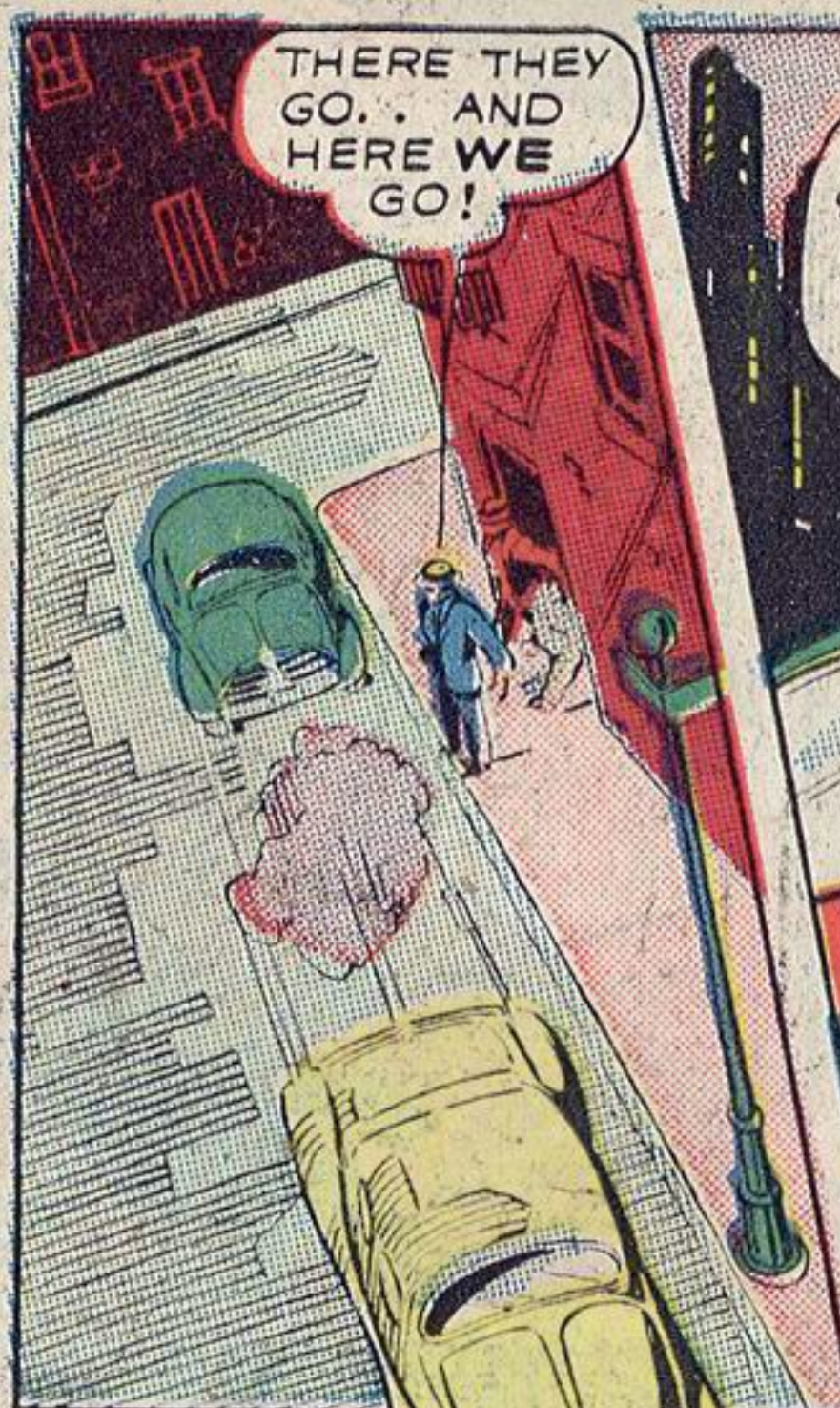
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUYS... I'LL FIND SOMEBODY WHO'LL HELP ME!

TSK, TSK!

HA, HA!





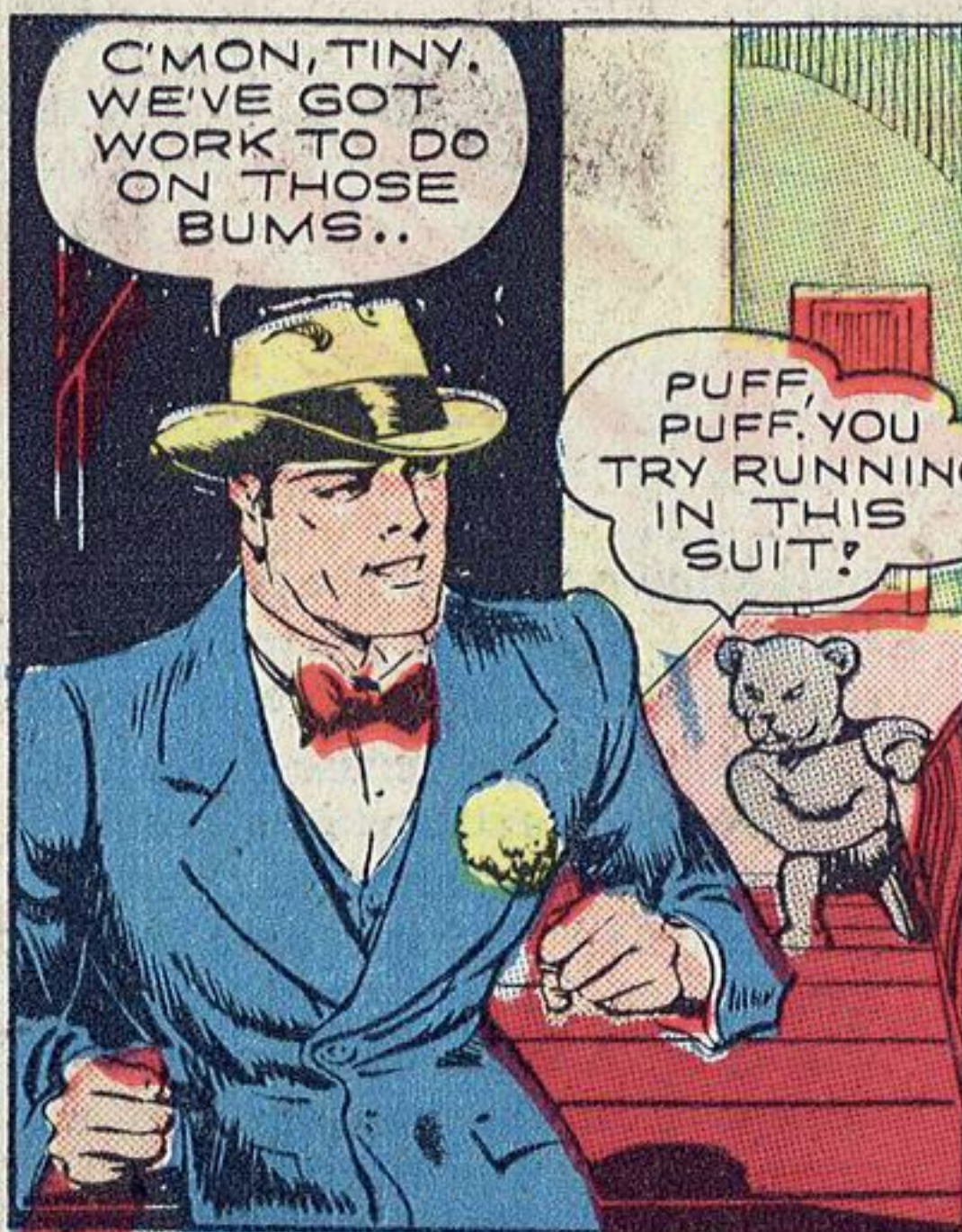


A FEW SECONDS LATER. . .





HURRY!
BEFORE THEY
FIND A WAY
TO GET OUT
OF THERE?



C'MON, TINY.
WE'VE GOT
WORK TO DO
ON THOSE
BUMS..

PUFF,
PUFF. YOU
TRY RUNNING
IN THIS
SUIT?



STAND BACK,
OR I SHOOT?

GIF
IT TO
DEM?

LET'S RUSH
'EM, WARREN?

WE
GOT TO
GET
THOSE
GUNS OUT
OF THE
WAY
FIRST?



DON'T MOVE!
I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED!

DERE IS
SOME-
ONE
BEHIND
US?

WARREN'S POWER OF VENTRILOQUISM
CAUSES THE NAZIS TO LOOK BACK,
AND...



THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT
YOU WERE SUPPOSED
TO DO, BUDDY?
TAKE THAT?



STEAL
MONEY
FROM THE
RED CROSS,
WILL YOU?

AHH?



ROCKY RUSHES
TO THE SCENE.

GOOD
WORK, BOYS..
AND HERE'S
THE BOX
WITH THE
DOUGH IN
IT?

LATER..



YOU'VE
DONE A GREAT
SERVICE FOR THE
THE RED CROSS,
BOYS?

IT WAS A PLEASURE,
MR. CHAIRMAN?

ANYTIME
YOU SEE
ANY NAZIS..

JUST CALL
ON US?

MURDER *Never* PAYS

The great trees, moss covered, marched down to the river's edge in a phalanx of deep green silence. For a thousand miles to the west, the Matte Grasso, one of the densest jungles in the world, spread over the vastness of Brazil. No man knew what lived in that terrible jungle, because no man had explored more than a tenth of it. It was impregnable, indestructible, inscrutable.

Jimmy Christian, sweating and panting from the long march, watched the turbulent waters of the river roll by on their way to the sea. What a place, he thought, to hunt for a fugitive! Looking for one man in immensity such as this seemed like sheer folly.

"That blasted killer!" he grated. "He'll be the death of me yet. Unless I beat him to it!"

For three weeks now the hunt had been going on. First, Jimmy Christian had set out from a small native village a hundred miles up the river with a band of friendly Indians. But one by one they had disappeared, as they approached the tabu land of the south. At night they would sneak off, always taking some food, or anything they could conveniently carry.

Now Jimmy was alone in the jungle. And lost! For to trek up-river with the rains coming on would be impossible. The land for miles flooded when the torrential rains came, and travel was definitely abandoned for three months or more. What lay to the south he had no idea. Nor did anyone else.

Slats Kunze! A name to be conjured with! Slats had lived by his wits in Brazil for twenty years. He was a gambler, a cheat, a thoroughly bad man. He had served time in several penitentiaries of South America, always mysteriously getting "sprung" by powerful factions across the sea. It was

well known what those powerful factions were — a secret Nazi society. Spy ring. Saboteurs.

Slats had been accused of killing eleven Brazilians in a bombing plot shortly after Christmas. He had fled Rio, pursued by a score of police. But he had outwitted them. He had virtually disappeared in the vastness of the mighty jungle.

Three weeks after the police had given up the hunt for the killer, Slats had appeared in Bahia. He had been spotted by a secret police in the employ of the Portuguese government. But again, as in the past, he had been tipped off, and again he had disappeared. In the Matte Grasso!

Since it was known that Slats and his gang were the ringleaders of a dangerous band of saboteurs, it was necessary that they be run to earth. No telling where they would strike again. So the government had cabled Jimmy Christian, who was then cruising the seas near Trinidad, searching for enemy ships.

Jimmy stood on the river bank and saw a drop of rain spatter a broad green leaf. And he shivered. To be caught in the jungle during the rains was unthinkable.

"Got to make tracks," he said. "Be drowned like a rat here."

His pack contained the barest necessities. He carried a hi-power rifle and pistol, a powerful short-wave radio set, and flashlight. He struck off down-river, ripping his way through the tall reeds and stumbling over snaky roots of great trees.

At sunset, he built a small fire and set a tiny kettle of water on to make tea. The rain had not come as yet. And for that he thanked his Maker. There was supposed to be a friendly Indian village a few miles farther south. He'd try to make it before night-fall.

He heard the natives long before he reached their village. A half hour later he stepped into a large clearing. A score of fires burned merrily, and native women were preparing the evening meal. A shout went up as he appeared, and several savage looking youths came toward him, with ready spears.

Jimmy held his right hand aloft, in the universal sign of peace. The Indians halted. Then moved forward cautiously.

"I come in peace, friends," Jimmy said in the current dialect. "I wish to buy a canoe."

The Indians chatted among themselves for a full minute, then two of them came forward and took his guns. Then they motioned him ahead.

Most of the Indians of the Matte Grasso live in thatch hovels. But these chaps, Jimmy saw, were considerably higher in intelligence, if that could be judged by their habitations. Several rather modern looking tents dotted the compound. And a big log house stood near the center of the open space. In the doorway a huge Indian appeared, smoking a long pipe. He held up his hand.

Jimmy repeated his message to the chief.

"Where you come from?" asked the chief in throaty tones. "You gringo man, huh!"

Jimmy nodded. "I search for devil-man, Chief," he said. "Killer man who run away from punishment. Have seen such man hereabouts?"

Jimmy didn't like the looks of the chief at all. He was standing before him now, almost surrounded by the Indians. The chief had a crafty eye, a sly grin. The latter shook his head slowly.

"No no see such killer man," said he slowly. "Me think gringo man lie."

Someone has been here before me, and not long ago, Jimmy told himself, feeling a sense of calamity in the atmosphere. If they jumped him . . .

"Will pay Chief much white money for killer man," Jimmy went on, knowing the Brazilian Indians' love for silver. (They have plenty of gold, but use it only for ornaments.)

The chief made a sign with his hand. Several youths leaped on Jimmy and bore him to the ground. In a moment his pockets were emptied of everything. The youths screamed their pleasure and a fight began for who would get the spoils.

Jimmy struggled under the mass of numbers, then decided that he was silly to do so. They could easily murder him and nobody would ever be the wiser. They tied his hands and feet and carried him into the chief's log house. In a small back room they dumped him in a heap and slammed the door, barring it.

"A fine mess I'm in!" he gritted. "Friendly Indians, eh!"

Jimmy was dog-tired, so he got as comfortable as he could and dropped off to sleep, with the Indians' shouts and screams ringing in his ears. What would they do to him? It was easily answered!

A numbing cold in his muscles woke Jimmy up some time during the night. Then he heard talking. He rolled over toward the door of his cell. Yes, the conversation was in English! Slats Kunze, of course! He had evidently made a deal with these Indians to get him out of the country.

Jimmy knew, now, that his life wasn't worth a plugged nickel. Slats would shoot him. He felt a lump in his hip pocket. A thick pack of matches! He inched his hand around until he could wiggle his fingers into the pocket. In a moment he had the matches out and had struck them. He held his wrists over the considerable blaze that leaped up and, searing his skin, felt the ropes burn through.

Free! It took only a moment to

untie his ankles. Now the task was to find a way out of this cell. He couldn't try the door; they might come for him and shoot him down coldly. Was there a window?

A small square hole about five feet above the floor let in a tiny bit of illumination. Maybe, just maybe, he could wriggle through it. Have to be mighty quiet. He snaked up, drawing himself carefully. It looked for a second like his shoulders wouldn't squeeze through. But with a great effort, holding his breath, he managed it, and dropped to the grass outside. The fires were all out in front of the chief's cabin, so he would have no trouble in making tracks into the jungle. This he did, fast.

Jimmy hurried down to the river and found a half dozen big canoes pulled up on the beach. It was no trouble at all to rip off great sheets of the bark outer covering, making them useless. It would take days to repair them. He saved one for himself—and one for the use of Slats Kunze, whom he knew would use this method of getting away.

They had discovered his escape and a great yelling began in the village. Jimmy piled into the craft and shoved off, paddling furiously. He would lie in wait for his man a mile or so down-river.

When he had paddled fifteen minutes, Jimmy drew in to shore to wait. He had hardly found his hiding place when the moon slipped up behind the jungle, flooding the river in bright light.

"Good gosh, this is awful.

Bright as day. And Slats has plenty of guns!"

Then he heard the rapid dip of paddles up-river. Slats was on his way! It would have to be fast.

A gleam of inspiration hit Jimmy like a fist. Climbing out of his canoe, he seized his opportunity. It was a tough and dangerous stunt, but the only one that presented itself. Slats' canoe came on, fast.

Then suddenly the German killer yelled like he was shot. The canoe lurched violently as Jimmy hurled himself into it, grappling with Slats, who was trying to draw his revolver.

"No, you don't!" cried Jimmy, landing a hard one to the murderer's jaw. Slats went over with a groan. In a trice Jimmy had him tied up nicely, and was paddling leisurely with the current.

"Should be able to make it in a week," he said to the calm night. "This river joins the Caranda less than a hundred miles south of here. And I see that Slats has a nice supply of food."

Slats groaned again and opened his eyes. He leaned up on one elbow. Then he cursed like a madman.

"So you tricked me, you blanket-blank!" he shouted. "Tricked me, Slats Kunze! So you was swimmin' alongside that big log!" Slats went into another cursing tirade, then subsided when he was out of wind.

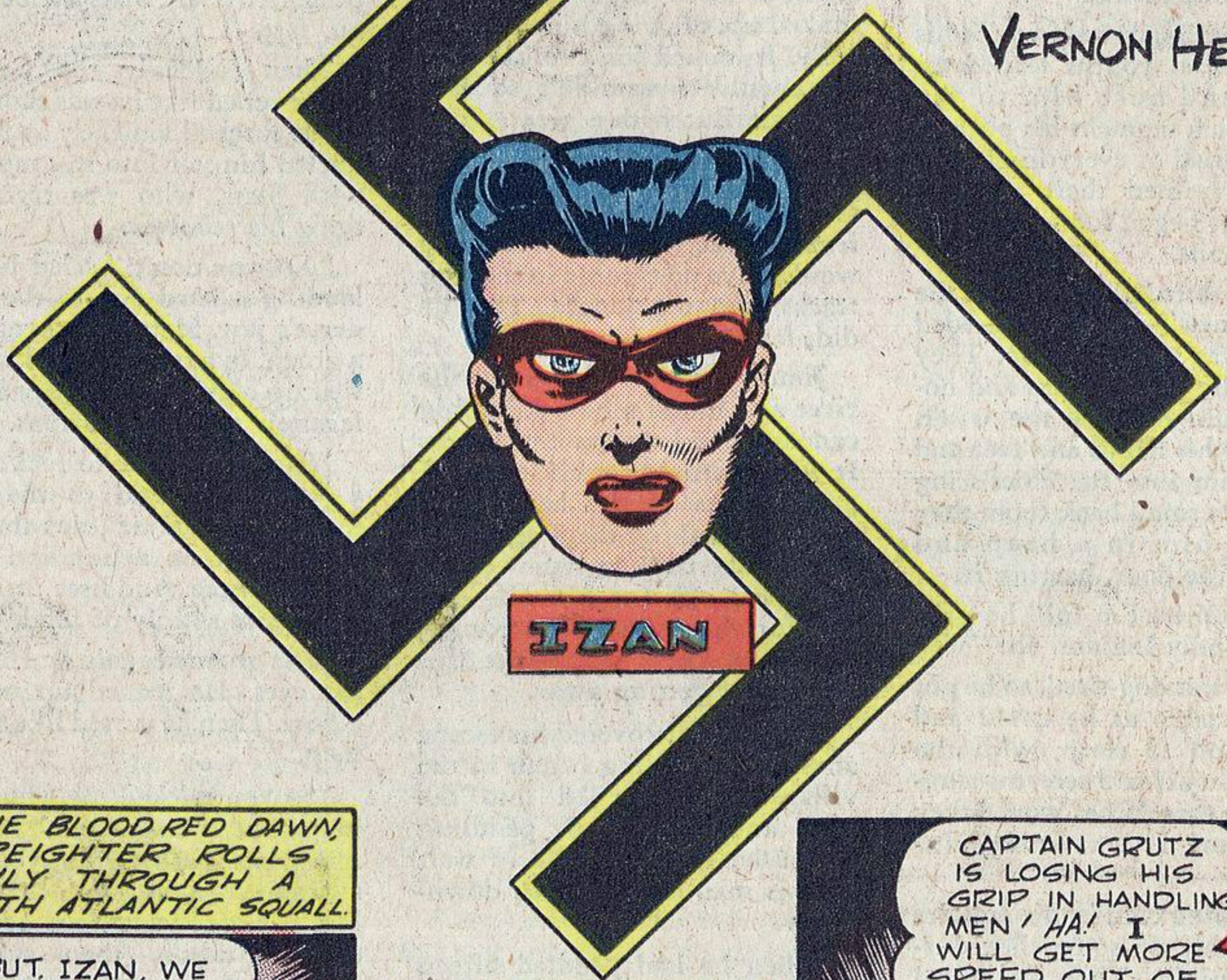
Jimmy whistled a little ditty.

"Yeah, Slats," he said, "with all your vaunted woodcraft, a little log trapped you—with me under it!"

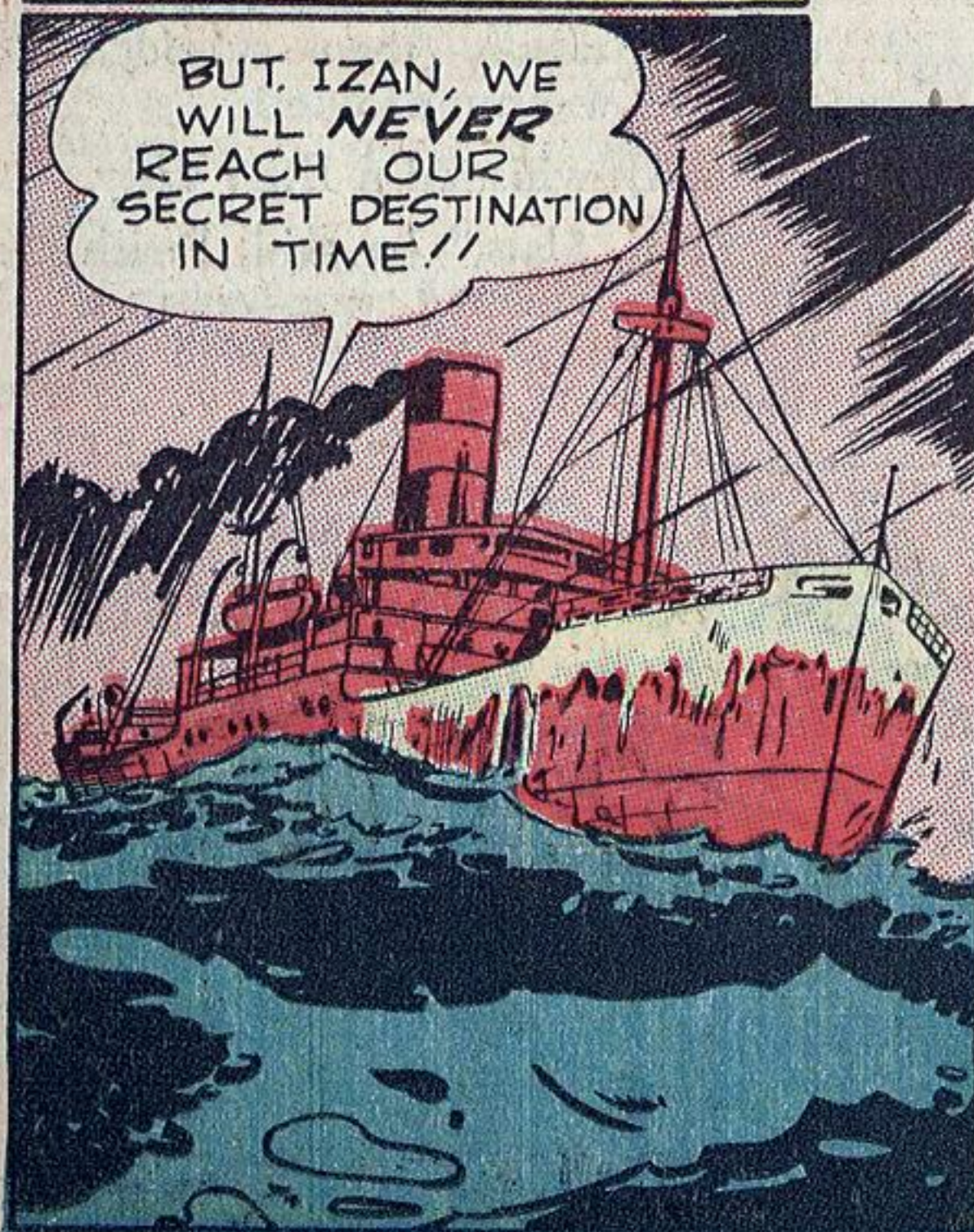
FOLLOW THE BLACK CONDOR
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE JULY 15TH

WINGS WENDALL

BY
VERNON HENKEL



IN THE BLOOD RED DAWN,
A FREIGHTER ROLLS
SLOWLY THROUGH A
NORTH ATLANTIC SQUALL.



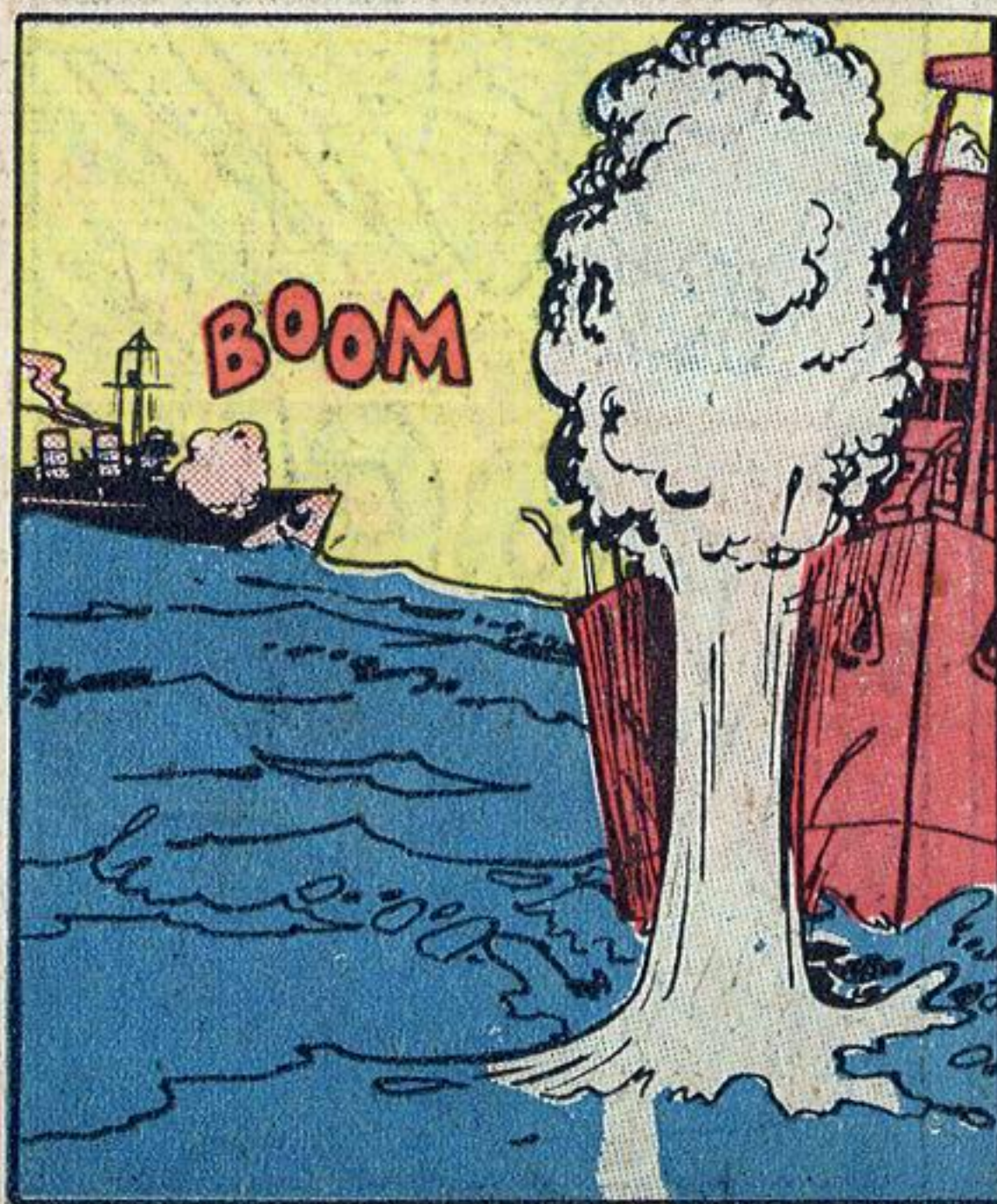
BUT, IZAN, WE
WILL **NEVER**
REACH OUR
SECRET DESTINATION
IN TIME!!

STUPID FOOLS!
EVEN THE
WEATHER MUST
NOT HOLD BACK
THE PLANS OF
OUR LEADER!



CAPTAIN GRUTZ
IS LOSING HIS
GRIP IN HANDLING
MEN! HA! I
WILL GET MORE
SPEED OUT OF
THIS SMELLY
TUB!







HMMMM... THESE PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, BUT THEY **COULD** BE FORGED.... I WANT TO EXAMINE YOUR CARGO!!

SURE, SURE! ..ER... THIS WAY, SIR!



BUT I INSIST.. THERE'S NOTHING IN THOSE BOXES ... TH... THEY'RE JUST EMPTY CRATES!!!

WE'LL SOON SEE !!



AHAAAA.. JUST AS I THOUGHT, AIR-PLANES! AND NOT AMERICAN MODELS AT... OUR AGENT IN BERLIN WAS CORRECT!!



I'M AFRAID YOUR NOSE IS TOO BIG, CAPTAIN WENDALL... YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST SNOOPING!



DON'T DO THAT.. I'M ALLERGIC TO GUNS!!



GET HIM, MEN!

..AND THESE MUGS ARE UGLY ENOUGH TO BE **AXIS** STOOGES!!



BUT YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT... THIS SHIP IS WIRED TO SET OFF A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE!!!

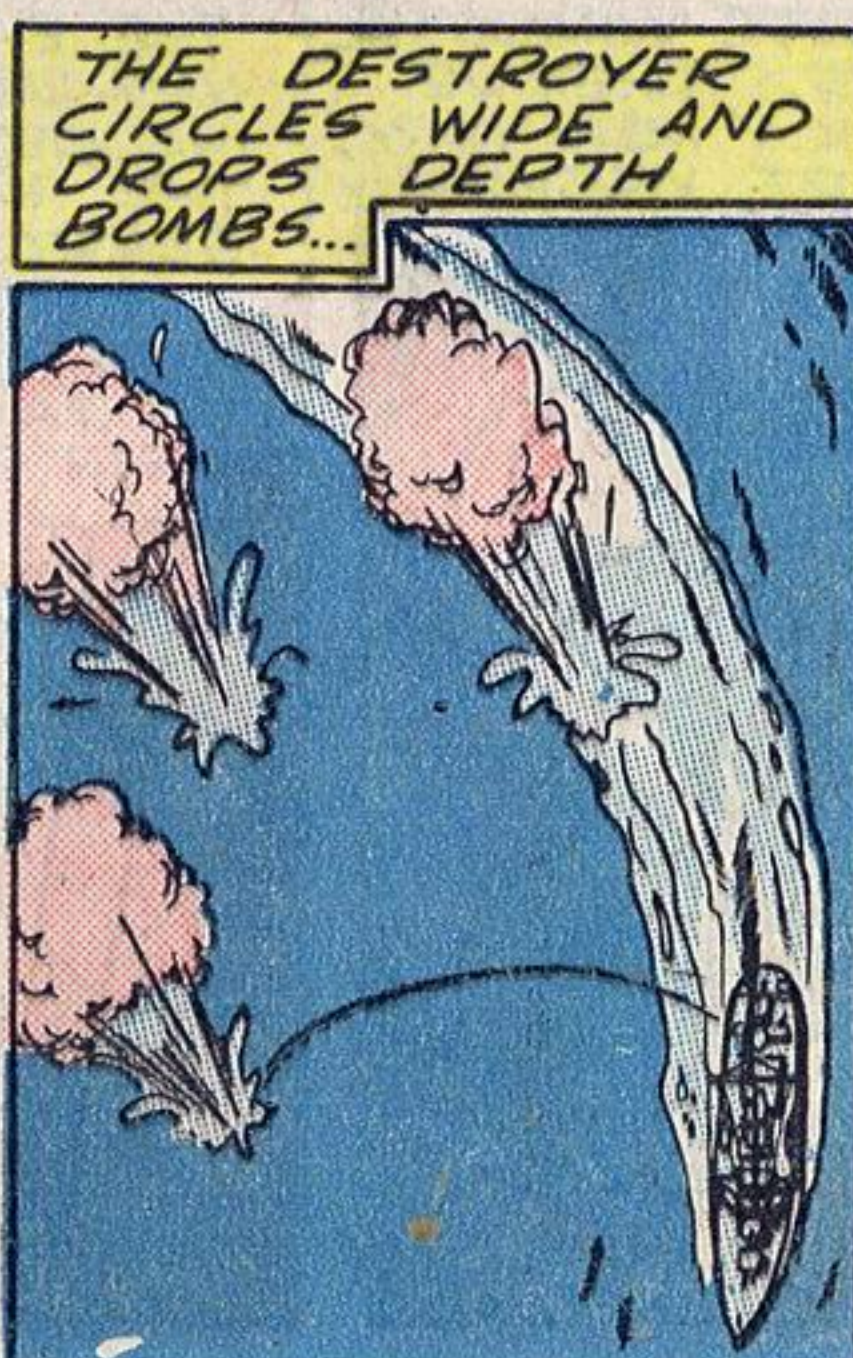
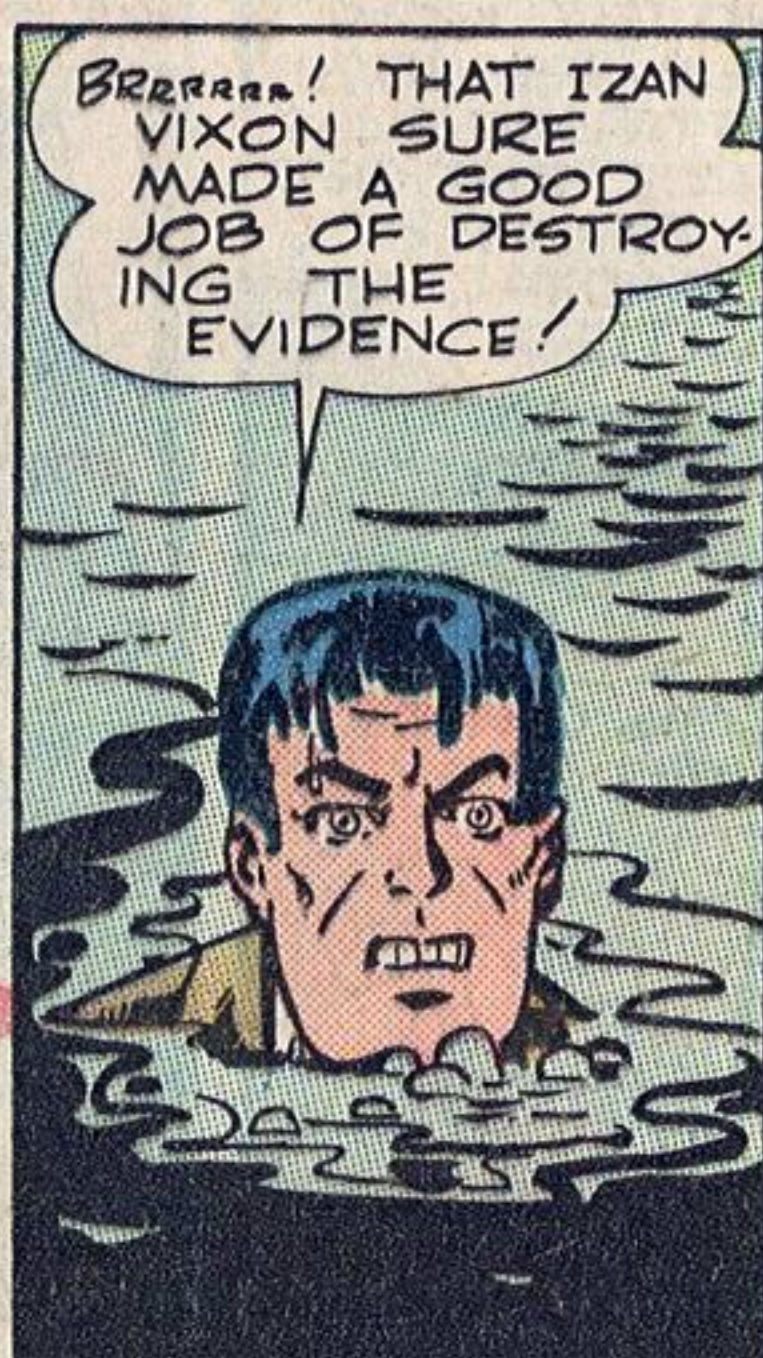


COME BACK HERE !!



HA! TOO LATE, WINGS WENDALL!





LATER.. IN WASHINGTON.

IT'S OBVIOUS... THE
AXIS HAVE SHIPPED
PLANES WESTWARD
ACROSS THE
ATLANTIC TO A
SECRET BASE
ON OUR SIDE!

..AND BY NOW
THEY MAY HAVE
A STRIKING
FORCE SUFFICIENT
TO BLAST OUR
COASTAL
CITIES!

AT THAT MOMENT...

ATTENTION
AMERICA! AT THIS
VERY MOMENT INDUS-
TRIAL PHILADELPHIA
IS RECEIVING THE
FIRST ACTUAL AIR
RAID OF THE
WAR!!

INTERCEPTER
FIGHTERS FROM
CAMDEN ARE DRIVING
THE BOMBERS OFF
... BUT THE
DAMAGE OF THE
SURPRISE RAID
IS TERRIFIC..

HEAR THAT, WINGS?
BY GAD, THEY'VE
STRUCK!! NEW YORK,
BALTIMORE, WASHING-
TON MAY BE
NEXT!!!

THE ENEMY SQUADRON
WAS LAST SEEN HEAD-
ING OUT TO SEA...
THE NAVY IS
SEARCHING FOR
AIRCRAFT
CARRIERS!
.. SO FAR NONE HAS
BEEN SIGHTED.

I'VE GOT IT,
CHIEF! ... GET
ME A
FAST
SEAPLANE!

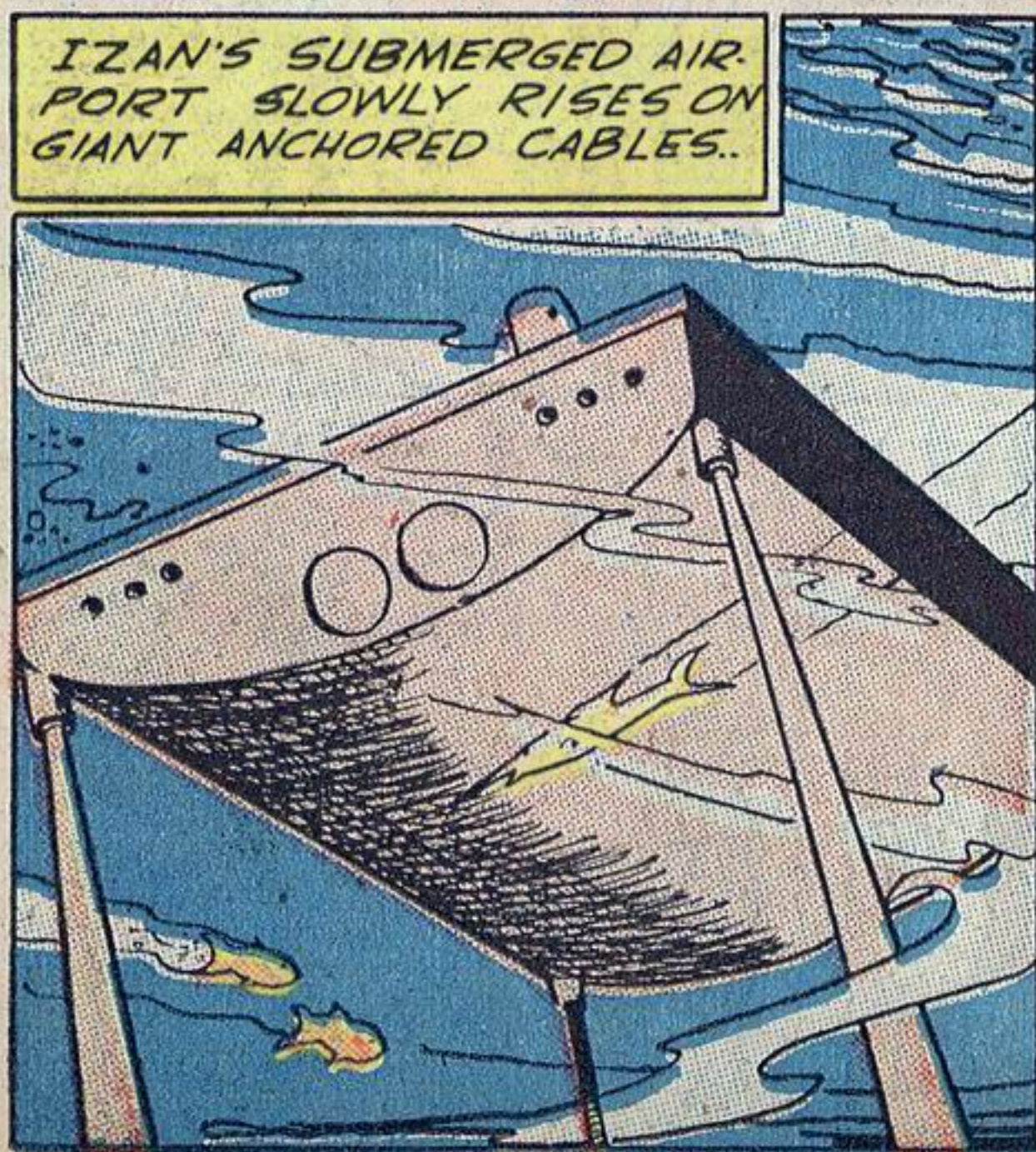
WITHIN AN HOUR, WINGS IS
ROARING OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC.

IN A FEW
MINUTES, I'LL
BE NEAR THE
SPOT WHERE
THAT SUB
WENT DOWN

THIS IS THE
CRAZIEST FLIGHT
I'VE EVER MADE...
WHAT THE DEUCE
ARE YOU GONNA
DO WITH THAT
**DIVING
SUIT???**

IF I FIND WHAT
I THINK I WILL
DOWN HERE,
CONTACT THE
WHOLE NAVY
AND BLOW THE
BOTTOM OUT
OF THIS
OCEAN!!

?



THE MARKSMAN



POLISH PATRIOT, BARON POVALSKY STILL FIGHTS TO BREAK THE NAZI CHAINS AND FREE HIS PEOPLE.. DISGUISED AS NAZI MAJOR HURTZ, HE WAGES HIS BATTLE WITHIN THE ENEMY RANKS AS THE FAMED AND FEARED MARKSMAN !!

A SMALL GROUP OF FRIGHTENED PEOPLE APPROACH THE BARON'S CASTLE, NOW NAZI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS...

BUT STANISLAV, THEY WILL KILL US!

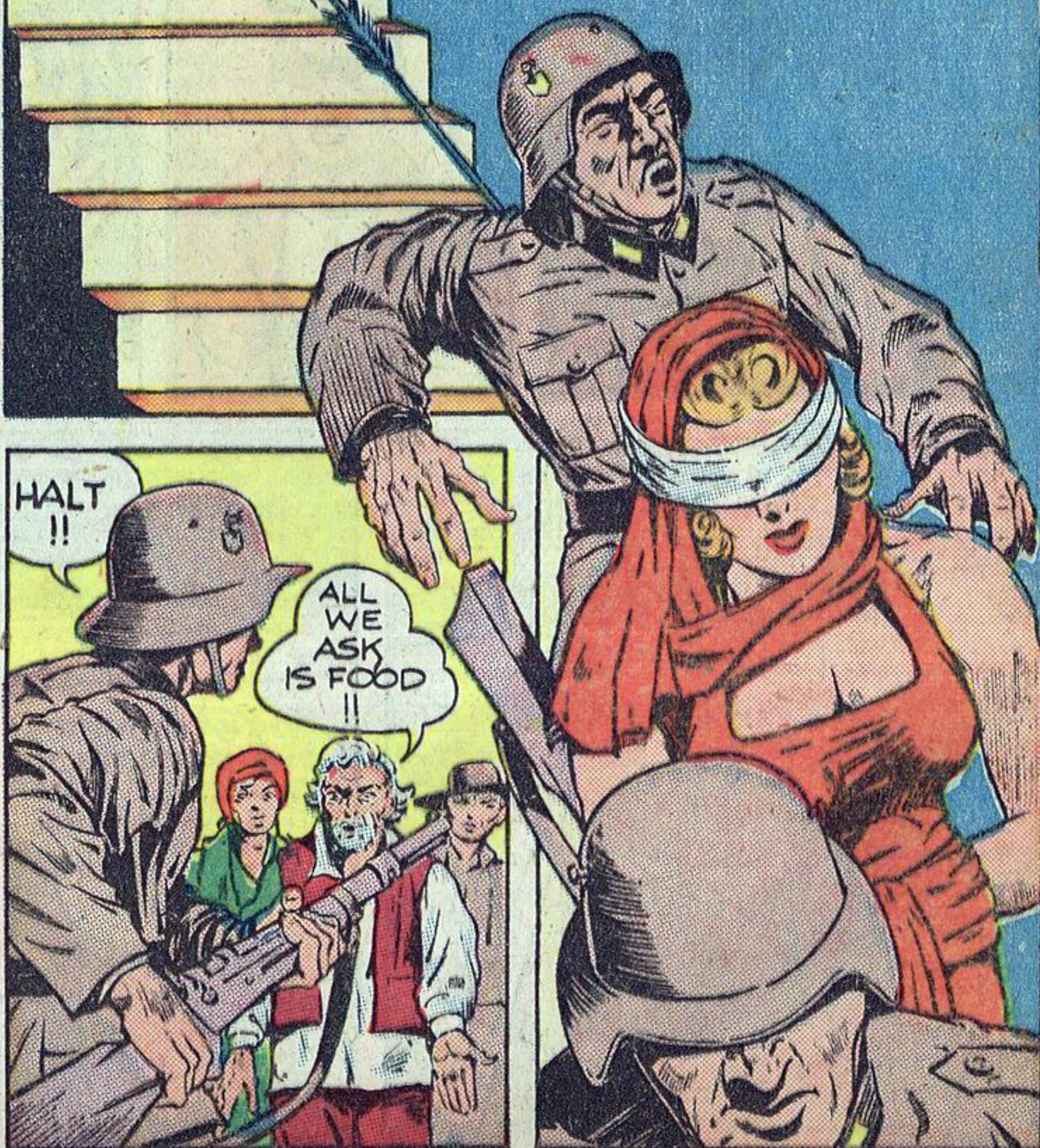


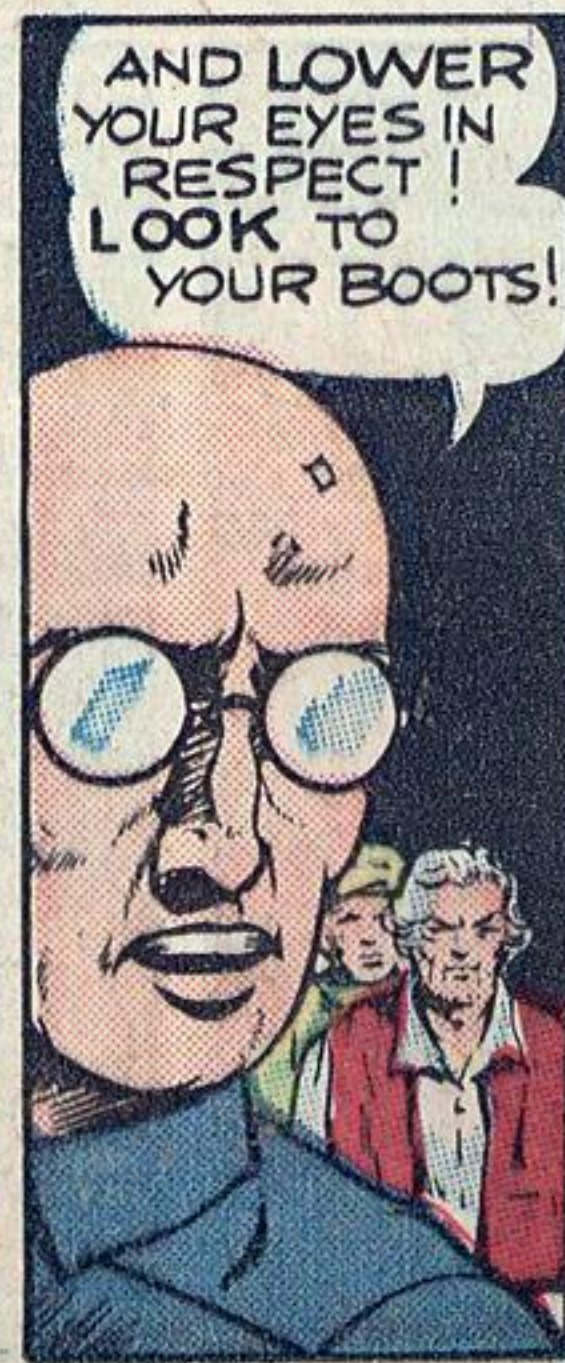
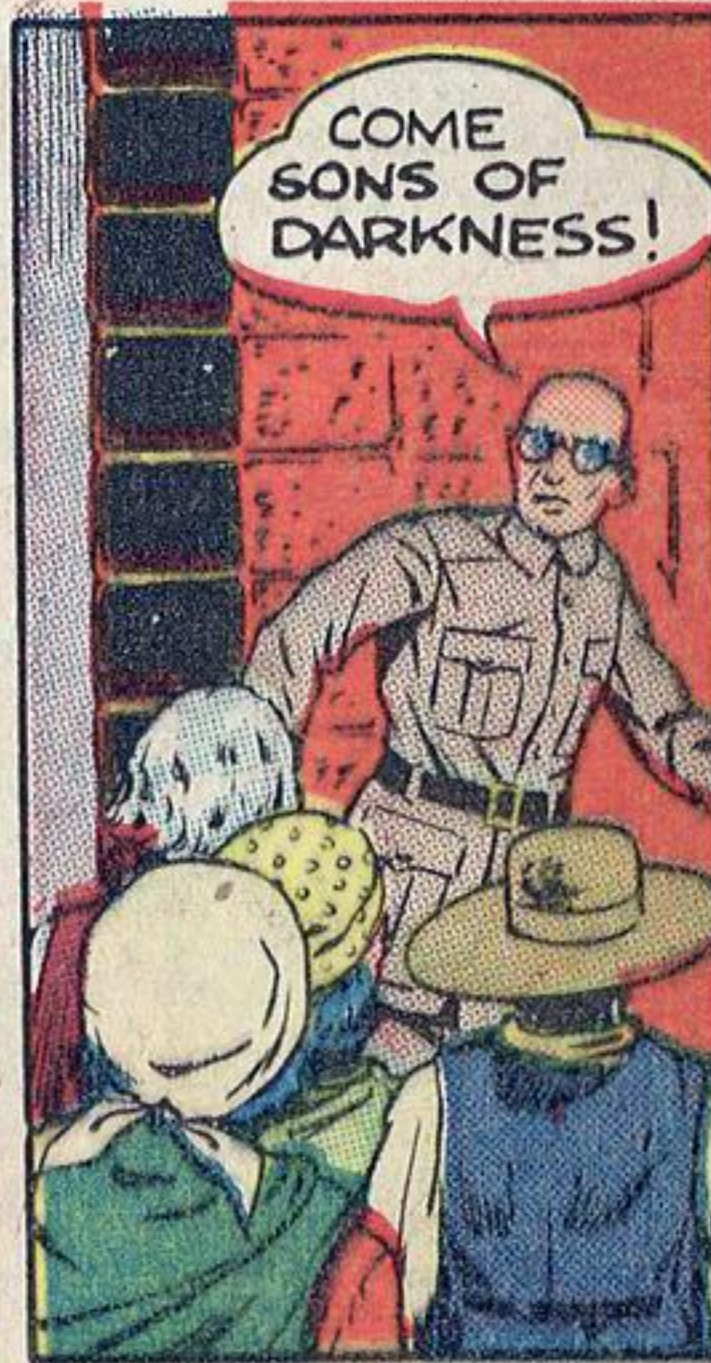
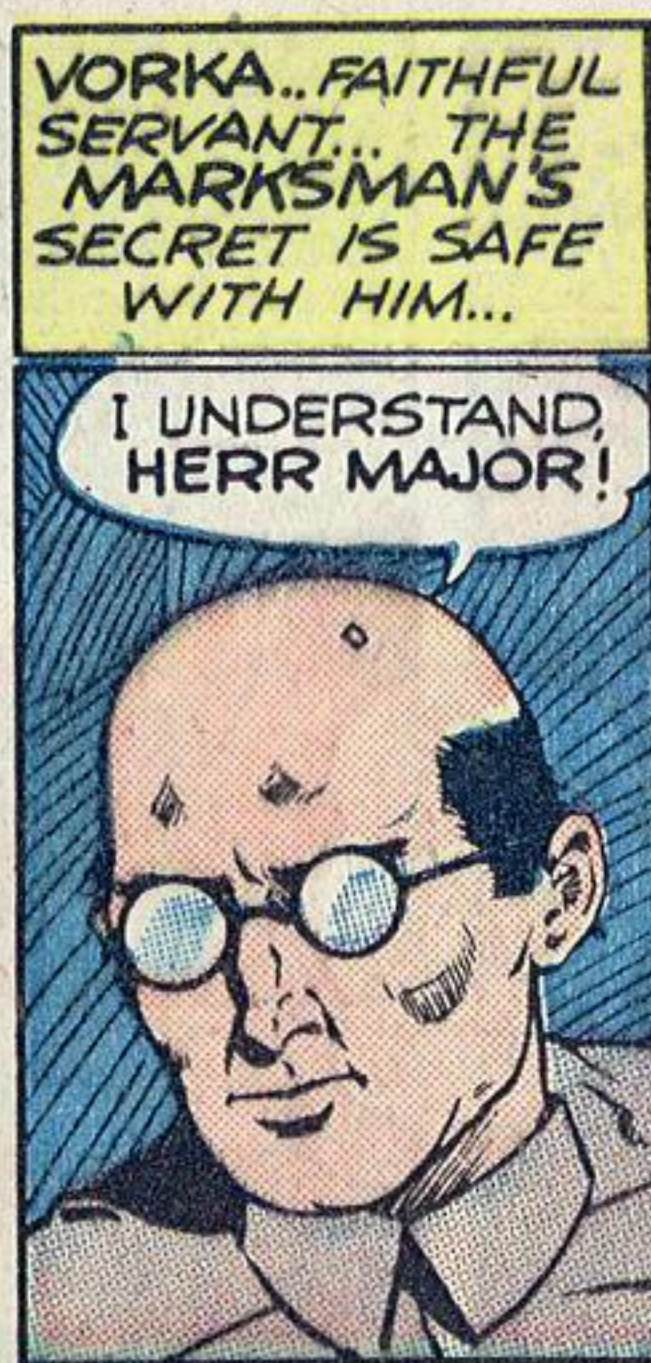
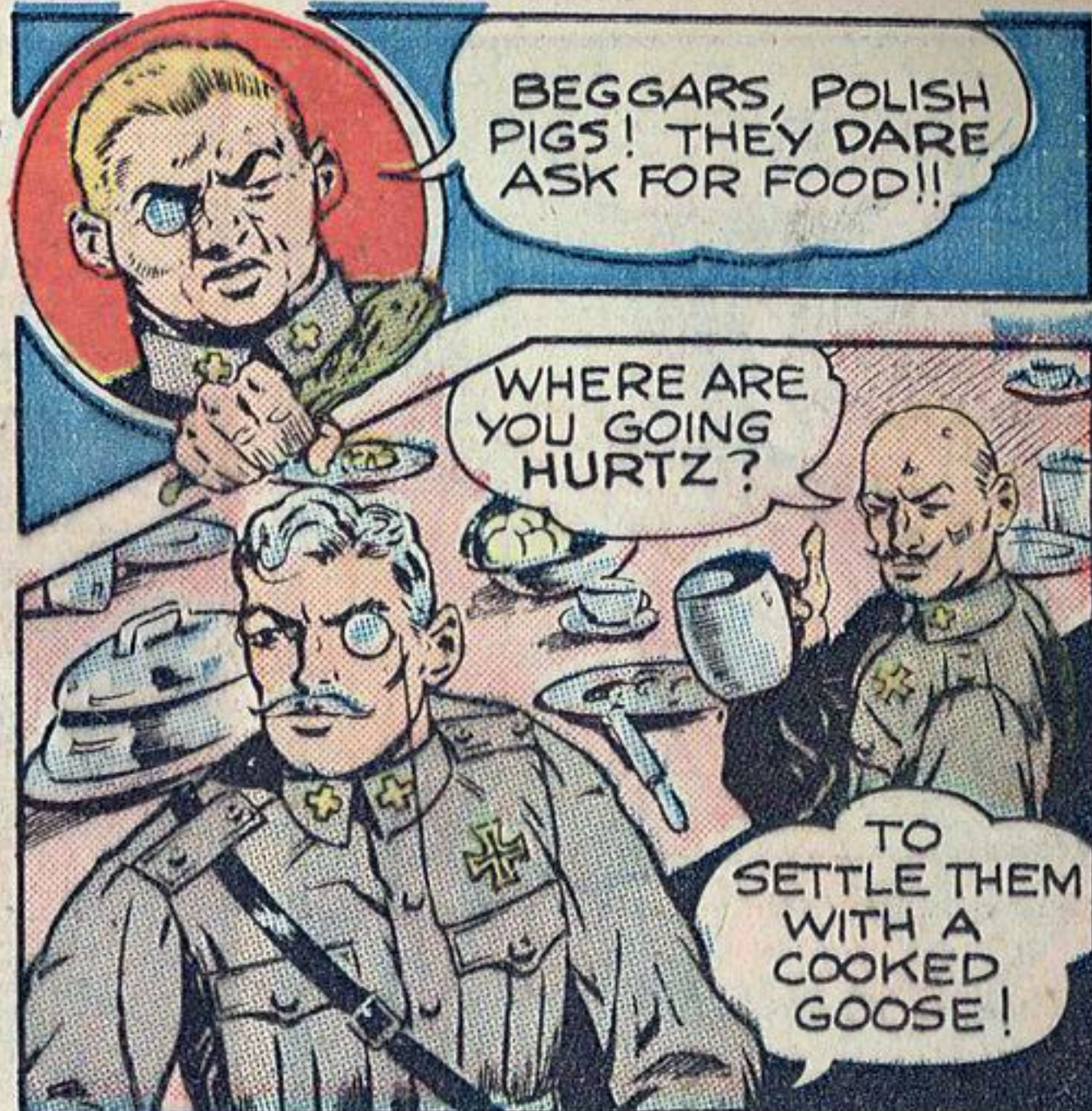
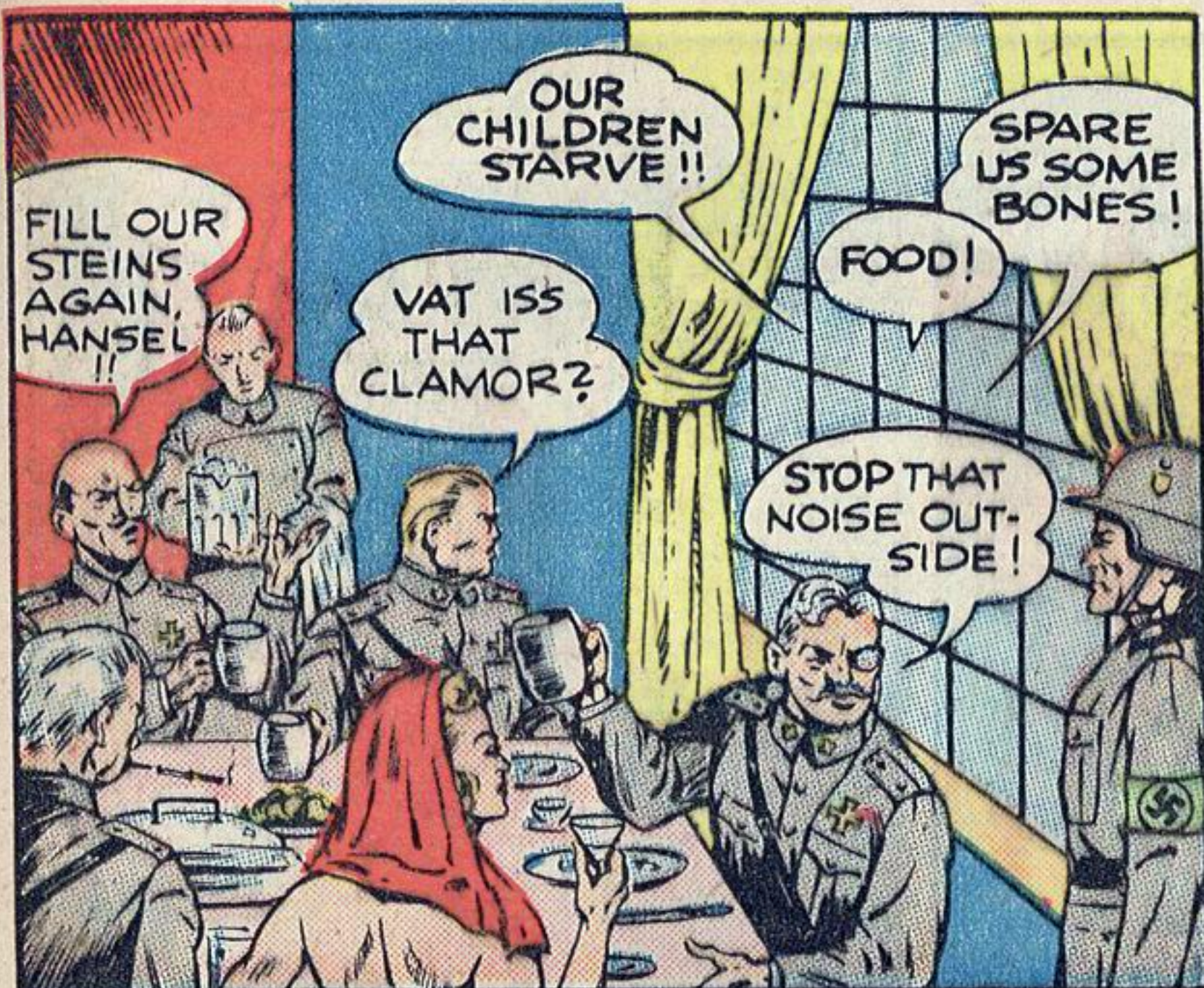
IT IS BETTER TO DIE IN THE ATTEMPT THAN DO NOTHING AND WASTE SLOWLY OF STARVATION!

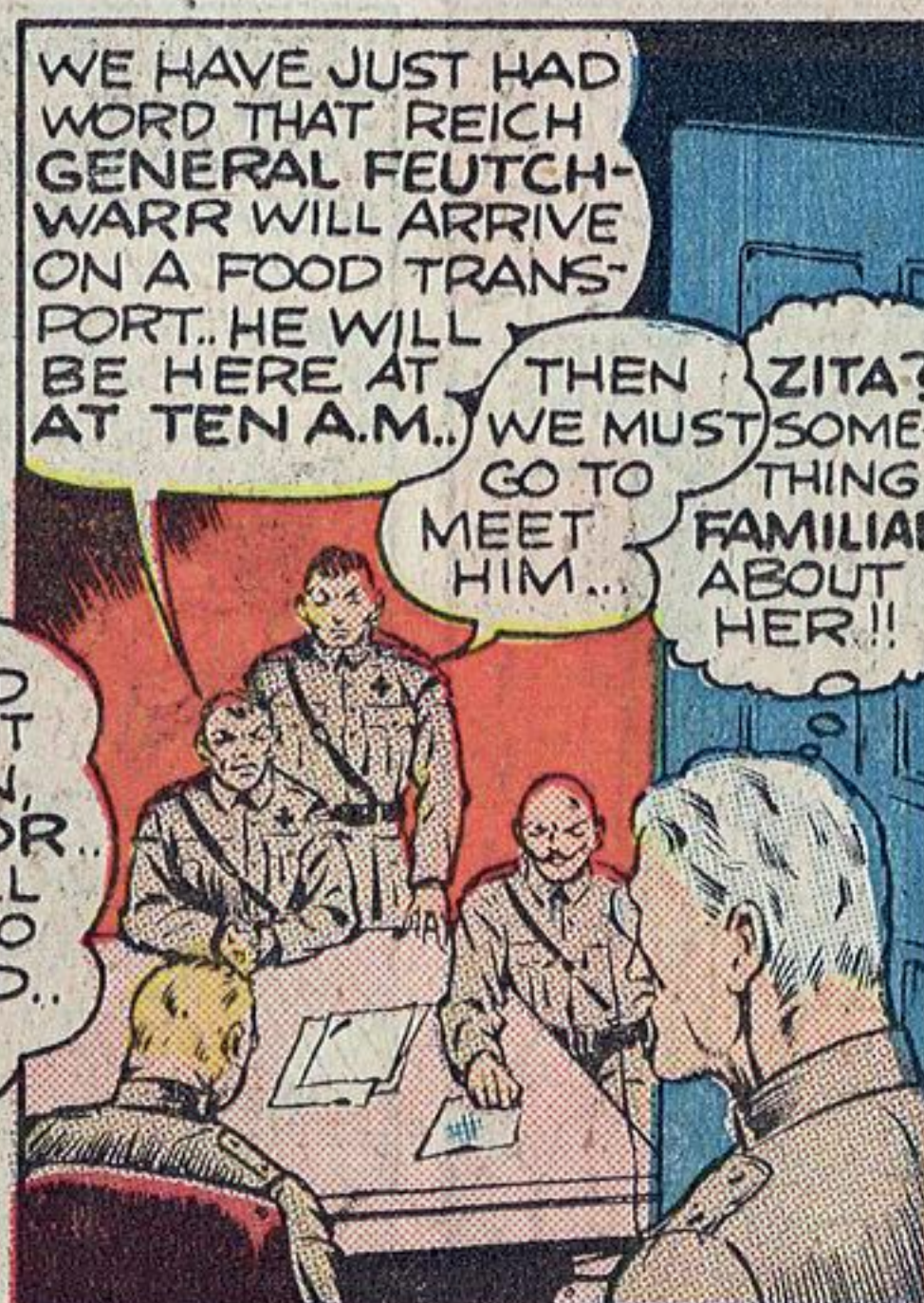


HALT !!

ALL WE ASK IS FOOD !!









NEXT MORNING...

THEY'LL WANT ME TO GO WITH THEM TO MEET THE GENERAL... I'VE GOT TO FAKE AN EXCUSE THAT WILL LOOK REAL... VORKA, LISTEN...

GOING UP, MAJOR?

THOUGHT I'D TAKE THE BIRD UP AND GIVE THOSE PEASANTS A SCARE IN CASE THEY ARE COOKING UP ANY MORE "REVOLTING" IDEAS..

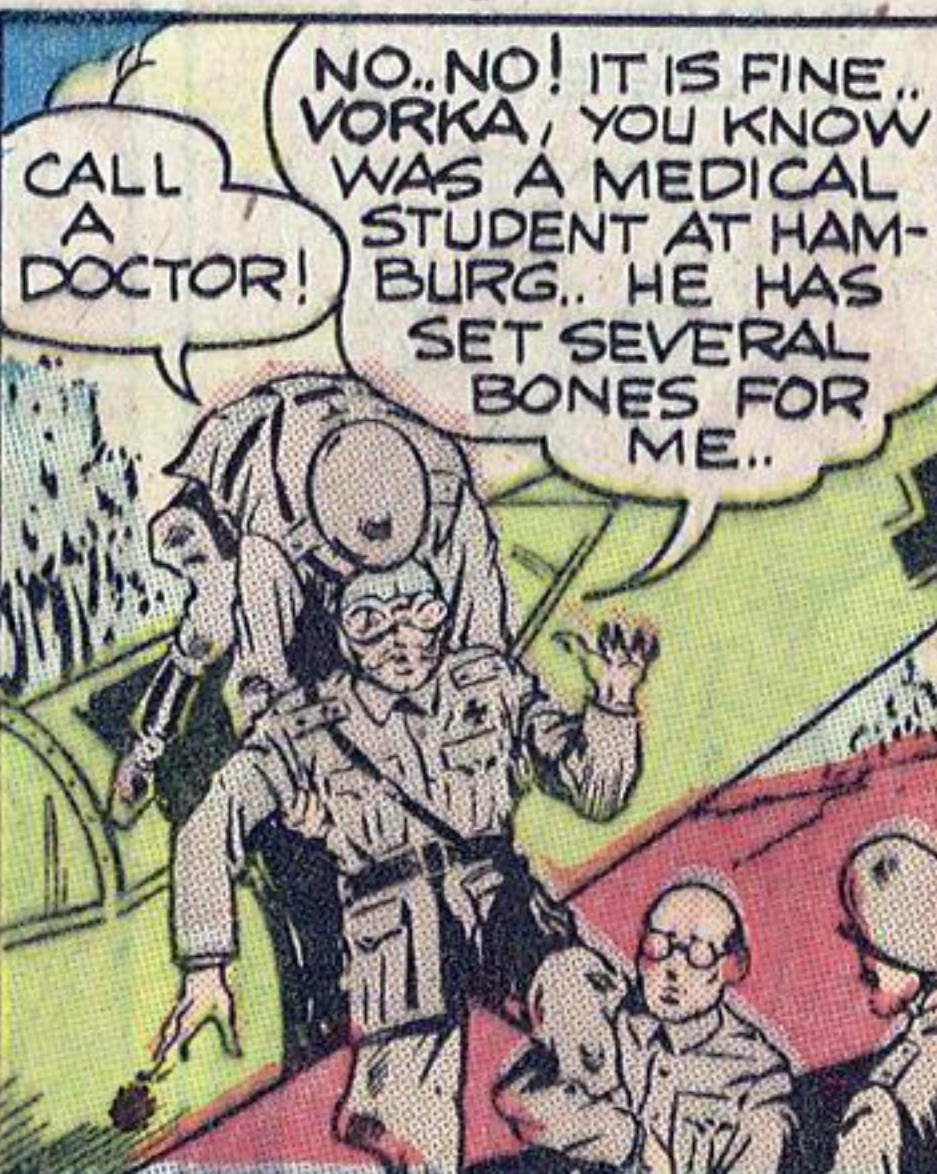
HOW FOR A LITTLE ENGINE TROUBLE!



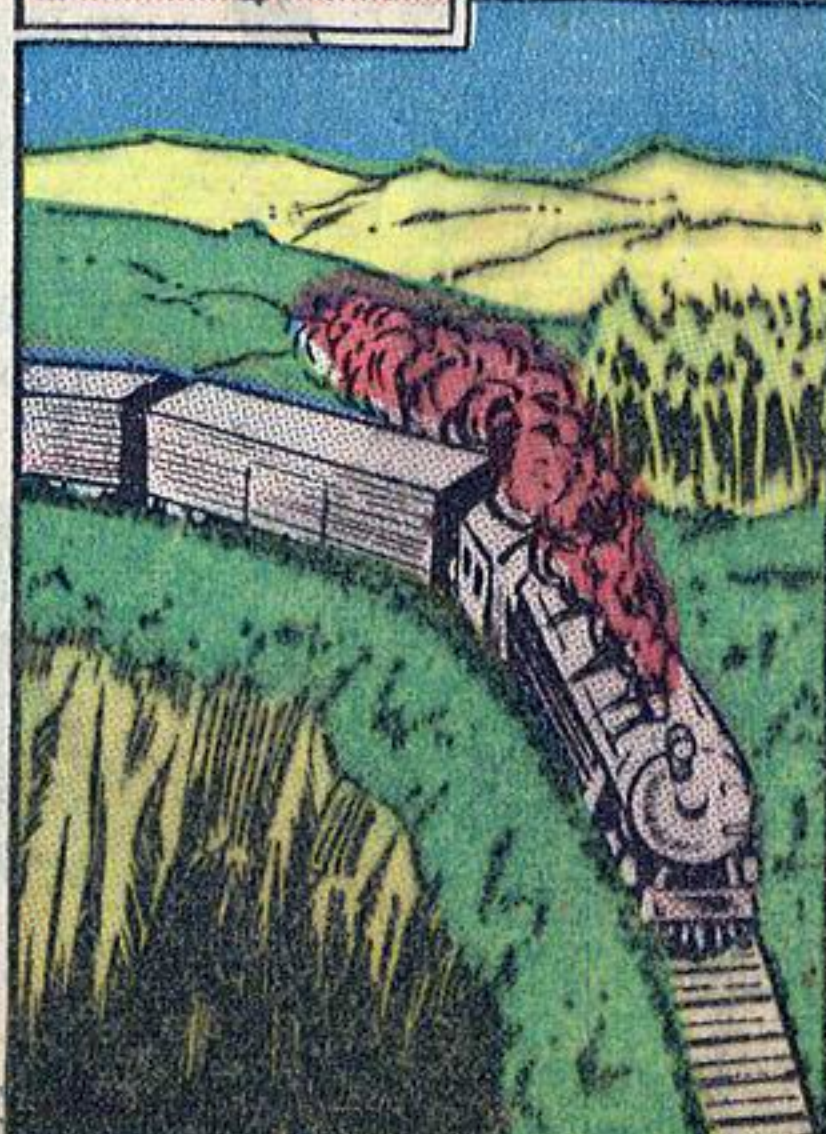
VORKA IS THE FIRST TO REACH THE WRECKED PLANE..

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, SIRE?

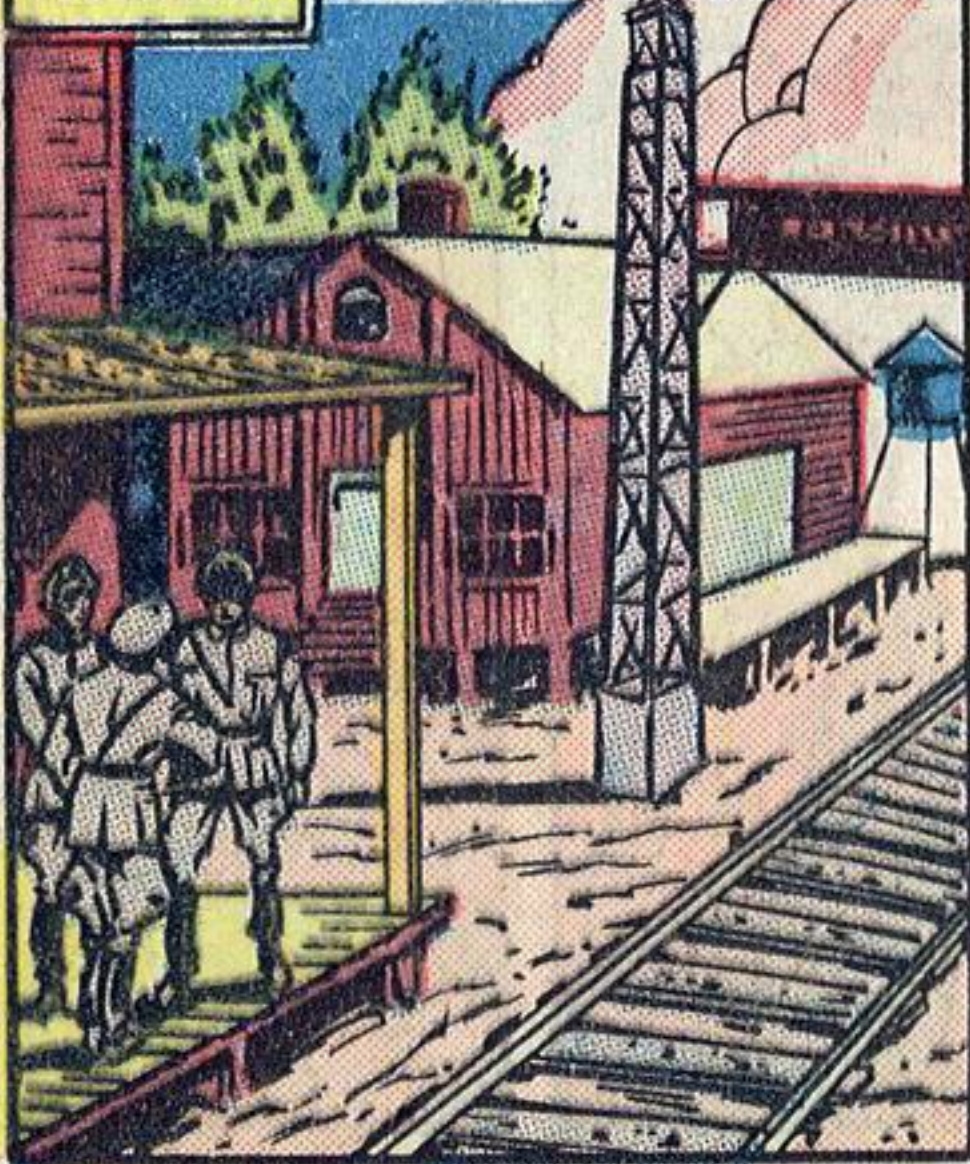
YES, BUT MAKE IT LOOK BAD, THE LEG..



MEANWHILE, THE FOOD-LADEN TRAIN NEARS THE BORDER...



THE NAZIS ARE THERE -
WAITING GENERAL FEUTCH-
WARR..



WONDERING
PEASANTS ARE
GROUPED ALONG
THE TRACKS..



UNSEEN BY ANY-
ONE..

THE
ARROWS
ARE READY,
BARON..

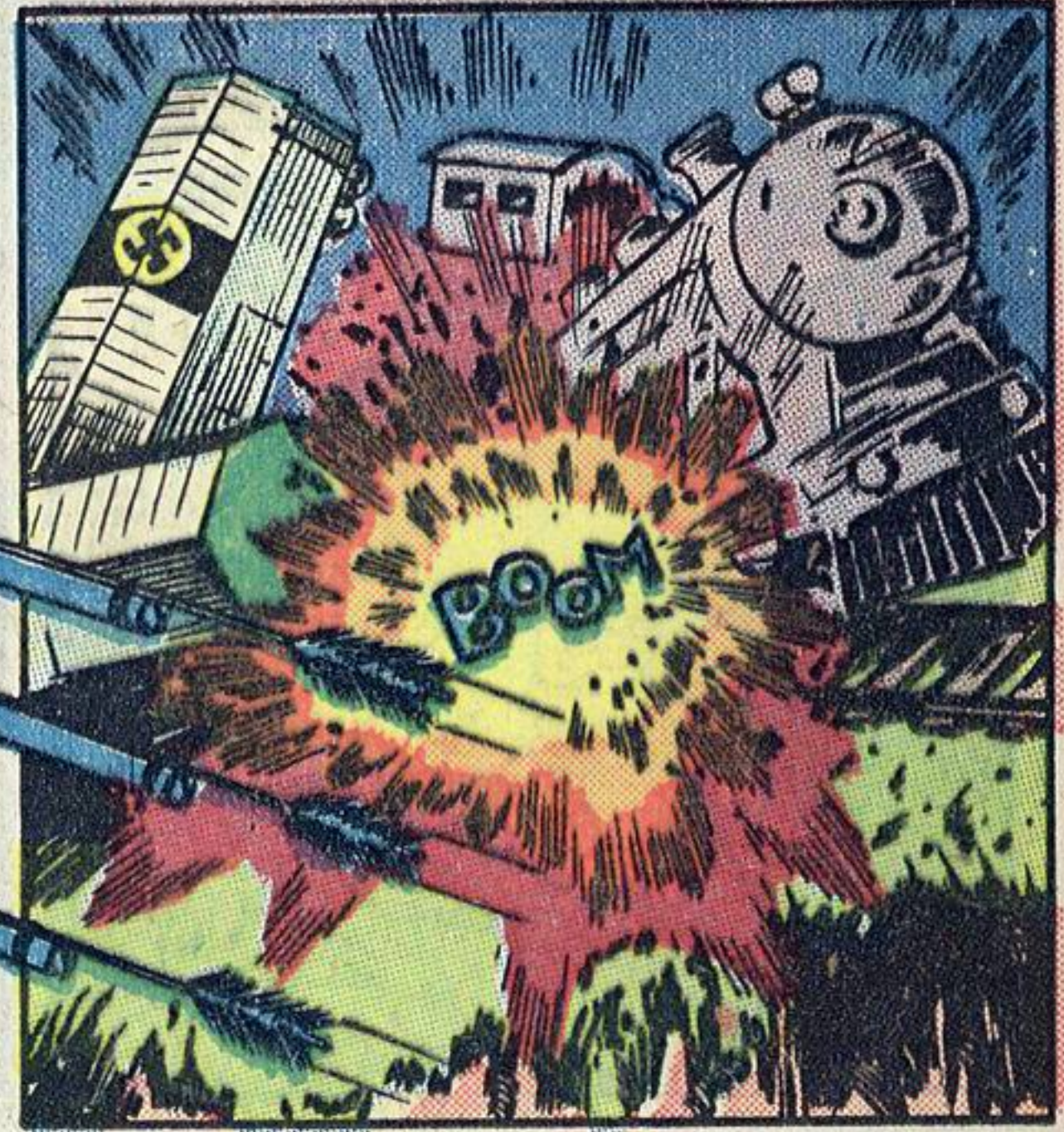
HAND
THEM TO
ME
QUICKLY!



A VOLLEY OF ARROWS STRIKE
BETWEEN THE SPOKES OF
THE ENGINES DRIVE WHEELS..



AND EACH SHAFT
CARRIES A CARGO
OF DYNAMITE...



THE STARVING PEASANTS DO NOT
NEED TO BE TOLD WHAT TO DO...



FINE
WORK,
BARON!

I'M NOT
THROUGH!
LOOK!!



WE FOUND
HER IN ONE
OF THE
POLE'S HUTS..

SO! THIS
TRAIN WRECK
IS SOME OF
YOUR DOINGS,
ZITA!!





WE VILL EXECUTE HER, AT ONCE, PUBLICLY... THAT VILL MAKE THE PIGS LOOSE THEIR APPETITE FOR THE FOOD THEY HAVE STOLEN !!



LOOK! THEY ARE BLIND-FOLDING ZITA, PON BANKOWSKI!

SHE AIDED US AND NOW SHE IS TO DIE!



READY...



AIM...
OW!



FIRE ON THE MARKSMAN !!



IF YOU CAN!



GAAAAA...
!!

ZITA'S BONDS ARE CUT BY THE FAST MOVING MARKSMAN...



COME, ZITA!



WHY?? WE'RE BACK IN THE CASTLE!

YES.. YOU WILL STAY IN THIS SECRET ROOM UNTIL I CAN GET YOU AWAY SAFELY !!



LATER...

YOU MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE MAJOR HURTZ!

VAT! YOU LET THE MARKSMAN GET THE BEST OF YOU AGAIN! WAIT TILL I'M BETTER I VILL MAKE IT MY PERSONAL DUTY TO MEET AND FINISH HIM !!



HA.. HA..

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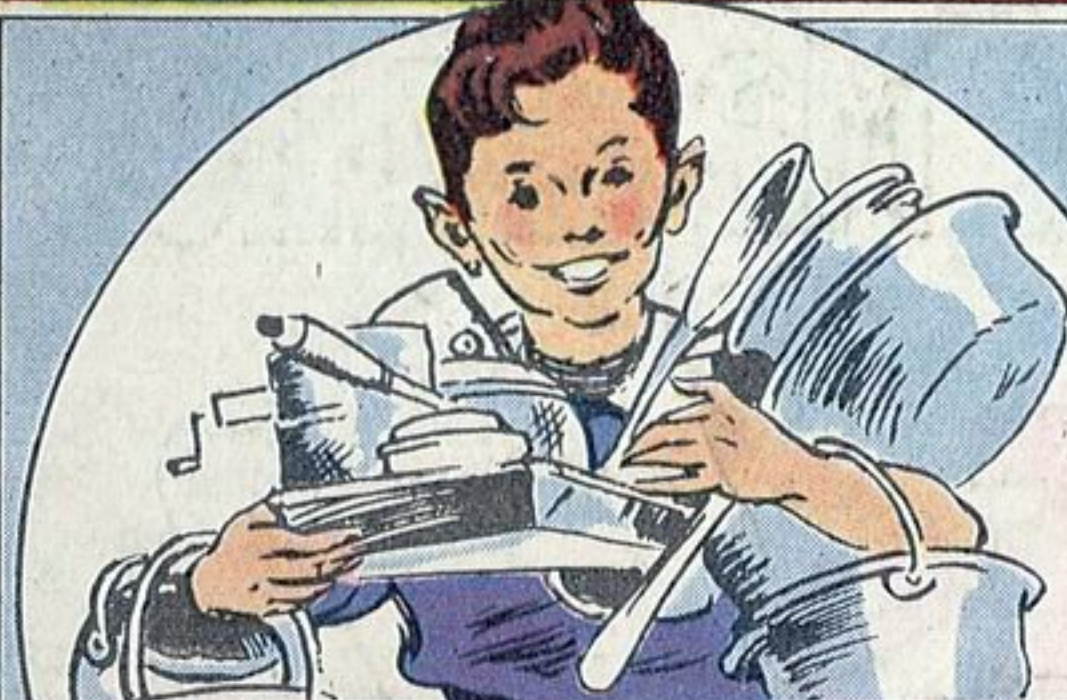
NATIONAL **POLICE**
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 **THE** **DOLLMAN**
Quarterly  **UNCLE** **SAM**
Quarterly

Buy them each Month from
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THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



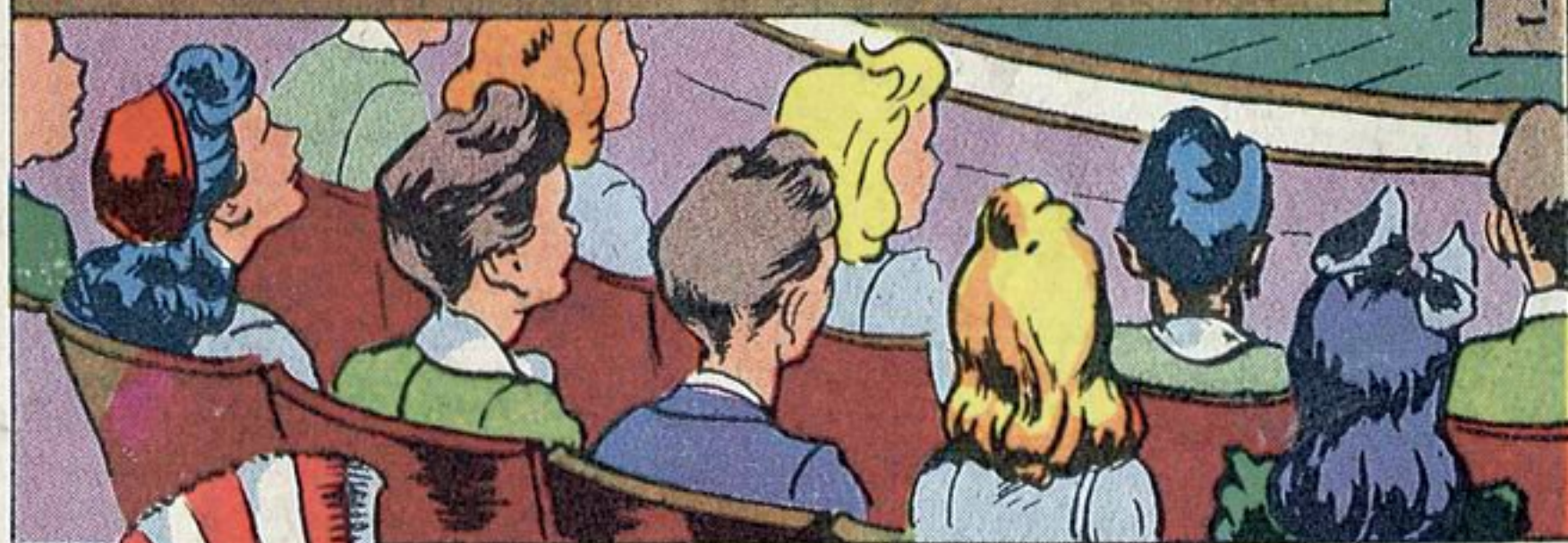
YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!

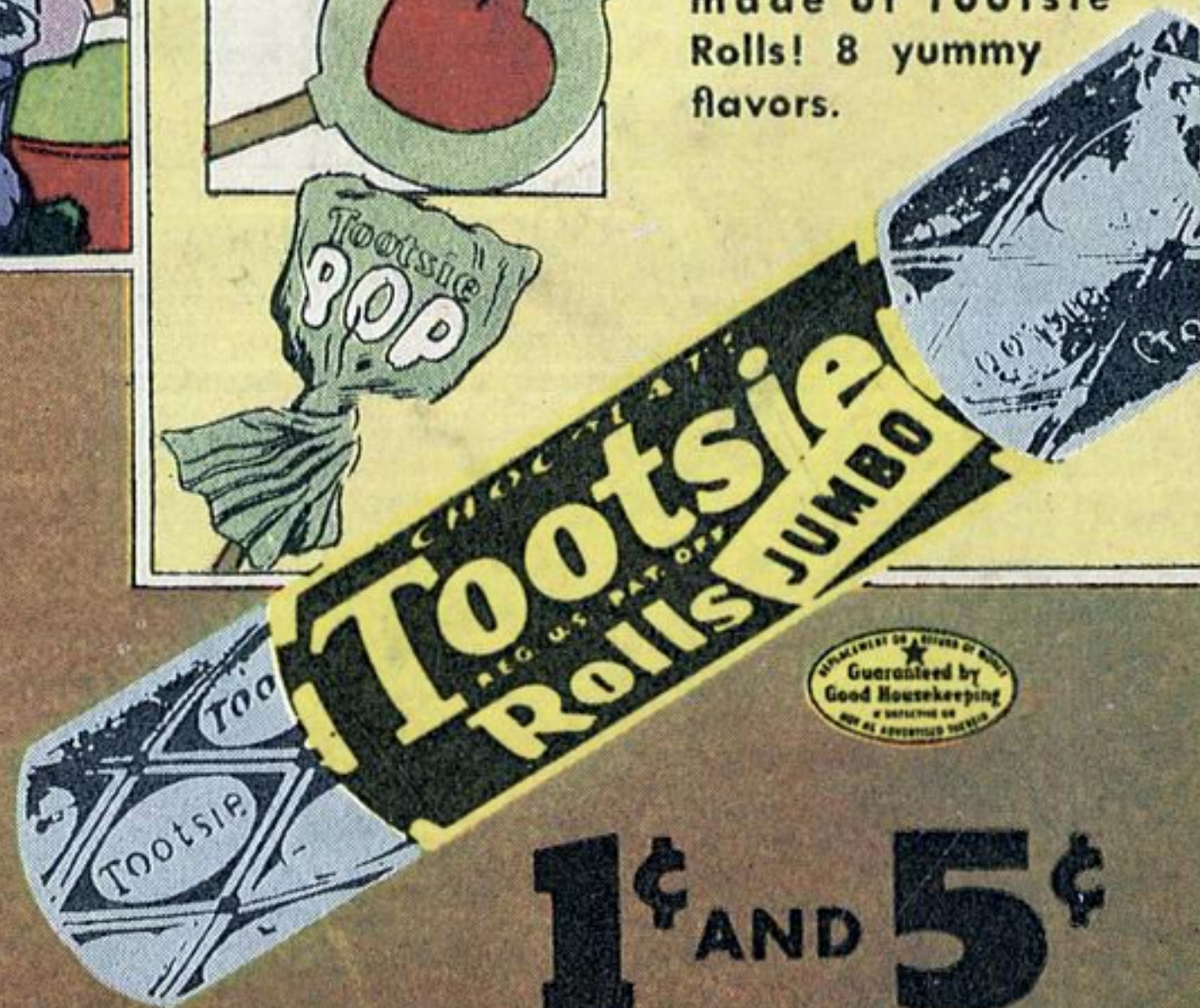


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